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# SHAKESPEARE

IN THE COMPOSITION OF ~~his~~ WORKS

With Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

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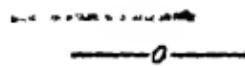
*VOLUME THE FIFTH*

LONDON

REEVES AND TURNER 100 CHANCERY LANE W.C.  
1875

# SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

*PART II.—VOL. I.*



THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

KING RICHARD III.

KING JOHN.

KING HENRY V.

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

PRINTED BY BALLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

## *EDITION.*

*Menæcmi. A pleasant and fine conceited Comædie, taken out of  
the most excellent wittie Poet Plautus. Chosen purposely from  
out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightfull. Written  
in English, by W. W. London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and  
are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratioues-streete.*

1595. 4<sup>D</sup>.

## PREFACE.

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THE Fifth and Sixth Volumes of "Shakespeare's Library," forming the second and concluding division of the present publication, contain eleven dramas, from which Shakespeare is supposed, with good reason, to have derived assistance, in greater or smaller measure, in the preparation of his own plays on the same subject.

These foundation-dramas stand, however, on a very unequal footing ; for, as elsewhere explained, the poet, in some cases, merely revised the existing texts ; in others, ~~his~~ obligation was scarcely more than nominal ; and in the rest, with one exception, the original piece supplied nothing beyond the outline and general suggestion.

The "Merry Wives of Windsor," as here reprinted from the 4to of 1602, exhibits, on the contrary, Shakespeare's own first sketch, afterwards completed and matured by himself, as we find it in the folio of 1623, and in the modern editions.

Almost all the dramatic compositions which are assembled in these two volumes are of the highest rarity ; but such is especially the case with the "Famous Victories of Henry V., 1598," "The Troublesome

Reign of King John, 1591," "The First Part of the Contention, 1594," the "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York, 1595," and the "True Tragedy of Richard III., 1594," all of which, with the exception of the last, are supposed to be *unique*. But three or four copies at most exist of any of them.

To bring them all together, therefore, in a convenient shape for reference appeared to be desirable. Of the whole number, four have never been collected before, and as regards three of the others, the "Taming of a Shrew," the "Famous Victories," and "King John," the editions employed in "Six Old Plays, 1779," were late reprints, instead of the *editiones principes*, which are generally purer, and (in inquiries of this kind) always more satisfactory and authoritative. But where the Editor of 1779, professing not to "depart from the original copies," chose the right texts, he failed altogether to observe that accuracy which in such cases is indispensable.

W. C. H.

## THE PRINTER TO THE READERS.

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THE writer hereof (loving Readers) having diverse of this Poettes Comedies Englished, for the use and delight of his private friends, who in Plautus owne words are not able to understand them: I have prevailed so far with him as to let this one go farther abroad, for a publike recreation and delight to all those, that affect the diverse sorts of bookees compiled in this kind, wherof (in my judgment) in harmelesse mirth and quicknesse of fine conceit, the most of them come far short of this. And although I found him very loath and unwilling to hazard this to the curious view of envious detraction, (being as he tels mee) neither so exactly written, as it may carry any name of a Translation, nor such libertie therin used, as that he would notoriously varie from the Poets owne order: yet sith it is onely a matter of meriment, and the litle alteration therof, can breed no detriment of importance, I have over-rulde him so farre, as to let this be offred to your curteous acceptance, and if you shall applaude his litle labour heerein, I doubt not but he will endevour to gratifie you with some of the rest better laboured, and more curiously pollished.

Farewell.

\* Where you finde this marke, the Poets conceit is somewhat altered, by occasion either of the time, the country, or the phrase.

## *THE ARGUMENT.*

—o—

\* Two Twinborne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,  
Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other :  
The first his Father lost a little Lad,  
The Grandsire namde the latter like his brother.  
This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke  
His Brother, and to Epidamnum came,  
Where th' other dwelt inricht, and him so like,  
That Citizens there take him for the same :  
Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,  
Much pleasant error, ere they meete togither.



A PLEASANT AND FINE CONCEITED  
C O M A E D I E,  
CALLED·

*M E N E C H M U S,*  
TAKEN OUT OF THE MOST EXCELLENT  
*POET PLATUS.*

—o—

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter PENICULUS, a Parasite.*

PENICULUS was given mee for my name when I  
was yong, bicause like a broome I swept all  
cleane away, where so ere I become : Namely all the  
vittels which are set before mee. Now in my judge-  
ment, men that clap iron bolts on such captives as  
they would keepe safe, and tie those servants in  
chaines who they thinke will run away, they commit  
an exceeding great folly : my reason is, these poore  
wretches enduring one miserie upon an other, never  
cease devising how by wrenching asunder their gives,  
or by some subtiltie or other they may escape such  
cursed bands. If then ye would keep a man without

all suspition of running away from ye, the surest way is to tie him with meate, drinke and ease: Let him ever be idle, eate his belly full, and carouse while his skin will hold, and he shall never, I warrant ye, stir a foote. These strings to tie one by the teeth, passe all the bands of iron, steele, or what metall so ever, for the more slack and easie ye make them, the faster still they tie the partie which is in them. I speake this upon experiance of my selfe, who am now going for Menechmus, there willingly to be tied to his good cheare: he is commonly so exceeding bountifull and liberall in his fare, as no marveyle though such guestes as my selfe be drawne to his Table, and tyed there in his dishes. Now because I have lately bene a straunger there, I meane to visite him at dinner: for my stomacke mee-thinkes even thrusts me into the fetters of his daintie fare. But yonder I see his doore open, and himselfe readie to come foorth.

## SCENE II.

*Enter MENECHMUS talking backe to his wife within.*

If ye were not such a brabling foole and mad-braine scold as yee are, yee would never thus crosse your husbande in all his actions. 'Tis no matter, let her serve me thus once more, Ile send her home to her dad with a vengeance. I can never go foorth a doores, but shee asketh mee whither I go? what I do? what busines? what I fetch? what I carry? \* As though she were a Constable or a toll-gatherer, I have pampered her too much: she hath servants about her, wooll, flax, and all things necessary to busie her withall, yet she watcheth and wondreth whither I go. Well sith it is so, she shall now have

some cause, I mean to dine this day abroad with a sweet friend of mine.

*Pen.* Yea mary now comes hee to the point that prickes me : this last speech gaules mee as much as it would doo his wife ; If he dine not at home, I am drest.

*Men.* We that have Loves abroad, and wives at home, are miserably hampred, yet would every man could tame his shrewe as well as I doo mine. I have now filcht away a fine ryding cloake of my wives, which I meane to bestow upon one that I love better. Nay, if she be so warie and watchfull over me, I count it an almes deed to deceive her.

*Pen.* Come, what share have I in that same ?

*Men.* Out alas, I am taken.

*Pen.* True, but by your friend.

*Men.* What, mine owne Peniculus ?

*Pen.* Yours (if faith) bodie and goods if I had any.

*Men.* Why thou hast a bodie.

*Pen.* Yea, but neither goods nor good bodie.

*Men.* Thou couldst never come fitter in all thy life.

*Pen.* Tush, I ever do so to my friends, I know how to come alwaies in the nicke. Where dine ye to-day ?

*Men.* Ile tell thee of a notable pranke.

*Pen.* What, did the Cooke marre your meate in the dressing ? Would I might see the reversion.

*Men.* Tell me didst thou see a picture, how Jupiters Eagle snatcht away Ganimede, or how Venus stole away Adonis ?

*Pen.* Often, but what care I for shadowes, I want substance.

*Men.* Looke thee here, looke not I like such a picture ?

*Pen.* O ho, what cloake have ye got here ?

*Men.* Prethee say I am now a brave fellow.

*Pen.* But hearke ye, where shall we dine ?

*Men.* Tush, say as I bid thee man.

*Pen.* Out of doubt ye are a fine man.

*Men.* What? canst adde nothing of thine owne?

*Pen.* Ye are a most pleasant gentleman.

*Men.* On yet.

*Pen.* Nay not a word more, unlesse ye tell mee how you and your wife be fallen out.

*Men.* Nay I have a greater secret then that to impart to thee.

*Pen.* Say your minde.

*Men.* Come farther this way from my house.

*Pen.* So, let me heare.

*Men.* Nay farther yet.

*Pen.* I warrant ye man.

\* *Men.* Nay yet farther.

*Pen.* Tis pittie ye were not made a water-man to row in a wherry.

*Men.* Why?

*Pen.* Because ye go one way, and looke an other, stil least your wife should follow ye. But what's the matter, Ist not almost dinner time?

*Men.* Seest thou this cloake?

*Pen.* Not yet. Well what of it?

*Men.* This same I meane to give to EROTUM.

*Pen.* That's well, but what of all this?

*Men.* There I meane to have a delicious dinner prepar'd for her and me.

*Pen.* And me.

*Men.* And thee.

*Pen.* O sweet word. What, shall I knock presently at her doore?

*Men.* I knocke. But staie too Peniculus, let's not be too rash. Oh see shee is in good time comming forth.

*Pen.* Ah, he now lookes against the Sun, how her beames dazell his eyes.

### Enter EROTUM.

*Ero.* What mine owne Menechmus, welcome sweete heart.

*Pen.* And what am I, welcome too?

*Ero.* You Sir? ye are out of the number of my welcome guests.

\* *Pen.* I am like a voluntary souldier, out of paie.

*Men.* Erotium, I have determined that here shal be pitcht a field this day; we meane to drinke for the heavens: And which of us performes the bravest service at his weapon the wine boll, yourselfe as Captaine shall paie him his wages according to his de-serts.

*Ero.* Agreed.

*Pen.* I would we had the weapons, for my valour pricks me to the battaile.

*Men.* Shall I tell thee sweete mouse? I never looke upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife.

*Ero.* Yet yee cannot chuse, but yee must still weare something of hers: whats this same?

*Men.* This? such a spoyle (sweete heart) as I tooke from her to put on thee.

*Ero.* Mine owne Menechmus, well woorthie to bee my deare, of all dearest.

*Pen.* Now she showes her selfe in her likenesse, when shee findes him in the giving vaine, she drawes close to him.

*Men.* I thinke Hercules got not the garter from Hypolita so hardly, as I got this from my wife. Take this, and with the same, take my heart.

*Pen.* Thus they must do that are right Lovers: especially if they mean to [be] beggers with any speed.

*Men.* I bought this same of late for my wife, it stood mee (I thinke) in some ten pound.

*Pen.* There's tenne pounde bestowed verie thriftily.

*Men.* But knowe yee what I woulde have yee doo?

*Ero.* It shall bee done, your dinner shall be readie.

\* *Men.* Let a good dinner be made for us three.

Harke ye, some oysters, a mary-bone pie or two, some artichockes, and potato rootes, let our other be as you please.

*Ero.* You shall Sir.

*Men.* I have a little businesse in this Cittie, by that time dinner will be prepared. Farewell till then, sweete Erotium: Come Peniculus.

*Pen.* Nay I meane to follow yee: I will sooner leese my life, then sight of you till this dinner be done.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Ero.* Who's there? Call me Cylindrus the Cooke hither.

*Enter CYLINDRUS.*

Cylindrus, take the Hand-basket, and heere, there's ten shillings is there not?

*Cyl.* Tis so mistresse.

*Ero.* Buy mee of all the daintiest meates ye can get, ye know what I meane: so as three may dine passing well, and yet no more then inough.

*Cyl.* What guests have ye to-day mistresse?

*Ero.* Here will be Menechmus and his Parasite, and myselfe.

*Cyl.* That's ten persons in all.

*Ero.* How many?

*Cyl.* Ten, for I warrant you, that Parasite may stand for eight at his vittels.

*Ero.* Go dispatch as I bid you, and looke ye returne with all speed.

*Cyl.* I will have all readie with a trice. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter MENECHMUS, SOSICLES. MESSENIO his servant, and some Saylers.*

*Men.* Surely Messenio, I thinke Sea-fairers never take so comfortable a joy in any thing, as when they

have bene long tost and turmoyl in the wide seas,  
they hap at last to ken land.

*Mes.* Ile be sworn, I shuld not be gladder to see  
a whole Country of mine owne, then I have bene at  
such a sight. But I pray, wherfore are we now come to  
Epidamnum? must we needs go to see everie Towne  
that we heare off?

*Men.* Till I finde my brother, all Townes are alike  
to me : I must trie in all places.

*Mes.* Why then let's even as long as wee live seeke  
your brother: six yeares now have roanide about  
thus, Istria, Hispania, Massylia, Ilyria, all the upper  
sea, all high Greece, all Haven Towns in Italy. I  
think if we had sought a needle all this time, we must  
needs have found it, had it bene above ground. It  
cannot be that he is alive ; and to seek a dead man  
thus among the living, what folly is it?

*Men.* Yea, could I but once find any man that  
could certainly enforme me of his death, I were  
satisfied ; otherwise I can never desist seeking : Little  
knowest thou Messenio how neare my heart it goes.

*Mes.* This is washing of a Blackamore. Faith let's  
goe home, unlesse ye meane we should write a storie  
of our travaille.

*Men.* Sirra, no more of these sawcie speeches, I  
perceive I must teach ye how to serve me, not to rule  
me.

*Mes.* I, so, now it appeares what it is to be a ser-  
vant. Wel yet I must speake my conscience. Do  
ye heare sir? Faith I must tell ye one thing, when I  
looke into the leane estate of your purse, and consider  
advisedly of your decaying stocke, I hold it verie  
needful to be drawing homeward, lest in looking your  
brother, we quite lose ourselves. For this assure your  
selfe, this Towne Epidamnum, is a place of outra-  
gious expences, exceeding in all ryot and lascivious-  
nesse : and (I heare) as full of Ribaulds, Parasites,

Drunkards, Catchpoles, Cony-catchers, and Sycophants, as it can hold : then for Curtizans, why here's the currantest stamp of them in the world. Ye must not thinke here to scape with as light cost as in other places. The verie name shews the nature, no man comes hither *sine damno*.

*Men.* Yee say very well indeed : give mee my purse into mine owne keeping, because I will so be the safer, *sine damno*.

*Mes.* Why Sir?

*Men.* Because I feare you wil be busie among the Curtizans, and so be cosened of it : then should I take great paines in belabouring your shoulders, so to avoid both these harms, Ile keep it my selfe.

*Men.* I pray do so sir, all the better.

### Enter CYLINDRUS.

\* I have tickling geare here yfaith for their dinners : It grieves me to the heart to think how that cormorant knave Peniculus must have his share in these daintie morsels. But what ? Is Menechmus come alreadie, before I could come from the Market ? Menechmus, how do ye sir ? how haps it ye come so soone ?

*Men.* God a mercy my good friend, doest thou know mee ?

*Cyl.* Know ye ? no not I. Where's mouldi-chappes that must dine with ye ? A murrin on his manners.

*Men.* Whom meanest thou good fellow ?

*Cyl.* Why Peniculus worship, that whorson lick-trencher, your Parasiticall attendant.

*Men.* What Peniculus ? what attendant ? My attendant ? Surely this fellow is mad.

*Mes.* Did I not tell ye what cony-catching villains you should finde here ?

*Cyl.* Menechmus, harke ye sir, ye come too soone  
backe again to dinner, I am but returned from the  
Market.

*Men.* Fellow, here thou shalt have money of me,  
goe get the priest to sacrifice for thee. I know thou  
art mad, els thou wouldest never use a straunger thus.

*Cyl.* Alas sir, Cylindrus was wont to be no stranger  
to you. Know ye not Cylindrus?

*Men.* Cylindrus, or Coliendrus, or what the divell  
thou art, I know not, neither do I care to know.

*Cyl.* I know you to be Menechmus.

*Men.* Thou shouldst be in thy wits, in that thou  
namest me so right, but tell me, where hast thou  
knowne me?

*Cyl.* Where? even heere, where ye first fell in  
love with my mistresse Erotium.

*Men.* I neither have Lover, neither knowe I who  
thou art.

*Cyl.* Know ye not who I am? who fils your cup  
and dresses your meate at our house?

*Mes.* What a slave is this? that I had somewhat to  
breake the Rascals pate withall.

*Men.* At your house, when as I never came in  
Epidamnum till this day.

*Cyl.* Oh thats true. Do ye not dwell in yonder  
house?

*Men.* Foule shame light upon them that dwell  
there, for my part.

*Cyl.* Questionlesse, hee is mad indeede, to curse  
himselfe thus. Harke ye Menechmus.

*Men.* What saist thou?

*Cyl.* If I may advise ye, ye shall bestow this money  
which ye offred me, upon a sacrifice for your selfe:  
for out of doubt you are mad that curse your selfe.

*Mes.* What a verlet art thou to trouble us thus?

*Cyl.* Tush he wil many times jest with me thus.  
Yet when his wife is not by, tis a ridiculous jest.

*Men.* Whats that?

*Cyl.* This I say, Thinke ye I have brought meate inough for three of you? If not, ile fetche more for you and your wench, and snatchcrust your Parasite.

*Men.* What wenches? what Parasites?

*Mes.* Villaine, Ile make thee tell me what thou meanest by all this talke?

*Cyl.* Away Jack Napes, I say nothing to thee, for I know thee not, I speake to him that I know.

*Men.* Out drunken foole, without doubt thou art out of thy wits.

*Cyl.* That you shall see by the dressing of your meat. Go, go, ye were better to go in and finde somewhat to do there, whiles your dinner is making readie. Ile tell my mistresse ye be here.

*Men.* Is he gone? Messenio I thinke uppon thy words alreadie.

*Mes.* Tush marke I pray, Ile laie fortie pound here dwels some Curtizan to whom this fellow belong.

*Men.* But I wonder how he knowes my name.

*Mes.* Oh ile tell yee. These Courtizans as soone as anie straunge shippe arriveth at the Haven, they sende a boye or a wench to enquire what they be, what their names be, whence they come, wherefore they come, &c. If they can by any meanes strike acquaintance with him, or allure him to their houses, he is their owne. We are here in a tickle place maister, tis best to be circumspect.

*Men.* I mislike not thy counsaile Messenio.

*Mes.* I, but follow it then. Soft, here comes somebodie forth. Here sirs, Marriners, keep this same amongst you.

*Enter EROTIUM.*

Let the doore stand so, away, it shall not be shut. Make hast within there ho: maydes looke that all things be readie. Cover the boord, put fire under

the perfuming pannes, let all things be very handsome. Where is hee, that Cylindrus sayd stood without here? Oh, what meane you sweet heart, that ye come not in? I trust you thinke yourselfe more welcome to this house then to your owne, and great reason why you should do so. Your dinner and all things are readie as you willed. Will ye go sit downe?

*Men.* Whom doth this woman speake to?

*Ero.* Even to you sir, to whom else should I speake?

*Men.* Gentlewoman ye are a straunger to me, and I marvell at your speeches.

*Ero.* Yea sir, but such a straunger, as I acknowledge ye for my best and dearest friend, and well you have deserved it.

*Men.* Surely Messenio, this woman is also mad or drunke, that useth all this kindnesse to mee uppon so small acquaintance.

*Mes.* Tush, did not I tell ye right? these be but leaves which fall upon you now, in comparison of the trees that wil tumble on your necke shortly. I tolde ye, here were silver tong'de hacsters. But let me talke with her a litle. Gentlewoman what acquaintance have you with this man? where have you seene him?

*Ero.* Where he saw me, here in Epidamnum.

*Mes.* In Epidamnum? who never till this day set his foote within the Towne?

*Ero.* Go, go, flowting Jack. Menechmus what need al this? I pray go in.

*Men.* She also calls me by my name.

*Mes.* She smels your purse.

*Men.* Messenio come hither, here take my purse. Ile know whether she aime at me or my purse, ere I go.

*Ero.* Will ye go in to dinner, sir?

*Men.* A good motion, yea and thanks with all my heart.

*Ero.* Never thanke me for that which you commaunded to be provided for yourselfe.

*Men.* That I commaunded?

*Ero.* Yea, for you and your Parasite.

*Men.* My Parasite?

*Ero.* Peniculus, who came with you this morning when you brought me the cloake which you got from your wife.

*Men.* A cloake that I brought you, which I got from my wife?

*Ero.* Tush what needeth all this jesting? Pray leave off.

*Men.* Jest or earnest, this I tell ye for a truth. I never had wife, neither have I, nor never was in this place till this instant; for only thus farre am I come, since I brake my fast in the ship.

*Ero.* What ship do ye tell me off?

\* *Mes.* Marry ile tell ye, an old rotten weather-beaten ship, that we have saild up and downe in this sixe yeares, Ist not time to be going homewards thinke ye?

*Ero.* Come, come, Menechmus, I pray leave this sporting and go in.

*Men.* Well Gentlewoman, the truth is, you mistake my person, it is some other that you looke for.

*Ero.* Why, thinke ye I know ye not to be Menechmus, the sonne of Moschus, and have heard ye say, ye were borne at Siracusa where Agathocles did raigne, then Pythia, then Liparo, and now Hiero.

*Men.* All this is true.

*Mes.* Either shee is a witch, or else shee hath dwelt there and knew ye there.

*Men.* Ile go in with her, Messenio, Ile see further of this matter.

*Mes.* Ye are cast away then.

*Men.* Why so? I warrant thee, I can loose nothing, somewhat I shall gaine, perhaps a good lodging during my abode heere. Ile dissemble with her an other while. Nowe when you please let us go in, I made straunge with you, because of this fellow here, least

he should tell my wife of the cloake which I gave you.

*Ero.* Will ye staie any longer for your Peniculus your Parasite?

*Men.* Not I, Ile neither staie for him, nor have him let come in, if he do come.

*Ero.* All the better. But sir, will ye doo one thing for me?

*Men.* What is that?

*Ero.* To beare that cloake which you gave me to the Diars, to have it new trimd and altered.

*Men.* Yea that will be well, so my wife shall not know it. Let mee have it with mee after dinner. I will but speake a word or two with this fellowe, then ile follow yee in. Hoe Messenio come aside: goe and provide for thyselfe, and these ship boyes in some Inne, then looke that after dinner you come hither for me.

*Mes.* Ah maister, will yee be conycatcht thus wilfully?

*Men.* Peace foolish knave seest thou not what a sot she is, I shall coozen her I warrant thee.

*Mes.* Ay maister.

*Men.* Wilt thou be gone?

\**Mes.* See, see, she hath him safe inough now. Thus he hath escaped a hundred Pyrates hands at sea; and now one land-rover hath boorded him at first encounter. Come away fellowes.

### ACT III.

*Enter PENICULUS.*

Twentie yeares I thinke and more, have I playde the knave, yet never playd I the foolish knave as I have done this morning. I follow Menechmus, and

he goes to the Hall where now the Sessions are holden ; there trusting our selves into the prease of people, when I was in midst of all the throng, he gave me the slip, that I could never more set eye on him, and I dare sweare, came directly to dinner. That I would he that first devised these Sessions were hang'd, and all that ever came of him : tis such a hinderance to men that have belly businesses in hand. If a man be not there at his call, they amearce him with a vengeance. Men that have nothing else to do, that do neither bid anie man, nor are themselves bidden to dinner, such should come to Sessions, not we that have these matters to looke too. If it were so, I had not thus lost my dinner this day ; which I think in my conscience he did even purposely couzen me off. Yet I meane to go see : if I can but light upon the reversion, I may perhaps get my penyworthes. But how now ? is this Menechmus comming away from thence ? dinner done, and all dispatcht ? What execrable lucke have I ?

*Enter MENECHMUS the travailer.*

Tush I warrant ye, it shall be done as ye would wish. Ile have it so altered and trimd anew, that it shall by no meanes be knowne againe.

*Pen.* He carries the cloake to the dyars, dinner done, the wine drunke up, the Parasite shut out of doores. Well, let me live no longer, but ile revenge this injurious mockerie. But first ile harken awhile what he saith.

*Men.* Good goddes, who ever had such lucke as I ? Such cheare, such a dinner, such kinde entertainment ? And for a farewell, this cloake which I meane shall go with me.

*Pen.* He speakes so softly, I cannot heare what hee

saith. I am sure he is now flowing at me for the losse of my dinner.

*Men.* She tels me how I gave it her, and stole it from my wife. When I perceived she was in an error, though I knew not how, I began to sooth her, and to say every thing as she said. Meane while I far'd well, and that a' free cost.

*Pen.* Wel, I'le go talke with him.

*Men.* Who is this same that comes to me?

*Pen.* O well met fickle-braine, false and treacherous dealer, craftie and unjust promise-breaker. How have I deserved, you should so give me the slip, come before and dispatch the dinner, deale so badly with him that hath reverenst ye like a sonne?

*Men.* Good fellow, what meanest thou by these speeches? Raile not on mee, unlesse thou intendst to receive a railers hire.

*Pen.* I have received the injury (sure I am) alreadie.

*Men.* Prethee tell me, what is thy name?

*Pen.* Well, well, mock on sir, mock on; doo ye not know my name?

*Men.* In troth I never sawe thee in all my life, much lesse do I know thee.

*Pen.* Fie, awake Menechmus, awake; ye oversleepe your selfe.

*Men.* I am awake, I know what I say.

*Pen.* Know you not Peniculus?

*Men.* Peniculus, or Pediculus, I know thee not.

*Pen.* Did ye filch a cloake from your wife this morning, and bring it hither to Erotium?

*Men.* Neither have I wife, neither gave I any cloake to Erotium, neither filcht I any from any bodie.

*Pen.* Will ye denie that which you did in my company?

*Men.* Wilt thou say I have done this in thy company?

*Pen.* Will I say it? yea, I will stand to it.

*Men.* Away filthie mad drivell away ; I will talke no longer with thee.

*Pen.* Not a world of men shall staie me, but ile go tell his wife of all the whole matter, sith he is at this point with me. I will make this same as unblest a dinner as ever he eate.

*Men.* It makes mee wonder, to see how every one that meetes me cavils thus with me. Wherefore comes foorth the mayd now ?

*Enter ANCILLA, EROTIUMS mayd.*

Menechmus, my mistresse commends her hartily to you, and seeing you goe that way to the Dyars, shee also desireth you to take this chaine with you, and put it to mending at the Goldsmythes, shee would have two or three ounces of gold more in it, and the fashion amended.

*Men.* Either this or any thing else within my power, tell her, I am readie to accomplish.

*Anc.* Do ye know this chaine sir ?

*Men.* Yea I know it to be gold.

*Anc.* This is the same you once tooke out of your wifes Casket.

*Men.* Who, did I ?

*Anc.* Have you forgotten ?

*Men.* I never did it.

*Anc.* Give it me againe then.

*Men.* Tarry, yes I remember it : tis it I gave your mistres.

*Anc.* Oh, are ye advised ?

*Men.* Where are the bracelets that I gave her likewise ?

*Anc.* I never knew of anie.

*Men.* Faith, when I gave this, I gave them too.

*Anc.* Well sir, ile tell her this shall be done ?

*Men.* I, I, tell her so, shee shall have the cloake and this both togither.

*Anc.* I pray Menechmus put a litle jewell for my eare to making for me: ye know I am alwaies readie to pleasure you.

*Men.* I will, give me the golde, ile paie for the workmanship.

*Anc.* Laie out for me, ile paie it ye againe.

*Men.* Alas I have none now.

*Anc.* When you have, will ye?

*Men.* I will. Goe bid your mistresse make no doubt of these. I warrant her, ile make the best hand I can of them. Is she gone? Doo not all the gods conspire to loade mee with good lucke? well I see tis high time to get mee out of these coasts, least all these matters should be lewd devises to draw me into some snare. There shall my garland lie, because if they seeke me, they may think that I am gone that way. \* I wil now goe see if I can finde my man Messenio, that I may tell him how I have sped.

#### A C T I V.

*Enter MULIER, the wife of MENECHMUS the Citizen, and PENICULUS.*

*Mul.* Thinkes he I will be made such a sot, and to be still his drudge, while he prowles and purloynes all that I have to give his Trulles?

*Pen.* Nay hold your peace, wee'll catch him in the nicke. This way he came, in his garland forsooth, bearing the cloake to the Dyars. And see I pray where the garland lyes, this way he is gone. See, see, where he comes againe without the cloake.

*Mul.* What shall I now do?

*Pen.* What? that which ye ever do; bayt him for life.

*Mul.* Surely I thinke it best so.

*Pen.* Stay, wee will stand aside a little, ye \$hall catch him unawares.

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen.*

*Men.* It would make a man at his wittes end, to see how brabbling causes are handled yonder at the Court. If a poore man never so honest, have a matter come to be scand, there is hee outfaste, and overlaide with countenance: If a rich man never so vile a wretch, come to speake, there they are all readie to favour his cause. What with facing out bad causes for the oppressors, and patronizing some just actions for the wronged, the Lawyers they pocket up all the gaines. For mine own part, I come not away emptie, though I have bene kept long against my will: For taking in hand to dispatch a matter this morning for one of my acquaintance, I was no sooner entered into it, but his adversaries laide so hard unto his charge, and brought such matter against him, that do what I could, I could not winde my selfe out til now. I am sore afraied *Erotium* thinks much unkindnes in me that I staid so long, yet she will not be angry considering the gift I gave her to day.

*Pen.* How thinke ye by that?

*Mul.* I thinke him a most vile wretch thus to abuse me.

*Men.* I will hie me thither.

*Mul.* Yea go pilferer, goe with shame inough, no bodie sees your lewd dealings and vile theevery.

*Men.* How now wife, what ail yee? what is the matter?

*Mul.* Aske yee mee whats the matter? Fye uppon thee.

*Pen.* Are ye not in a fit of an ague, your pulses beate so sore? to him I say.

*Men.* Pray wife why are ye so angry with me.

*Mul.* Oh you know not?

*Pen.* He knowes, but he would dissemble it.

*Men.* What is it?

*Mul.* My cloake.

*Men.* Your cloake.

*Mul.* My cloake man, why do ye blush?

*Pen.* He cannot cloake his blushing. Nay I might not go to dinner with you, do ye remember? to him I say.

*Men.* Hold thy peace Peniculus.

*Pen.* Ha hold my peace, looke ye, he beckons on mee to hold my peace.

*Men.* I neither becken nor winke on him.

*Mul.* Out, out, what a wretched life is this that I live.

*Men.* Why what aile ye woman?

*Mul.* Are ye not ashamed to deny so confidently, that which is apparant?

*Men.* I protest unto before all the goddes (is not this inough) that I beckond not on him.

*Pen.* Oh sir, this is another matter, touch him in the former cause.

*Men.* What former cause?

*Pen.* The cloake man, the cloake, fetch the cloake againe from the dyars.

*Men.* What cloake?

*Mul.* Nay ile say no more, sithe ye know nothing of your owne doings.

*Men.* Tell me wife, hath any of your servants abused you? Let me know.

*Mul.* Tush, tush.

*Men.* I would not have you to be thus disquietted.

*Mul.* Tush, tush.

*Men.* You are fallen out with some of your friends.

*Mul.* Tush, tush.

*Men.* Sure I am, I have not offended you.

*Mul.* No, you have dealt verie honestly.

*Men.* Indeed wife, I have deserved none of these words, tell me, are ye not well?

*Pen.* What shall he flatter ye now?

*Men.* I speak not to thee knave. Good wife come hither.

*Mul.* Away, away, keep your hands off.

*Pen.* So, bid me to dinner with you againe, then slip away from me, when you have done, come forth bravely in your garland, to flout me: alas you know not me, even now.

*Men.* Why Asse, I neither have yet dined, nor came I there, since we were there togither.

*Pen.* Who ever heard one so impudent? Did yee not meete me here even now, and would make me beleeve I was mad, and said ye were a straunger, and ye knew me not?

*Men.* Of a truth since wee went togither to the Sessions Hall, I never returned till this very instant, as you two met me.

*Pen.* Go too, go too, I know ye well inough. Did ye think I would not cry quittance with you, yes faith, I have tolde your wife all.

*Men.* What hast thou told her?

*Pen.* I cannot tell, aske her?

*Men.* Tell me wife, what hath he told ye of me? Tell me I say, what was it?

*Mul.* As though you knew not, my cloake is stolne from me?

*Men.* Is your cloake stolne from ye?

*Mul.* Do ye aske me?

*Men.* If I knew, I would not aske.

*Pen.* O craftie companion, how he would shift the matter, come, come, deny it not, I tell ye, I have bewrayd all.

*Men.* What hast thou bewrayd;

*Mul.* Seeing ye will yeeld to nothing, be it never

so manifest, Heare mee, and ye shall know in fewe words both the cause of my grieve, and what he hath told me. I say my cloake is stolne from me.

*Men.* My cloake is stolne from me?

*Pen.* Looke how he cavils, she saith it is stolne from her.

*Men.* I have nothing to say to thee : I say wife tell me.

*Mul.* I tell ye, my cloake is stolne out of my house.

*Men.* Who stole it?

*Mul.* He knowes best that carried it away.

*Men.* Who was that?

*Mul.* Menechmus.

*Men.* T'was very ill done of him. What Menechmus was that?

*Mul.* You.

*Men.* I, who will say so?

*Mul.* I will.

*Pen.* And I : that you gave it to Erotium.

*Men.* I gave it?

*Mul.* You.

*Pen.* You, you, you, shall we fetch a kennel of Beagles that may cry nothing but you, you, you. For we are wearie of it.

*Men.* Heare me one word wife, I protest unto you by all the gods, I gave it her not, indeed I lent it her to use a while.

*Mul.* Faith sir, I never give nor lend your apparell out of doores, mee thinkes ye might let mee dispose of mine own garments, as you do of yours. I pray then fetch it mee home againe.

*Men.* You shall have it againe without faile.

*Mul.* Tis best for you that I have : otherwise thinke not to roost within these doores againe.

*Pen.* Harke ye, what say ye to me now, for bringing these matters to your knowledge?

*Men.* I say, when thou hast anie thing stolne from

thee, come to me, and I will helpe thee to seek it. And so farewell.

*Pen.* God a mercy for nothing, that can never be, for I have nothing in the world worth the stealing. So now with husband wife and all, I am cleane out of favour. A mischiefe on ye all. [Exit.]

*Men.* My wife thinks she is notably reveng'd on me, now she shuttes me out of doores, as though I had not a better place to be welcome too. If she shut me out, I know who will shut me in. Now will I entreat Erotium to let me have the cloake againe to stop my wifes mouth withall, and then will I provide a better for her. Ho who is within there? Some bodie tell Erotium I must speake with her.

*Enter EROTUM.*

*Ero.* Who calls?

*Men.* Your friend, more then his owne.

*Ero.* O Menechmus, why stand ye here? pray come in.

*Men.* Tarry, I must speake with ye here.

*Ero.* Say your minde.

*Men.* Wot ye what? my wife knowes all the matter now, and my comming is, to request you, that I may have againe the cloake which I brought you, that so I may appease her: and I promise you, ile give ye an other worth two of it.

*Ero.* Why I gave it you to carry to your dyars, and my chaine likewise, to have it altered.

*Men.* Gave mee the cloake and your chaine? In truth I never sawe ye since I left it heere with you, and so went to the Sessions, from whence I am but now returned.

*Ero.* Ah then sir, I see you wrought a device to defraude mee of them both, did I therefore put yee in trust? Well, well.

*Men.* To defraud ye? No, but I say, my wife hath intelligence of the matter.

*Ero.* Why sir, I asked them not, ye brought them me of your owne free motion. Now ye require them againe, take them, make sops of them: you and your wife together, think ye I esteeme them or you either. Goe, come to mee againe when I send for you.

*Men.* What so angry with mee, sweete Erotium? Staie, I pray staie.

\* *Ero.* Staie? Faith sir no: thinke ye I will staie at your request?

*Men.* What gone in chafing, and clapt to the doores? now I am everie way shut out for a very benchwhistler: neither shall I have entertainment heere nor at home. I were best go trie some other friends, and aske counsaile what to do.

## ACT V.

*Enter MENECHMUS the traveller, MULIER.*

*Men.* Most foolishly was I overseene in giving my purse and money to Messenio, whom I can no where find, I feare he is fallen into some lewd companie.

*Mul.* I maruaile that my husband comes not yet, but see where he is now, and brings my cloake with him.

*Men.* I muse where the knave should be.

*Mul.* I will go ring a peale through both his eares for this dishonest behaviour. Oh sir, ye are welcome home with your theevery on your shoulders, are ye not ashame to let all the world see and speake of your lewdnesse?

*Men.* How now? what lackes this woman?

*Mul.* Impudent beast, stand ye to question about it? For shame hold thy peace.

*Men.* What offence have I done woman, that I should not speake to you?

*Mul.* Askest thou what offence? O shamelesse boldnesse!

*Men.* Good woman, did ye never heare why the Grecians termed Hecuba to be a bitch?

*Mul.* Never.

*Men.* Because she did as you do now, on whom soever she met withall, she railed, and therefore well deserved that dogged name.

*Mul.* These foule abuses and contumelies, I can never endure, nay rather will I live a widowes life to my dying day.

*Men.* What care I whether thou livest as a widow or as a wife? This passeth, that I meet with none but thus they vexe me with straunge speeches.

*Mul.* What straunge speeches? I say I will surely live a widowes life, rather than suffer thy vile dealings.

*Men.* Prethee for my part, live a widow till the worldes end, if thou wilt.

*Mul.* Even now thou deniedst that thou stolest it from me, and now thou bringest it home openly in my sight. Art not ashame?

*Men.* Woman, you are greatly to blame to charge mee with stealing of this cloake, which this day an other gave me to carry to be trimde.

*Mul.* Well, I will first complaine to my father. Ho boy, who is within there? Vecio go runne quickly to my father, desire him of all love to come over quickly to my house. Ile tell him first of your prankes, I hope he will not see me thus handled.

*Men.* What a Gods name meaneth this mad woman thus to vexe me?

*Mul.* I am mad because I tell ye of your vile actions and lewde pilfring away my apparell and my Jewels, to carry to your filthie drabbes.

*Men.* For whome this woman taketh mee I knowe not, I know her as much as I know Hercules wifes father.

*Mul.* Do ye not know me? That's well, I hope ye know my father, here he comes. Looke, do ye know him?

*Men.* As much as I knew Calcas of Troy. Even him and thee I know both alike.

*Mul.* Doest know neither of us both, me nor my father?

*Men.* Faith nor thy grandfather neither.

*Mul.* This is like the rest of your behaviour.

*Enter SENEX.*

*Sen.* \* Though bearing so great a burthen, as olde age, I can make no great haste, yet as I can, I will goe to my daughter, who I know hath some earnest businesse with me, that shee sends in such haste, not telling the cause why I should come. But I durst laie a wager, I can gesse neare the matter: I suppose it is some brabble between her husband and her. These yoong women that bring great dowries to their husbands, are so masterfull and obstinate, that they will have their own wils in everie thing, and make men servants to their weake affections. And yoong men too, I must needs say, be naught now a dayes, Well ile go see, but yonder mee thinks stands my daughter, and her husband too. Oh tis even as I gessed.

*Mul.* Father ye are welcome.

*Sen.* How now daughter? What? is all well? why is your husband so sad? have ye bin chiding? tell me, which of you is in the fault?

*Mul.* First father know, that I have not any way misbehaved my selfe; but the truth is, I can by no

meanes endure this bad man to die for it: and therefore desire you to take me home to you againe.

*Sen.* What is the matter?

*Mul.* He makes me a stale and a laughing stocke to all the world.

*Sen.* Who doth?

*Mul.* This good husband here, to whom you married me.

*Sen.* See, see, how oft have I warned you of falling out with your husband?

*Mul.* I cannot avoid it, if he doth so fowly abuse me.

*Sen.* I alwaies told ye, you must beare with him, ye must let him alone, ye must not watch him, nor dog him, nor meddle with his courses in any sort.

*Mul.* Hee hautes naughtie harlottes under my nose.

*Sen.* Hee is the wiser, because hee cannot bee quiet at home.

*Mul.* There hee feastes and bancquets, and spendes and spoiles.

*Sen.* Wold ye have your husband serve ye as your drudge? Ye will not let him make merry, nor entertaine his friendes at home.

*Mul.* Father, will ye take his part in these abuses, and forsake me?

*Sen.* Not so, daughter; but if I see cause, I wil as well tel him of his dutie.

*Men.* I would I were gone from this prating father and daughter.

*Sen.* Hitherto I see not but hee keepes ye well, ye want nothing, apparell, mony, servants, meate, drinke, all thinges necessarie: I feare there is fault in you.

*Mul.* But he filcheth away my apparell and my jewels, to give to his Trulles.

*Sen.* If he doth so, tis verie ill done, if not, you doo ill to say so.

*Mul.* You may beleeve me father, for there you may see my cloake which now he hath fetcht home againe, and my chaine which he stole from me.

*Sen.* Now will I goe talke with him to knowe the truth. Tell me Menechmus, how is it, that I heare such disorder in your life? Why are ye so sad man? wherein hath your wife offended you?

*Men.* Old man (what to call ye I know not) by high Jove, and by all the Gods I sweare unto you, whatsoever this woman here accuseth mee to have stolne from her, it is utterly false and untrue, and if I ever set foote within her doores, I wishe the greatest miserie in the worlde to light uppon me.

*Sen.* Why fond man, art thou mad to deny that thou ever setst foote within thine owne house where thou dwellest?

*Men.* Do I dwell in that house?

*Sen.* Doest thou denie it?

*Men.* I do.

*Sen.* Harke yee daughter, are ye remooved out of your house?

*Mul.* Father, he useth you as he doth me, this life I have with him.

*Sen.* Menechmus, I pray leave this fondnesse, ye jest too perversly with your friends.

*Men.* Good old father, what I pray have you to do with me? or why should this woman thus trouble me, with whom I have no dealings in the world?

*Mul.* Father, marke I pray how his eies sparkle, they rowle in his head, his colour goes and comes, he lookes wildly. See, see.

*Men.* What? they say now I am mad, the best way for me is to faine my selfe mad indeed, so I shall be rid of them.

*Mul.* Looke how he stares about, how he gapes.

*Sen.* Come away daughter, come from him.

*Men.* Bachus, Appollo, Phoebus, do ye call mee to

come hunt in the woods with you ? I see, I heare, I come, I flie, but I cannot get out of these fields. Here is an old mastiffe bitch stands barking at mee, and by her stands an old goate that beares false witnesse against many a poore man.

*Sen.* Out upon him Bedlam foole.

*Men.* Harke, Appollo commaunds me that I shoulde rende out hir eyes with a burning lampe.

*Mul.* O father, he threatens to pull out mine eyes.

*Men.* Good gods, these folke say I am mad, and doubtlesse they are mad themselves.

*Sen.* Daughter.

*Mul.* Here father, what shall we do ?

*Sen.* What if I fetch my folkes hither, and have him carried in before he do any harme.

*Men.* How now ? they will carry mee in if I look not to my selfe : I were best to skare them better yet. Doest thou bid me, Phœbus, to teare this dog in peeces with my nayles ? If I laie hold on him, I will do thy commandment.

*Sen.* Get thee into thy house daughter, away quickly.

*Men.* She is gone : yea Appollo I will sacrifice this olde beast unto thee : and if thou commandest mee, I will cut his throate with that dagger that hangs at his girdle.

*Sen.* Come not neare me, sirra.

*Men.* Yea I will quarter him, and pull all the bones out of his flesh, then will I barrell up his bowels.

*Sen.* Sure I am sore afraid he will do some hurt.

*Men.* Many things thou commandest me Appollo, wouldst thou have me harnesse up these wilde horses, and then clime up into the Chariot, and so over-ride this old stincking toothlesse Lyon. So now I am in the Chariot, and I have hold on the raines, here is my whip, hait, come ye wilde Jades make a hideous noyse with your stamping : hait I say, will ye not go ?

*Sen.* What? doth he threaten me with his horses?

*Men.* Harke, now Appollo bids mee ride over him that stands there, and kill him. How now? who pulles mee downe from my Chariot by the haires of my head. Oh shall I not fulfill Appolloes commandment?

*Sen.* See, see, what a sharpe disease this is, and how well he was even now. I will fetch a Physitian strait, before hee grow too farre into this rage. [Exit.

*Men.* Are they both gone now? Ile then hie me away to my ship, 'tis time to be gone from hence.

[Exit.

*Enter SENEX and MEDICUS.*

*Sen.* My loines ake with sitting, and mine eies with looking, while I staie for yonder laizie Phisitian: see now where the creeping drawlatch comes.

*Med.* What disease hath hee said you? Is it a letarge or a lunacie, or melancholie, or dropsie?

*Sen.* Wherfore I pray do I bring you, but that you shuld tell me what it is? and cure him of it.

*Med.* Fie, make no question of that. Ile cure him I warrant ye. Oh here he comes, staie, let us marke what he doth.

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen.*

*Men.* Never in my life had I more overthwart fortune in one day, and all by the villanie of this false knave the Parasite, my Ulisses that workes such mischiefs against mee his king. But let me live no longer but ile be revengde uppon the life of him: his life? nay tis my life, for hee lives by my meate and drinke. Ile utterly withdraw the slaves life from him. And Erotium shee sheweth plainly what she is; who because I require the cloake againe to carrie to my wife, saith I gave it her, and flatly falles out with me. How unfortunate am I?

*Sen.* Do ye heare him ?

*Med.* He complaines of his fortune.

*Sen.* Go to him.

*Med.* Menechmus, how do ye man ? why keepe you not your cloake over your arme ? It is verie hurtfull to your disease. Keepe ye warme I pray.

*Men.* Why hang thyself, what carest thou ?

*Med.* Sir can you smell anie thing ?

*Men.* I smell a prating dolt of thee.

*Med.* Oh I will have your head throughly purged. Pray tell me Menechmus, what use you to drinke ? white wine or claret ?

*Men.* What the divell carest thou ?

*Sen.* Looke, his fit now begins.

*Men.* Why doest not as well aske mee whether I eate bread, or cheese, or beefe, or porredge, or birdes that beare feathers, or fishes that have finnes ?

*Sen.* See what idle talke he falleth into.

*Med.* Tarry, I will aske him further. Menechmus, tell me, be not your eyes heavie and dull sometimes ?

*Men.* What doest thinke I am an Owle ?

*Med.* Doo not your guttes gripe ye, and croake in your belly ?

*Men.* When I am hungrie they do, else not.

*Med.* He speakes not like a mad man in that. Sleepe ye soundly all night ?

*Men.* When I have paid my debts I do. The mischiefe light on thee, with all thy frivilous questions.

*Med.* Oh now he rageth upon those words, take heed.

*Sen.* Oh this is nothing to the rage he was in even now. He called his wife bitch, and all to nought.

*Men.* Did I ?

*Sen.* Thou didst, mad fellow, and threatenedst to ryde over me here with a Chariot and horses, and to kill mee, and teare me in peeces. This thou didst, I know what I say.

*Men.* I say, thou stolest Jupiters Crowne from his head, and thou wert whipt through the Towne for it, and that thou hast kild thy father, and beaten thy mother. Doo ye thinke I am so mad that I cannot devise as notable lyes of you, as you do of me?

*Sen.* Maister Doctor, pray heartily make spedee to cure him, see ye not how mad he waxeth?

*Med.* Ile tell ye, hee shall be brought over to my house, and there will I cure him.

*Sen.* Is that best?

*Med.* What else? there I can order him as I list.

*Sen.* Well, it shall be so.

*Med.* Oh sir, I will make yee take neesing powder this twentie dayes.

*Men.* Ile beate yee first with a bastanado, this thirtie dayes.

*Med.* Fetch men to carry him to my house.

*Sen.* How many will serve the turne?

*Med.* Being no madder than hee is now, foure will serve.

*Sen.* Ile fetch them, staie you with him maister Doctor.

*Med.* No by my faith, Ile goe home to make readie all things needfull. Let your men bring him hither.

*Sen.* I go. [Exeunt.]

*Men.* Are they both gone? Good Gods what meaneth this? These men say I am mad, who without doubt are mad themselves. I stirre not, I fight not, I am not sicke. I speake to them, I know them. Well what were I now best to do? I would goe home, but my wife shuttes me foorth a doores. Enotium is as farre out with me too. Even here I will rest me till the evening, I hope by that time, they will take pittie on me.

*Enter MESSENIO the Travellers servant.*

\**Mes.* The proofe of a good servant, is to regard

his maisters businesse as well in his absence, as in his presence : and I thinke him a verie foole that is not carefull as well for his ribbes and shoulders, as for his belly and throate. When I think upon the rewards of a sluggard, I am ever pricked with a carefull regard of my backe and shoulders : for in truth I have no fancie to these blows, as many a one hath : methinks it is no pleasure to a man to be basted with a ropes end two or three houres togither. I have provided yonder in the Towne, for all our marriners, and safely bestowed all my masters Trunkes and fardels : and am now comming to see if he be yet got forth of this daungerous gulfe, where I feare me [he] is overplunged, pray God he be not overwhelmed and past helpe ere I come.

*Enter SENEX, with foure Lorarii, porters.*

*Sen.* Before Gods and men, I charge and commaund you sirs, to execute with great care that which I appoint you : if yee love the safetie of your owne ribbes and shoulders, then goe take me up my sonne in lawe, laie all hands upon him, why stand ye stil? what do ye doubt? I saie, care not for his threatnings, nor for anie of his words. Take him up and bring him to the Phisitians house : I will go thither before. [Exit.]

*Men.* What newes? how now masters? what will ye do with me? why do ye thus beset me? whither carrie ye mee? Helpe, helpe, neighbors, friends, Citizens!

*Mes.* O Jupiter, what do I see? my maister abused by a companie of varlets.

*Men.* Is there no good man will helpe me?

*Mes.* Helpe ye maister? yes the villaines shall have my life before they shall thus wrong ye. Tis more fit I should be kild, then you thus handled.

Pull out that rascals eye that holds ye about the necke there. I'le clout these peasants, out ye rogue, let go ye varlet.

*Men.* I have hold of this villaines eie.

*Mes.* Pull it out, and let the place appeare in his head. Away ye cutthroat theeves, ye murtherers.

*Lo. Omnes.* O, O, ay, ay, crie pittifullie.

*Mes.* Away, get ye hence, ye mongrels, ye dogs. Will ye be gone? Thou raskal behind there, ile give thee somewhat more, take that. It was time to come maister, you had bene in good case if I had not bene heere now, I tolde you what would come of it.

*Men.* Now as the gods love me, my good friend I thank thee: thou hast done that for me which I shall never be able to requite.

*Mes.* I'le tell ye how sir, give me my freedome.

*Men.* Should I give it thee?

*Mes.* Seeing you cannot requite my good turne.

*Men.* Thou art deceived man.

*Mes.* Wherein?

*Men.* On mine honestie, I am none of thy maister, I had never yet anie servant would do so much for me.

*Mes.* Why then bid me be free: will you?

*Men.* Yea surelie, be free, for my part.

*Mes.* O sweetly spoken, thanks my good maister.

*Servus alius.* Messenio, we are all glad of your good fortune.

*Mes.* O maister, ile call you maister still, I pracie use me in anie service as ye did before, ile dwell with you still, and when ye go home, ile wait upon you.

*Men.* Nay, nay, it shall not need.

*Mes.* Ile go strait to the Inne and deliver up my accounts and all your stuffe: your purse is lockt up safely sealed in the casket, as you gave it mee. I will goe fetch it to you.

*Men.* Do, fetch it.

*Mes.* I will.

*Men.* I was never thus perplext. Some deny me to be him that I am, and shut me out of their doores. This fellow saith he is my bondman, and of me he begs his freedome: he will fetch my purse and monie: well if he bring it, I will receive it, and set him free. I would he would so go his way. My old father in lawe and the Doctor saie I am mad, who ever sawe such straunge demeanors? well though Erotium be never so angrie, yet once againe ile go see if by intreatie I can get the cloake on her to carrie to my wife. [Exit.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MENECHMUS the Traveller, and MESSENIO.

*Men.* Impudent knave, wilt thou say that I ever saw thee since I sent thee away to day, and bad thee come for mee after dinner?

Mes. Ye make me starke mad: I tooke ye away  
and reskued ye from foure great bigboard villaines,  
that were carrying ye away even heere in this place.  
Heere they had ye up, you cried, Helpe, helpe. I  
came running to you: you and I togither beate them  
away by maine force. Then for my good turne and  
faythfull service, ye gave mee my freedome: I tolde  
ye i would go fetch your Casket, now in the mean  
time you ranne some other way to get before me, and  
so you denie it all againe.

*Men.* I gave thee thy freedome?

$$M_{\rho^0} = \mathbf{V}^0_{\rho^0} \cdot \mathbf{V}^0_{\rho^0}^{-1} = 1.3$$

thee thy freedome, Ile be a  
bondman my selfe: go thy wayes.

*Mes.* Whewe, marry I thanke ye for nothing.

*Enter MENECHMUS the Citizen.*

*Men. Forsworne Queanes, sweare till your hearts*

ake, and your eyes fall out, ye shall never make me beleeve that I carried hence either cloake or chaine.

*Mes.* O heavens, maister what do I see?

*Men. Tra.* What?

*Mes.* Your ghoast.

*Men. Tra.* What ghoast?

*Mes.* Your Image, as like you as can be possible.

*Men. Tra.* Surely not much unlike me as I thinke.

*Men. Cit.* O my good friend and helper, well met: thanks for thy late good helpe.

*Mes.* Sir, may I crave to know your name?

*Men. Cit.* I were too blame if I should not tell thee anie thing, my name is Menechmus.

*Men. Tra.* Nay my friend, that is my name.

*Men. Cit.* I am of Syracuse in Sicilia.

*Men. Tra.* So am I.

*Mes.* Are you a Syracusan?

*Men. Cit.* I am.

*Mes.* O, ho, I know ye: this is my maister, I thought hee there had bene my maister, and was proffering my service to him, pray pardon me sir, if I said any thing I should not.

*Men. Tra.* Why doating patch, didst thou not come with me this morning from the ship?

*Mes.* My faith he saies true, this is my maister, you may go looke ye a man: God save ye maister: v<sup>e</sup> sir farewell. This is Menechmus.

*Men. Cit.* I say that I am Menechmus.

*Mes.* What a jest is this? Are you Menechmus?

*Men. Cit.* Even Menechmus the sonne of Moschus.

*Men. Tra.* My fathers son<sup>161</sup>.

*Men. Cit.* Friend, I go about neither to take your father nor your country from you.

*Mes.* O immortal Gods, let it fall out as I hope, and for my life these are the two Twinnes, all things agree so jump togither. I will speake to my maister. Menechmus.

*Both.* What wilt thou?

*Mes.* I call ye not both, but which of you came with me from the ship?

*Men. Cit.* Not I.

*Men. Tra.* I did.

*Mes.* Then I call you. Come hither.

*Men. Tra.* What's the matter?

*Mes.* This same is either some notable couesning Jugler, or else it is your brother whom we seeke. I never sawe one man so like an other, water to water, nor milke to milke, is not liker then he is to you.

*Men. Tra.* Indeed I thinke thou saiest true. Finde it that he is my brother, and I here promise thee thy freedom.

*Mes.* Well, let me about it. Heare ye sir, you say your name is Menechmus.

*Men. Cit.* I do.

*Mes.* So is this mans. You are of Syracusis?

*Men. Cit.* True.

*Mes.* So is he. Moscus was your father?

*Men. Cit.* He was.

*Mes.* So was he his. What will you say, if I find that ye are brethren and twins?

*Men. Cit.* I would thinke it happie newes.

*Mes.* Nay staie maisters both, I meane to have the honor of this exploit. Answere me: your name is Menechmus?

*Men. Cit.* Yea.

*Mes.* And yours?

*Men. Tra.* And mine.

*Mes.* You are of Syracusis?

*Men. Cit.* I am.

*Men. Tra.* And I.

*Mes.* Well, this goeth right thus farre. What is the farthest thing that you remember there?

*Men. Cit.* How I went with my father to Tarentum, to a great mart, and there in the preasse I was stolne from him.

*Men. Tra.* O Jupiter!

*Mes.* Peace, what exclaiming is this? How old were ye then?

*Men. Cit.* About seven yeare old, for even then I shedde teeth, and since that time, I never heard of anie of my kindred.

*Mes.* Had ye never a brother?

*Men. Cit.* Yes, as I remember, I heard them say, we were two twinnes.

*Men. Tra.* O fortune!

*Mes.* Tush, can ye not be quiet? Were ye both of one name?

*Men. Cit.* Nay (as I think) they cald my brother, Sosicles.

*Men. Tra.* It is he, what need farther prooфе? O Brother, Brother, let me embrace thee.

*Men. Cit.* Sir, if this be true, I am wonderfully glad, but how is it, that ye are called Menechmus?

*Men. Tra.* When it was tolde us that you and our father were both dead, our Graundsire (in memorie of my fathers name) chaungde mine to Menechmus.

*Men. Cit.* Tis verie like he would do so indeed. But let me aske ye one question more, what was our mothers name?

*Men. Tra.* Theusimarche.

*Men. Cit.* Brother, the most welcome man to mee, that the world holdeth.

*Men. Tra.* I joy, and ten thousand joyes the more, having taken so long travaille and huge paines to seeke you.

*Mes.* See now, how all this matter comes about. This it was, that the Gentlewoman had ye in to dinner, thinking it had bene he.

*Men. Cit.* True it is I, willed a dinner to be provided for me heere this morning, and I also brought hither closely a cloake of my wives, and gave it to this woman.

*Men. Tra.* Is not this the same, brother?

*Men. Cit.* How came you by this?

*Men. Tra.* This woman met me, had me in to dinner, enterteined me most kindly, and gave me this cloake, and this chaine.

*Men. Cit.* Indeed she tooke ye for mee: and I beleieve I have bene as straungely handled by occasion of your comming.

*Mes.* You shall have time inough to laugh at all these matters hereafter. Do ye remember maister, what ye promised me?

*Men. Cit.* Brother, I will intreat you to performe your promise to Messenio, he is worthie of it.

*Men. Tra.* I am content.

*Mes. Io Tryumph.*

*Men. Tra.* Brother, will ye now go with me to Syracusis?

*Men. Cit.* So soone as I can sell away such goods as I possesse here in Epidamnum, I will go with you.

*Men. Tra.* Thanks my good brother.

*Men. Cit.* Messenio, plaie thou the Crier for me, and make a proclamation.

*Mes.* A fit office. Come on. O yes. What day shall your sale be?

*Men. Cit.* This day sennight.

*Mes.* All men, women and children in Epidamnum, or elsewhere, that will repaire to Menechimus house this day sennight, shall there finde all maner of things to sell: seruaunts, household stufte, house, ground and all: so they bring readie money. Will ye sell your wife too sir?

*Men. Cit.* Yea, but I thinke no bodie will bid money for her.

*Mes.* Thus Gentlemen we take our leaves, and if we have please, we require a Plaudite.

KING RICHARD III.

*EDITION.*

*The True Tragedie of Richard the Third : Wherein is shoune the  
death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong  
Princes in the Tower : With a lamentable ende of Shores wife,  
an example for all wicked women. And lastly the coniunction  
and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As  
it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties Players. London  
Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William  
Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church  
doore. 1594. 4°.*

IT may be said that there is nothing in common between Shakespeare's play, as printed in 1597, and the "True Tragedy," as printed in 1594; but to a certain extent it seemed to be desirable to make the earlier and inferior drama part of the series, inasmuch as it serves to show the extraordinary mastery of Shakespeare and the poverty of the material with which he had to deal. Here, as elsewhere, he has gone a good deal to his favourite Holinshed, whom he has sometimes copied verbally. See Douce's "Illustrations," ii. 40-1.<sup>1</sup> Legge's "Richardus Tertius," of which three or four MSS. are known, is annexed much for the same reason. At the same time, it is gravely to be doubted whether it ever formed part of "Shakespeare's Library," or whether the great bard ever set eyes on it. It is the performance mentioned by Harington in the "Brief Apology of Poetry," attached to his version of Ariosto, 1591.

In connection with the play of "Richard III," it would be as well for readers to have before them, or at least to peruse, the "Song of Lady Bessy," printed in the Percy Society's Series, in Halliwell's "Palatine Anthology," 1850, and by Mr Heywood separately, 8°, 1809; and also Giles Fletcher the elder's remarkable poem, published, or at least printed, in 1593, entitled "The Rising to the Crown of Richard the Third," which is inserted in Grosart's edition of Fletcher's works.

Christopher Brooke's powerful production, "The Ghost of Richard the Third," 4°, 1614, reprinted for the Shakespeare Society, is only noticeable as a striking outgrowth or *outcome* from the play, by which it was almost unquestionably suggested.

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<sup>1</sup> Another Latin play on the subject, grounded more or less on Legge's, by Henry Lacy, of Trinity College, Cambridge, was performed there in 1586. It was never printed, but MSS. copies of it are in Harl. 2412 and 6926.



—o—

MALONE commences his History of the English Stage by saying that "Dryden has truly observed that Shakespeare 'found not, but created first, the stage;'"<sup>2</sup> and the critic then proceeds to produce evidence which shows that this observation is not true, as most certainly it is not. "It was in truth (as Mr Collier more judiciously says) created by no one man, and in no one age; and, whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, it will be seen that when he began to write for the theatre, our drama was completely formed and firmly established."<sup>3</sup> Bad as the following play is, it is a drama, completely formed, and was regularly acted. If Dryden had said that Shakespeare found the stage of brick, and left it of marble, it would have answered his purpose as well, and would have been nearer to the truth.

Of the propriety of making this reprint one of the Society's publications there can be no doubt. Architects tell us that when a gigantic object is of just and natural proportions, the only way to make it look large is to place a smaller natural object close to it; and they instance the dome of St Peter's Church at

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<sup>1</sup> To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8<sup>o</sup>, 1844.

<sup>2</sup> Prologue to an alteration of "Troilus and Cressida."

<sup>3</sup> Preface to "History of English Dramatic Poetry," p. ix.

Rome. Were either the height or the breadth of that monument exaggerated, and the building thus disproportioned, it would look large without any such comparison. So it is with our gigantic Shakespeare. The best way to measure him is to place such an ordinary contemporary work as the following in juxtaposition with his "Richard the Third." The author of the "True Tragedy" may perhaps, by making a long arm, reach to the knee of the Colossus. Massinger and Marlowe could walk under his huge legs; Ben Jonson might touch his waist, by mounting an antique; Beaumont and Fletcher could stand under each of his arms. He could take up Ford and Webster in the hollow of either hand; and so on.

Antiquity and priority to Shakespeare constituting the only interest of the following piece, I have refrained from enforcing the metre<sup>1</sup> and modernising the orthography of it, as I did in Heywood's "Edward the Fourth," and have made it, with the exception of palpable errors of the press, a *facsimile* of the old edition, now reprinted through the liberality of His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the owner of the copy.

The best introduction to this history will be found in Mr Collier's edition of Shakespeare, vol. v., pp. 342-5. But I agree with Mr Boswell that our great

<sup>1</sup> In one instance, in Heywood's "Histories," I stretched the word *canst*, to fill up the measure of the line, unnecessarily. Page 37.

"Chub. Thou canst bear me witness, I had ta'en."

My brother, the Rev. F. Field, on reading the work, discovered that the word "Chub" should be part of the line, and not the name of the speaker. All the four old editions have the same error. The members of the Society will therefore please to correct the line as follows—

Chub, thou canst bear me witness I had ta'en.

poet must be seen this humble work of his predecessor. Mr Collier says that "we cannot trace any resemblances but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial." The reader will judge for himself. I have in the notes pointed out several parallel ideas. The following line in the Battle-scene is, in my opinion, quite enough to show that Shakespeare considered Nature, as Molière said of Wit, as his property, and that he had a right to seize it wherever he found it—

*King.* A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

Mr Collier adds that "the portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other, is just before the murder of the Princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose." This should hardly be called strange in our dramatist, since it is authorised in the history by Sir Thomas More—

The same night King Richard said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse, meaning by this James Tyrrell.

It is impossible to say who was the author of this work. Mr Boswell, in reprinting the incorrect *torso* of it in his edition of Shakespeare, inclined to think it was the same person who wrote "The lamentable Tragedie of Locrine," 1595, from the resemblance of the style of the passage at page 117 to the two extracts which he makes from that old play, in one of which the word *revenge* is harped upon three times, and in the other the word *Guendoline* six. But this is one of

the commonest artifices of rhetoric, and has been beautifully employed by Shakespeare himself—

“If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.”<sup>1</sup>

It seems to have been a recommendation to our early historical plays (as the present is perhaps the very earliest printed one), to entitle them *true*—

“So sad, so tender, and so *true*.”<sup>2</sup>

So we have the “True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York,” the precursor of Shakespeare’s “Henry the Sixth;” and I have no doubt, from the manner in which the prologue to his “Henry the Eighth” dwells upon the words *truth* and *true*, that one of its titles was “All is true,” and that it is the same play as is referred to by Sir Henry Wotton in 1613, under that name, as “representing some principal pieces of the raign of Henry 8,”<sup>3</sup> and that by the words “a new play,” which Shakespeare’s “Henry the Eighth” could not have been in that year, Sir Henry meant only a revival.

The explanatory notes that are necessary to this reprint are so few and brief, that I have placed them at the foot of the page; and the reader will remember, *passim*, that the letter *A* is used for the exclamation *Ah!* and *I* for the affirmation *Ay*, except where the latter is obviously the pronoun.

<sup>1</sup> “Merchant of Venice,” act v.

<sup>2</sup> Shenstone.

<sup>3</sup> “Reliquiae Wottonianæ, 3d ed. p. 425.



## *The Trve Tragedie of Richard the Third.*

—.0.—

*Enters TRUTH and POETRIE. To them the Ghoast of  
George Duke of Clarence.*

*Ghost.* CRESCE, cruor: sanguis satietur sanguine:  
cresce,  
Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta.<sup>1</sup>  
[Exit.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *cresse—sanguinis*; &c. Latin is almost always misprinted in early plays.] “Increase, blood ! Let blood be satisfied with blood ! Which I hope it quickly will. O, quickly, quickly, revenge !” *Vindicta*, in our old plays, seems to have constituted the knot, worthy of a Ghost’s intervention to avenge. In the “Battle of Alcazar,” 1594, we have, “Enter three Ghosts crying *Vindicta* ;” and the word occurs in several other plays, cited by Mr Gifford (Jonson, ii. 457) and Dyce (Peele, ii. 17), insomuch that it exposed itself to ridicule ; and our readers will remember the passage in Lodge’s “Wit’s Miserie, or the World’s Maduess,” 1596, in which one of the devils is said to be “a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the vizard of the ghost, who cried so miserably at the theatre, “*Hamlet, revenge* ;” and the anxiety of the commentators, to discover whether this alluded to Shakespeare’s “Hamlet,” or to an older play upon that subject : an anxiety just and natural as it respects the date of the great poet’s work, but worthless as to the question whether his play, at first entitled “The Revenge of Hamlet,” were meant to be ridiculed or not.

*Poetrie.* Truth well met.

*Truth.* Thankes Poetrie, what makes thou vpon a stage?

*Poet.* Shadowes.

*Truth.* Then will I adde bodies to the shadowes,  
Therefore depart and giue Truth leaue  
To shew her pageant.

*Poet.* Why will Truth be a Player?

*Truth.* No, but Tragedia like for to present  
A Tragedie in England done but late,  
That will reuiue the hearts of drooping mindes.

*Poet.* Whereof?

*Truth.* Marry thus.

Richard Platagenet of the House of Yorke,  
Claiming the Crowne by warres, not by dissent,  
Had as the Chronicles make manifest,  
In the two and twentith yeare of Henry the sixth,  
By act of Parliament intailed to him  
The Crowne and titles to that dignitie,  
And to his ofspring lawfully begotten,  
After the decease of that forenamed King,  
Yet not contented for to staie the time,  
Made warres vpon King Henry then the sixth,  
And by outrage suppressed that vertuous King,  
And wonne the Crowne of England to himselfe,  
But since at Wakefield in a battell pitcht,  
Outragious Richard breathed his latest breath,  
Leauing behind three branches of that line,  
Three sonnes: the first was Edward now the King,  
George of Clarence, and Richard Glosers Duke,  
Then Henry claiming after his decease  
His stile, his Crowne and former dignitie  
Was quite suppressed, till this Edward the fourth.

*Poet.* But tell me truth, of Henry what ensued?

*Truth.* Imprisoned he, in the Tower of London lies  
By strict command, from Edward Englands King,  
Since cruelly murthered, by Richard Glosers Duke.

*Poet.* Whose Ghoast was that did appear to vs?

*Truth.* It was the ghost of George the duke of Clarence,

Who was attected in King Edwards raigne,  
Falsly of Treason to his royltie,  
Imprisoned in the Tower was most vnnaturally,  
By his owne brother, shame to parents stocke,  
By Glosters Duke drowned in a but of wine.

*Poet.* What shield was that he let fall?

*Truth.* A shield conteining this, in full effect,  
Blood sprinkled, springs: blood spilt, craues due  
reuenge:

Whereupon he writes, *Cresce, cruor:*

*Sanguis satetur sanguine: cresce,*  
*Quod spero citò. O citò, citò, vendicta!*

*Poet.* What maner of man was this Richard Duke  
of Gloster?

*Truth.* A man ill shaped, crooked backed, lame  
armed, withall,

Valiantly minded, but tyrannous in authoritie,  
So during the minoritie of the yoong Prince,  
He is made Lord Protector ouer the Realme.  
Gentiles suppose that Edward now hath raigned  
Full two and twentie yeares, and now like to die,  
Hath summond all his Nobles to the Court,  
To sweare allegiance with the Duke his brother,  
For truth vnto his sonne the tender Prince,  
Whose fathers soule is now neare flight to God,  
Leauing behind two sonnes of tender age,  
Fiu daughters to comfort the haplesse Queene,  
All vnder the protection of the Duke of Gloster:  
Thus gentles, excuse the length by the matter,  
And here begins Truthes Pageant, Poetrie  
Wend with me.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter EDWARD THE FOURTH, LORD HASTINGS, LORD MARCUS, and ELIZABETH. To them RICHARD.*

*Hast.* Long liue my soueraigne, in all happinesse.

*Mar.* An honourable age with Cresuss wealth,  
Hourly attend the person of the King.

*King.* And welcome you Peeres of England vnto  
your King.

*Hast.* For our vnthankfulness the heauens hath  
throwne thee downe.

*Mar.* I feare for our ingratitude, our angry God  
doth frowne.

*King.* Why Nobles, he that laie me here  
Can raise me at his pleasure.  
But my deare friends and kinsmen,  
In what estate I now lie it is seene to you all,  
And I feel myselfe neare the dreadfull stroke of death.  
And the cause that I haue requested you in friendly  
wise

To meeke togither in this,  
That where malice & enuy sowing sedition in the  
harts of men  
So would I haue that admonished and friendly  
fauours,  
Ouercome in the heart of you Lord Marcus and  
Lord Hastings

Both, for how I haue gouerned these two and twentie  
yeares,

I leaue it to your discretions.  
The malice hath still bene an enemy to you both,  
That in my life time I could neuer get any lege of  
amity betwixt you,  
Yet at my death let me intreate you to imbrace each  
other,  
That at my last departure you may send my soule  
To the ioyes celestiall :  
For leauing behinde me my yoong sonne,

Your lawfull King after my decease,  
 May be by your wise and graue counsell so gouerned,  
 Which no doubt may bring comfort  
 To his famous realme of England.  
 But (what saith Lord Marcus and Lord Hastings):  
 What not one word? nay then I see it will not be;  
 For they are resolute in their ambition.

*Eliz.* Ah yeeld Lord Hastings,  
 And submit your selues to each other :  
 And you Lord Marcus, submit your selfe,  
 See here the aged King my father,  
 How he sues for peace betwixt you both :  
 Consider Lord Marcus, you are son to my mother the  
 Queene,  
 And therefore let me intreat you to mittigate your  
 wrath,  
 And in friendly sort, imbrace each other.

*King.* Nay cease thy speech Elizabeth,  
 It is but folly to speake to them,  
 For they are resolute in their ambitious mindes,  
 Therefore Elizabeth, I feele my selfe at the last instant  
 of death,  
 And now must die being thus tormented in minde.

*Hast.* May it be that thou Lord Marcus,  
 That neither by intreatie of the Prince,  
 Nor curtuous word of Elizabeth his daughter,  
 May withdraw thy ambition from me.

*Mar.* May it be that thou Lord Hastings,  
 Canst not perceiue the mark his grace aimes at.

*Hast.* No I am resolute, except thou submit.

*Mar.* If thou beest resolute giue vp the vpshot,  
 And perhaps thy head may paie for the losses.

*King.* Ah Gods, sith at my death you iarre,  
 What will you do to the yoong Prince after my de-  
 cease?  
 For shame I say, depart from my presence, and leaue  
 me to my self,

For these words strikes a second dying to my soule :  
 Ah my Lords I thought I could haue commanded  
 A greater thing then this at your hands,  
 But sith I cannot, I take my leaue of you both,  
 And so depart and trouble me no more.

*Hast.* With shame and like your Maiestie I submit  
 therfore,  
 Crauing humble pardon on my knees,  
 And would rather that my body shal be a pray to  
 mine enemy,  
 Rather then I will offend my Lord at the houre  
 And instance of his death.

*King.* Ah thankes Lord Hastings.

*Eliz.* Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, sith Lord Hastings  
 Is contented to be vnited.

*King.* Ah yeeld Lord Marcus, thou art too ob-  
 stinate.

*Mar.* My gracious Lord, I am content,  
 And humbly craue your graces pardon on my knee,  
 For my foule offence,  
 And see my Lord my brest opened to mine aduersary,  
 That he may take reuenge, then<sup>1</sup> once it shall be said,  
 I will offend my gratioues suffereinge.

*King.* Now let me see you friendly giue one an other  
 your hands.

*Hast.* With a good will ant like your grace,  
 Therefore Lord Marcus take here my hand,  
 Which was once vowde and sworne to be thy death,  
 But now through intretie of my Prince,  
 I knit a league of amitie for euer.

*Mar.* Well Lord Hastings, not in show but in deed,  
 Take thou here my hand, which was once vowed  
 To a<sup>2</sup> shiuered thy bodie in peecemeales,  
 That the foules of the ayre should haue fed  
 Their yoong withall,

<sup>1</sup> Than, for "rather than."

<sup>2</sup> Have.

But now vpon aleageance to my Prince, I vow perfect  
loue,  
And liue friendship for euer.

*King.* Now for confirming of it, here take your  
oathes.

*Hast.* If I Lord Hastings falcifie my league of  
friendship

Vowde to Lord Marcus, I craue confusion.

*Mar.* Like oath take I, and craue confusion.

*King.* Confusion.

Now, my Lords, for your yoong King, that lieth now  
at Ludlo,

Attended with Earle Riuers, Lord Gray, his two  
vnkles,

And the rest of the Queenes kindred,  
I hope you will be vnto him as you haue bene to me,  
His yeares are but yoong, thirteene at the most,  
Vnto whose gouernment, I commit to my brother the  
Protector,

But to thee Elizabeth my daughter,  
I leaue thee in a world of trouble,  
And commend me to thy mother, to all thy sisters,  
And especially I giue thee this in charge vpon & at  
my death,

Be loyall to thy brother during his authoritie,  
As thy selfe art vertuous, let thy praiers be modest,  
Still be bountifull in deuotion.

And thus leauing thee with a kisse, I take my last  
farewell,

For I am so sleepie, that I must now make an ende,  
And here before you all, I commit my soule to  
almighty God,

My sauaviour, and sweet redeemer, my bodie to the  
earth,

My Scepter and Crowne to the yoong Prince my  
sonne:

And now Nobles, draw the Curtaines and depart,

He that made me sau me,  
Vnto whose hands I commit my spirit.

[*The King dies in his bed.*

*Enter SHORES WIFE, and HURSLY her mayde.*

*Shor.* O Fortune, wherefore wert thou called Fortune?

But that thou art fortunate?

Those whom thou fauourest be famous,

Meriting mere mercie,

And fraught with mirrors of magnanimitie,

And Fortune I would thou hadst neuer fauoured  
me.

*Hurs.* Why mistresse, if you exclaime against Fortune,

You condemne your selfe,

For who hath aduanced you but Fortune?

*Shor.* I as she hath aduanced me,

So may she throw me downe:

Bnt Hursly, doest not heare the King is sicke?

*Hurs.* Yes mistresse, but neuer heard that euerie  
sicke man died.

*Shor.* Ah Hursly, my minde presageth  
Some great mishaps vnto me,  
For last time I saw the King, me thought  
Gastly death approached in his face,  
For thou knowest this Hursly, I haue bene good to  
all,

And still readie to preferre my friends,

To what preferment I could,

For what was it his grace would deny Shores wife?

Of any thing, yea were it halfe his reuenewes,

I know his grace would not see me want,

And if his grace should die,

As heauens forfend it should be so,

I haue left me nothing now to comfort me withall,

And then those that are my foes will triumph at my fall,  
 And if the King scape, as I hope he will,  
 Then will I feather my neast,  
 That blow the stormie winter neuer so cold,  
 I will be throughly prouided for one :  
 But here comes Lodwicke, seruant to Lord Hastings.  
 How now Lodwicke, what newes ?

*Enters LODWICKE.*

*Lod.* Mistresse Shore, my Lord would request you,  
 To come and speake with him.

*Shor.* I will Lodwicke.

But tell me what newes, is the King recouered ?

*Lod.* I mistresse Shore, he hath recouered,  
 That he long lookt for.

*Shor.* Lodwicke, how long is it since  
 He began to mend ?

*Lod.* Euen when the greatest of his torments had  
 left him.

*Shor.* But are the nobles agreed to the content-  
 ment of the Prince ?

*Lod.* The Nobles and Peeres are agreed as the  
 King would wish them.

*Shor.* Lodwicke thou reuiuest me.

*Lod.* I but few thought that the agreement and his  
 life would haue ended togither.

*Shor.* Why Lodwicke is he dead ?

*Lod.* In briefe mistresse Shore, he hath changed  
 his life.

*Shor.* His life, ah me vnhappy woman,  
 Now is misery at hand,  
 Now will my foes tryumph at this my fall,  
 Those whom I haue done most good, will now forsake  
 me.

Ah Hursly, when I enterteined thee first,

I was farre from change, so was I Lodwicke,  
 When I restored thee thy lands.  
 Ah sweete Edward, farewell my gracious Lord and  
 souereigne,  
 For now shall Shores wife be a mirrour and looking  
 glasse,  
 To all her enemies.

Thus shall I finde Lodwicke, and haue cause to say,  
 That all men are vnconstant.

*Lod.* Why mistresse Shore, for the losse of one  
 friend,

Will you abandon the rest that wish you well?

*Shor.* Ah Lodwicke I must, for when the tree  
 decaies

Whose fruitfull branch haue flourished many a yeare,  
 Then farewell those ioyfull dayes and ofspring of my  
 heart,

But say Lodwicke, who hath the King made Protector,  
 During the innormitie <sup>1</sup> of the yoong Prince.

*Lod.* He hath made his brother Duke of Gloster  
 Protector.

*Shor.* Ah me, then comes my ruine and decaie,  
 For he could neuer abide me to the death,  
 No he alwaies hated me whom his brother loued so  
 well,

Thus must I lament and say, all the world is vncon-  
 stant.

*Lod.* But mistresse Shore, comfort your selfe,  
 And thinke well of my Lord,  
 Who hath alway bene a helper vnto you.

*Shor.* Indeed Lodwicke to condemne his honour I  
 cannot,  
 For he hath alway bene my good Lord,  
 For as the world is fickle, so changeth the minds of  
 men.

---

<sup>1</sup> Not within legal age to reign.

*Lod.* Why mistresse Shore, rather then want should  
opprese  
You, that little land which you beg'd for me of the  
King,  
Shall be at your dispose.  
*Shor.* Thanks good Lodwicke.

*Enter a CITIZEN and MORTON a seruing man.*

*Cit.* O maister Morton, you are very welcome met,  
I hope you think on me for my mony.

*Mor.* I pray sir beare with me, and you shall haue  
it,  
With thankes too.

*Cit.* Nay, I pray sir let me haue my money,  
For I haue had thankes and too much more then I  
lookt for.

*Mor.* In faith sir you shall haue it,  
But you must beare with me a litle,  
But sir, I marvell how you can be so greedie for your  
mony,  
When you see sir, we are so vncertaine of our owne.

*Cit.* How so vncertaine of mine owne?  
Why doest thou know any bodie wil come to rob me?

*Mor.* Why no.

*Cit.* Wilt thou come in the night and cut my  
throate?

*Mor.* No.

*Cit.* Wilt thou and the rest of thy companions,  
Come and set my house on fire?

*Mor.* Why no, I tell thee.

*Cit.* Why how should I then be vncertaine of mine  
owne?

*Mor.* Why sir by reason the King is dead.

*Cit.* O sir! is the King dead?  
I hope he hath giuen you no quittance for my debt.

*Mor.* No sir, but I pray staie a while, and you shall haue it

Assoone as I can.

*Cit.* Well I must be content, where nothing is to be had,

The King looseth his right they say,  
But who is this?

*Mor.* Marry sir it is mistresse Shore,  
To whom I am more beholding too for my seruice,  
Than the deerest friend that euer I had.

*Cit.* And I for my sonnes pardon.

*Mor.* Now mistresse Shore, how fare you?

*Shor.* Well Morton, but not so well as thou hast known me,

For I thinke I shal be driuen to try my friends one day.

*Mor.* God forfend mistresse Shore,  
And happie be that Sunne shall shine vpon thee,  
For preseruing the life of my sonne.

*Shor.* Gramercies good father,  
But how doth thy sonne, is he well?

*Cit.* The better that thou liues, doth he.

*Shor.* Thankes father, but I am glad of it,  
But come maister Lodwicke shall we go?  
And you Morton, youle bear vs company.

*Lod.* I mistresse Shore,  
For my Lord thinkes long for our comming.

[*Exit omnes.*]

*Cit.* There there, huffer, but by your leauue,  
The Kings death is a maime to her credit,  
But they say, there is my Lord Hastings in the Court,  
He is as good as the Ase of hearts at maw,<sup>1</sup>  
Well euen as they brew, so let them bake for me:  
But I must about the streets, to see and I can meete

<sup>1</sup> A game at cards. See the Shakespeare Society's edit. of "Patient Grissil," p. 67.

With such cold customers as they I met withall euen  
now,  
Maske if I meete with no better,  
I am like to keepe a bad hoshold of it. [Exit.]

*Enters RICHARD, Sir WILLIAM CASBIE, Page of his  
Chamber, and his traine.*

*Rich.* My friends depart,  
The houre commands your absence.  
Leaue me and euery man look to his charge.

[Exit traine.]

*Cas.* Renowned and right worthie Protector,  
Whose excelency far deserues the name of king then  
protector,  
Sir William Casbie wisheth my Lord,  
That your grace may so gouerne the yoong Prince,  
That the Crowne of England may flourish in all hap-  
pinesse. [Exit Casbie.]

*Rich.* Ah yoong Prince, and why not I?  
Or who shall inherit Plantaginiſes but his sonne?  
And who the King deceased, but the brother?  
Shall law bridle nature, or authoritie hinder inherit-  
ance?  
No, I say no: Principalitie brooks no equalitie,  
Much less superioritie,  
And the title of a King, is next vnder the degree of a  
God,  
For if he be worthie to be called valiant,  
That in his life winnes honour, and by his sword  
winnes riches,  
Why now I with renowne of a souldier, which is neuer  
sold but  
By waight, nor changed but by losse of life,  
I reapt not the gaine but the glorie, and since it be-  
commeth  
A sonne to maintaine the honour of his deceased father,

Why should I not hazard his dignitie by my brothers sonnes?

To be baser than a King I disdaine,  
And to be more then Protector, the law deny,  
Why my father got the Crowne, my brother won the  
Crowne,

And I will wear the Crowne,  
Or ile make them hop without their crownes that  
nies me:

Haue I remoued such logs out of my sight as my  
brother Clarēce

And king Henry the sixt, to suffer a child to shadow  
me,

Nay more, my nephew to disinherite me,  
Yet most of all, to be released from the yoke of my  
brother

As I terme it, to become subiect to his sonne,  
No death nor hell shall not withhold me, but as I rule  
I will raign,

And so raign that the proudest enemy shall not  
abide

The sharpest shoure. Why what are the babes but  
a puffe of

Gun-pouder? a marke for the soldiers, food for fishes,  
Or lining for beds, deuices enough to make them  
away,

Wherein I am resolute, and determining, needs no  
counsell,

Ho, whose within?

*Enters PAGE and PERCIUALL.*

*Per.* May it please your Maiestie.

*Rich.* Ha villaine, Maiestie.

*Per.* I speake but vpon that which shal be my  
good Lord.

*Rich.* But whats he with thee?

*Page.* A Messenger with a letter from the right honourable

The Duke of Buckingham.

[Exit PAGE.

*Rich.* Sirra giue place.

Ah how this title of Maiestie, animates me to my purpose,

Rise man, regard no fall, haply this letter brings good lucke,

May it be, or is it possible,

Doth Fortune so much fauour my happinesse

That I no sooner deuise, but she sets abroach ?

Or doth she but to trie me, that raising me aloft,

My fall may be the greater, well laugh on sweete change,

Be as be may, I will neuer feare colours nor regard ruth,

Valour brings fame, and fame conquers death.

Perciuall.

*Per.* My Lord.

*Rich.* For though thy letter declares thy name,

Thy trust to thy Lord, is a sufficient warrant

That I vtter my minde fully vnto thee,

And seeing thy Lord and I haue bene long foes,

And haue found now so fit opportunitie to ioyne league,

To alaie the proude enemy, tell him thus as a friend, I do accept of his grace, and will be as readie to put in practise

To the vttermost of my power, what ere he shalbe to deuise;

But wheareas he hath writ that the remouing of the yoong

Prince from the Queenes friends might do well,

Tell him thus, it is the only way to our purpose,

For he shall shortly come vp to London to his Coronation,

At which instant, we will be both present,

And where by the helpe of thy Lord, I will so plaine  
 my part,  
 That ile be more than I am, and not much lesse then  
 I looke for,  
 No nor a haire bredth from that I am,  
 Aiudge thou what it is Perciuall.

*Per.* God send it my Lord, but my Lord willed me  
 to satisfie you, and to tell you by word of mouth that  
 he hath in readinesse a braue company of men.

*Rich.* What power hath he?

*Per.* A braue band of his owne.

*Rich.* What number?

*Per.* My Lord, to the number of five hundredth  
 footmen.

And horsmen ayders vnto him, is my Lord Chamber-  
 laine, and my Lord Hastings.

*Rich.* Sounes, dares he trust the Lord Hastings?

*Per.* I my Lord as his owne life, he is secret I  
 warrant you.

*Rich.* Well Perciuall, this matter is waightie and  
 must not be slipt, therefore return this answere to thy  
 Lord, that to morrow I will meet him, for to day I  
 cannot, for now the funerall is past I must set a  
 screene before the fire for feare of suspition: again,  
 I am now to strengthen my selfe by the controuersie  
 that is betwixt the kindred of the King deceast, and  
 the Queene thatts liuing, the yoong Prince is yet in  
 hucsters handling, and they not throughly friendes,  
 now must I so worke, that the water that driues the  
 mill may drowne it. I climbe Perciuall, I regard  
 more the glorie then the gaine, for the very name of  
 a King redouble a mans life with fame, when death  
 hath done his worst, and so commend me to thy  
 Lord, and take thou this for thy paines.

*Per.* I thanke your grace, I humbly take my leauue.  
 [Exit PERCIUALL.

*Rich.* Why so, now Fortune make me a King,

Fortune giue me a kingdome, let the world report the Duke of Gloster was a King, therefore Fortune make me King, if I be but King for a yeare, nay but halfe a yeare, nay a moneth, a weeke, three dayes, one daye, or halfe a day, nay an houre, swounes half an houre, nay sweete Fortune, clap but the Crowne on my head, that the vassals may but once say, God sauе King Richards life, it is inough. Sirrha, who is there?

*Enter PAGE.*

*Page.* My Lord.

*Rich.* What hearest thou about the Court?

*Page.* Ioy my Lord for your Protectorship for the most part. Some murmure, but my Lord they be of the baser sort.

*Rich.* A mightie arme wil sway the baser sort, authority doth terrifie.

But what other newes hearest thou?

*Page.* This my Lord, they say the yong king is comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vncles, Earle Rivers & Lord Gray, and the rest of the Queenes kindred.

*Rich.* A parlous<sup>1</sup> bone to ground vpon, and a rush stify knit,<sup>2</sup> which if I could finde a knot, I would giue one halfe to the dogs and set fire on the other.

*Page.* It is reported my Lord, but I know not whether it be true or no, that the Duke of Buckingham

<sup>1</sup> Perilous.

<sup>2</sup> This looks like a proverbial expression; but I have not been able to find an instance of the last of the phrase. *Nodium in scirpo querere* was the Roman proverb for *to stumble on plain ground*, and in Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets there is an allusion to it:—

"O, this it is: the knotted straw is found."

is vp in the Marches of Wales with a band of men, and as they say, hee aims at the Crowne.

*Rich.* Tush a shadow without a substance, and a feare without a cause: but yet if my neighbours house bee on fire, let me seek to sauue mine owne, in trust is treason, time slippeth, it is ill iesting with edge tooles, or dallying with Princes matters, Ile strike whillst the yron is hote, and Ile trust neuer a Duke of Buckingham, no neuer a Duke in the world, further then I see him. And sirrha, so follow me.

[*Exit* RICHARD.]

*Page.* I see my Lord is fully resolued to climbe, but how hee climbes ile leauue that to your iudgements, but what his fall will be that's hard to say: But I maruell that the Duke of Buckingham and he are now become such great friends, who had wont to love one another so well as the spider doth the flie: but this I haue noted, since he hath had the charge of Protector, how may noble men hath fled the realme, first the Lord Marcus sonne to the Queene, the Earl of Westmorland and Northumberland, are secretly fled: how this geare will cotten<sup>1</sup> I know not. But what do I medling in such matters, that should medle with the vntying of my Lordes points, faith do euen as a great many do beside, medle with Princes matters so long, til they proue themselues beggars in the end. Therefore I for feare I should be taken napping with any words, Ile set a locke on my lips, for feare my tongue grow too wide for my mouth.

[*Exit* PAGE.]

<sup>1</sup> To *cotton* is to succeed, to prosper. *Gear* is any business or matter.

"Come on, sir frier, picke the locke,  
This gere doth cotton hansom,  
That covetousnesse so cunningly  
Must pay the lechers ransome."

*Enter the yoong PRINCE, his brother, DUKE OF YORKE, EARLE RIUERS, LORD GRAY, SIR HAPCE, SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.*

*King.* Right louing vnckles, and the rest of this company, my mother hath written, and thinks it conuenient that we dismisse our traine, for feare the towne of Northampton is not able to receiue vs: and againe my vnckle of Gloster may rather think we come of malice against him and his blood: therefore my Lords, let me here your opinions, for my words and her letters are all one: and besides I myselfe giue consent.

*Riu.* Then thus may it please your grace, I will shewe my opinion. First note the two houses of Lancaster and Yorke, the league of friendship is yet but greene betwixt them, and little cause of variance may cause it breake, and thereby I think it not requisite to discharge the cōpany because of this. The Duke of Buckingham is up in the Marches of Wales with a great power, and with him is ioyned the Protector, for what cause I know not, therefore my Lords, I haue spoken my mind boldly, but do as your honours shall thinke good.

*Vaugh.* Why my Lord Riuers, wherefore is he Protector but for the Kings safetie?

*Riu.* I Sir Thomas Vaughan, and therefore a traitor, because he is Protector.

*Gray.* We haue the Prince in charge, therefore we neede not care.

*Riu.* We haue the Prince, but they the authoritie.

*Gray.* Why take you not the Duke of Buckingham for the Kings friend?

*Riu.* Yes, and yet we may misdoubt the Duke of Gloster as a foe.

*Gray.* Why then my Lord Riuers, I thinke it is

conuenient that we leaue you here behind vs at Northampton, for conference with them, and if you heare their pretence be good towards the King, you may in Gods name make returne & come with them, but if not, leaue them and come to us with speed. For my sister the Queene hath willed that we should dismisse our companie, and the King himselfe hath agreed to it, therefore we must needs obey.

*Riu.* If it please your grace I am content, and humbly take my leaue of you all. [Exit.]

*King.* Farewell good vnckle, ah gods, if I do live my fathers yeares as God forbid but I may, I will so roote out this malice & enuie sowne among the nobilitie, that I will make them weary that were the first beginners of these mischiefes.

*Gray.* Worthily well spoken of your princely Maiestie,

Which no doubt sheweth a king-like resolution.

*Vaugh.* A toward yoong Prince, and no doubt forward to all vertue, whose raigne God long prosper, among vs.

*King.* But come vnckle, let vs forward of our iourny towards London.

*Riu.* We will attend vpon your Maiestie.

[Exit omnes.]

*Enters an old Inne-keeper, and RICHARDS Page.*

*Page.* Come on mine Oste, what doest thou vnderstand my tale or no?

*Oste.* I faith my guest you haue amazed mee alreadie, and to heare it again, it wil mad me alto-gither, but because I may think vpon it the better, I pray you let me heare it once more.

*Page.* Why then thus, I serue the right honourable the Lord Protector.

*Oste.* I, I know that too well.

*Page.* Then this is his graces pleasure, that this nigh the will be lodged in thy house, thy fare must be sumptuous, thy lodgings cleanly, his men vsed friendly and with great curtesie, and that he may haue his lodging prepared as neare Lord Riuers as possible may be.

*Oste.* Why sir if this be all, this is done alreadie.

*Page.* Nay more.

*Oste.* Nay sir; & you loue me no more, heres too much already.

*Page.* Nay, my Lords graces pleasure is further, that when all thy guesse<sup>1</sup> have tane their chambers, that thou conuey into my Lords hands the keyes of euery seuerall chamber, and what my Lords pleasure is further, thou shalt know in the morning.

*Oste.* How locke in my guesse like prisoners, why doe you heare my guesse? mee thinkes there should be little better then treason in these words you haue vttered.

*Page.* Treason villaine, how darest thou haue a thought of treason against<sup>2</sup> my Lord, therefore you were best be briefe, and tell me whether you will do it or no?

*Oste.* Alasse what shall I do? who were I best to offend? shall I betrai that good olde Earle that hath laine at my house this fortie yeares? why and I doe hee will hang me: nay then on the other side, if I should not do as my Lord Protector commands, he will chop off my head, but is there no remedie?

*Page.* Come sir be briefe, there is no remedie. therefore be briefe, and tell me straight.

*Oste.* Why, then sir heres my hand, tell my Lord Protector he shall haue it, I will do as he commands mee, but euen against my will, God is my witnesse.

<sup>1</sup> *Guesse* is the old plural for *guests*.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, have a thought, against my lord, of treason.

*Page.* Why then farewell mine Oste.

*Osie.* Farewell euen the woorst guest that ever came to my house. A maisters, maisters, what a troublesome vocation am I crept into, you thinke we that be In-keepers get all the world; but I thinke I shall get a faire halter to my necke, but I must go see all things done to my great grieve. [Exit.

*Enters the mother QUEENE, and her daughter, and her sonne, to sanctuary.*

Earle *Riuers* speakes out of his chamber.

Ho mine Oste, Chamberlaine wheres my key?  
 What pend vp like a prisoner? But staie, I feare I  
     am betraid,  
 The sodain sight of Glosters Duke, doth make me  
     sore afraid:  
 He speake to him, and gently him salute,  
 Tho in my heart I enuie<sup>1</sup> much the man,  
 God morrow my Lord Protector to your grace,  
 And Duke of Buckingham God morrow too,  
 Thankes noble Dukes for our good cheare, & for your  
     cōpany.

*Here enters BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER, and their traine.*

*Rich.* Thou wretched Earle, whose aged head  
     imagins nought but treacherie,  
 Like Iudas thou admitted wast to sup with vs last  
     night  
 But heauens preuented thee our ils, and left thee in  
     this plight:

<sup>1</sup> Envy for "hate."

Greeu'st thou that I the Gloster Duke, shuld as Protector sway?

And were you he was left behind, to make vs both away?

Wilt thou be ringleader to wrōng, & must you guide the realme?

Nay ouer boord al such mates I hurl, whilst I do guid the helm:

He weed you out by one and onē, Ile burne you vp like chaffe,

Ile rend your stock vp by the rootes, that yet in triumphs laffe.

*Riu.* Alas good Dukes for ought I know, I neuer did offend,

Except vnto my Prince vnloyall I have bene,

Then shew iust cause, why you exclame so rashly in this sort,

So falsely thus me to condemne, vpon some false report:

But am I here as prisoner kept, imprisoned here by you?

Then know, I am as true to my Prince, as the proudest in thy crue.

*Buc.* A<sup>1</sup> brauely spokē good old Earle, who tho his lims be num.

He hath his tongue as much at vse, as tho his yeares were yong.

*Rich.* Speakest y<sup>u</sup> the truth, how durst y<sup>u</sup> speak, for iustice to apeale?

When as thy packing with thy Prince, thy falsehood do reueale.

A Riuers blush, for shame to speake, like traitor as thou art.

Riu. A brayd<sup>1</sup> you me as traitor to your grace :  
 No altho a prisoner, I returne defiance in thy face.  
 The Chronicles I record, talk of my fidelitie, & of my  
     progeny,  
 Wher, as in a glas y<sup>u</sup> maist behold, thy ancestors &  
     their trechery.  
 The wars in France, Irish cōflicts, & Scotland knowes  
     my trust,  
 When thou hast kept thy skin vnscard, and let thine  
     armor rust :  
 How thou vniustly here exclaim'st,  
 Yea far from loue or kin,  
 Was this the oath which at our princes death,  
 With vs thou didst combine ?  
 But time permits<sup>2</sup> not now, to tell thee all my  
     minde :  
 For well tis known that but for fear, you neuer wold  
     have clind.<sup>3</sup>  
 Let Commons now haue it in hand, the matter is  
     begun,  
 Of whom I feare the lesser sort, vpon thy part will  
     run.  
 My Lords, I cannot breath it out in words like to  
     you : but this,  
 My honor, I will set to sale,<sup>4</sup> let any comman man  
     come in,  
 And say Earle Riuers faith vnto his Prince did  
     quaile,  
 Then will I lose my lands and life, but if none so can  
     doo,

<sup>1</sup> Braid for upbraid. See Huloet's Dict. The word is used by Shakespeare :—

“Twould braid yourself too near for me to tell it.”

—“Pericles,” Scene I.

<sup>2</sup> Old copy omits *not*.

<sup>3</sup> Climb'd.

<sup>4</sup> Pledge?

Then thou Protector iniur'st me, and thy copartner  
too :  
But since as Judges here you are, and taking no  
remorse,  
Spare me not, let me haue law, in iustice do your  
worst.

*Buc.* My Lord, lay down a cooling card,<sup>1</sup> this  
game is gone too far,  
You haue him fast, now cut him off, for feare of ciuill  
war,  
Iniurious Earle I hardly brooke, this portion thou  
hast giuen,  
Thus with my honor me to touch, but thy ruth shall  
begin.

*Riu.* But as thou art I leaue thee here,  
Vnto the officers custody,  
First bare him to Pomphret Castle,  
Charge them to keep him secretly :  
And as you heare from me so deale,  
Let it be done immediatly :  
Take from our Garrison one whole band,  
To guard him thither safely.

*Riu.* And send'st thou me to common Iayle ?  
Nay then I know thy minde :  
God bless these yoong and tender babes,  
That I do leaue behinde.  
And God aboue protect them day and night,  
Those are the marks thou aim'st at, to rid them from  
their right.  
Farewell sweet England and my country men,  
Earle Riuers leades the way :  
Yet would my life might rid you from this thrall,

<sup>1</sup> A card so decisive as to cool the courage of the adversary—

“ There all is marr'd ; there lies a cooling card.”

—“ First Part of Henry VI.,” v. 4.

But for my stock and kindred to the Queen, I greatly feare the all.

And thus disloyall Duke farewell, when euer this is knowne,

The shame and infamy thereof, be sure will be thine owne.<sup>1</sup>

[Exit.]

*Rich.* So now my Lord of Buckingham, let us hoyst vp saile while the winde serues, this hot beginning must haue a quicke dispatch, therefore I charge and command straightly,<sup>2</sup> that euerie high way be laid close, that none may be suffered to carrie this newes before we our selues come, for if word come before vs, then is our pretence bewraied, and all we haue done to no effect. If any aske the cause why they may not passe, vse my authoritie, and if he resist shoote him through. Now my Lord of Buckingham, let vs take post horse to Stony Stratford, where hap-pily ile say grace to the Princes dinner, that I will make the devoutest of them forget what meat they eate, and yet all for the best I hope.

[Exit.]

*Enter the yoong PRINCE, LORD GRAY, SIR THOMAS VAUGHON, SIR RICHARD HAPC, and their traine.*

*Hap.* Lord Gray, you do discomfort the King by reason of your heauiness.

*Gray.* Alasse sir Richard, how can I be merry when we haue so great a charge of his grace: and again this makes me to greeue the more, because wee cannot heare from Earle Riuers, which makes me think the Protector and he haue bene at some words.

*King.* Why good vnkle comfort your selfe, no doubt

<sup>1</sup> Part of the old play of "King John," which preceded Shakespeare's drama, is also in ballad measure. And see Reed's "Shakespeare," xx. 462.

<sup>2</sup> Strictly.

my vnkle Earle Riuers is well, & is comming no doubt with my vnkle of Gloster to meete vs, else we should haue heard to the contrarie. If any haue cause to feare, it is my selfe, therefore good vnkle comfort your selfe and be not sad.

*Gray.* The sweete ioyce of such a grape would comfort a man where he halfe dead, and the sweete words of such a Prince would make men carlesse of mishaps, how dangerous soeuer.

*Hap.* Lord Gray, we heare now by all likelihoods the Protector not to be farre, therefore wee are to entertaine him and the Duke of Buckingham with curtesie, both for the Princes behalfe and for our owne.

*Gray.* Sir Richard Hapc, I shall hardly shew the Protector or the Duke of Buckingham any mery countenance, considering how hardly I haue been vsed by them both, but yet for love to my prince I will bridle my affectiō, but in good time they come.

*Enters RICHARD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, and their  
traine.*

*Rich.* Long liue my Princely Nephew in all happinesse.

*King.* Thankes vnckle of Gloster for your curtesie, yet you haue made hast, for we lookt not for you as yet.

*Rich.* Therein I shew my humble dutie to your grace, whose life I wish to redouble your deceased fathers dayes.

*King.* Thankes good vnckle.

*Buc.* Long liue my gratiouse Prince.

*King.* Thankes Buckingham, but vnckle you will beare vs company towards London?

*Rich.* For that cause we came.

*Buc.* Gentlemen on afore keep your roomes, how

now Lord Gray doo you iustle in the presence of the King? This is more then needs.

*Gray.* My Lord, I scarce touched you, I hope it be no offence.

*Rich.* Sir no great offence, but inward enuy will burst out. No Lord Gray, you cannot hide your malice to vs of the Kings blood.

*King.* Why good vnckle let me know the cause of your suddaine quarrell?

*Rich.* Marry thus noble Nephew, the old wound of enuy, being rubbed by Lord Grayes venomous rashnesse, is growne to such a venomous sore that it is incurable, without remooue of dead flesh.

*Buc.* Lord Gray, I do so much dislike thy abuse, that were it not in presence of the Prince, I would bid thee combate: but thus and it shal like your grace, I arrest, & atache this Lord Gray, Sir Thomas Vaughon, and Richard Hapce, of high treason to your grace. And that Lord Gray hath conueyed money out of the Tower to relieue our enemies the Scots, and now by currying favor with your Maiestie, he thinkes it to be hid.

*Rich.* Only this I adde, you gouerne the Prince without my authoritie, allowing me no more then the bare name of Protector, which I wil haue in the despight of you, and therefore as your competitor Earle Riuers is alreadie imprisoned, so shall you be, till time affoord the law to take place.

*Gray.* But whereas we are atacht as traytors to his grace, and gouerne him without your authoritie, why we have authority from the mother Queene. And for the deliuery of the mony to the Scots, it was done by a generall consent of you all, and that I haue your hands to shew for my discharge, therfore your arrest & atachment is not lawfull: & yet as lawful as your quarrell is right.

*Rich.* Thy presumption condemnes thee Lord

Gray, thy arrest is lawfull. Therefore see them speedily and secretly imprisoned, and after the coronation they shall answer it by law, meane while, Officers looke to your charge.

*King.* A Gods, and is it iustice without my consent? Am I a King and beare no authoritie? My louing kindred committed to prison as traytors in my presence, and I stand to giue aime at them.<sup>1</sup> A Edward, would thou laist by thy fathers side, or else he had liued till thou hadst bin better able to rule. If my neere kindred be committed to prison, what remaines for me, a crowne? A but how? so beset with sorrows, that the care & grief wil kil me ere I shall enjoy my kingdome. Well since I cannot command, I wil intreat. Good vnkle of Gloster, for all I can say little, but for my vnkle Lord Gray, what need he be a theef or conuey money out of the Tower, when he hath sufficient of his own? But good vnkle let me baile them all: If not, I will baile my vnkle Lord Gray if I may.

*Rich.* Your grace vndertakes you know not what, the matters are perillous, especially against the Lord Gray.

*King.* What perilous matters, considering he is a friend to vs?

*Rich.* He may be a friend to win fauour, & so climbe to promotion in respect of his equals. His equals, nay his betters.

*King.* I know my vnkle will conceale no treason, or dangerous secresie from vs.

*Rich.* Yes secrets that are too subtil for babes. Alasse my Lord you are a child, and they vse you as a child: but they consult and conclude of such mat-

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<sup>1</sup> To give *aim* was to stand within a convenient distance from the butts, to inform the archers how near their arrows fell to the mark.

ters, as were we not carefull, would proue preiudiciale to your Maiesties person. Therefore let not your grace feare any thing by our determination, for as my authoritie is onely vnder your grace, so shall my loyaltie deserue hereafter the iust recompence of a true subiect, therefore I hauing charge frō my brother your father, & our late deceased king, during the minoritie of your grace, I will vse my authoritie as I see good.

*King.* Ay me vnhappie king.

*Gray.* Nay let not your grace be dismaid for our imprisonmēt, but I would we could warrant your grace from harme, & so we humbly take our leaues of your grace, hoping that ere long we shall answer by law to the shame & disgrace of you all. [Exit.

*Rich.* Go, you shall answere it by law.

*King.* But come vnkle shal we to Lon. to our vntimely coranatiō?

*Rich.* What else and please your maiestie, where by the way I will appoint trustie Officers about you.

*Buc.* Sound Trumpet in this parley, God sauē the King.

*Rich.* Richard.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter the mother QUEENE, and her yoong sonne the DUKE OF YORKE, and ELIZABETH.*

*Yorke.* May it please your grace to shew to your children the cause of your heavines, that we knowing it, may be copartners of your sorrowes.

*Queen.* Ay me poore husbands queene, and you poor fatherlesse princes.

*Eliz.* Good mother expect the liuing, and forget

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<sup>1</sup> There is character in still making Gloucester try the sound of his greatness.

the dead. What tho our Father be dead, yet behold his children, the image of himselfe.

*Queen.* Ay poore Princes, my mourning is for you and for your brother, who is gone vp to an vntimely crowntation.

*Eliz.* Why mother he is a Prince, and in handes of our two vnkles, Earle Riuers & Lord Gray, who wil no doubt be carefull of his estate.

*Queen.* I know they will, but kings haue mortall enemies, as well as friends that esteeme and regard them. A sweet children, when I am at rest my nightly dreames are dreadful. Me thinks as I lie in my bed, I see the league broken which was sworne at the deathe of your kingly father, tis this my chil-  
dren and many other causes of like importance, that makes your aged mother to lament as she doth.

*Yorke.* May it please your grace.

*Queen.* A my son, no more grace, for I am so sore disgraced, that without Gods grace, I fall into dispaire with myself, but who is this?

### Enter a MESSENGER.

*Yorke.* What art thou that with thy gastly lookes preaseth into sanctuary, to affright our mother Queene.

*Mess.* A sweet Princes, doth my counteance bewray me?

My newes is doubtfull and heauie.

*Eliz.* Then utter it to vs, that our mother may not heare it.

*Queen.* A yes my friend, speake what ere it be.

*Mess.* Then thus may it please your grace, The yong prince comming vp to his coronation, attended on by his two vnkles, Earle Riuers and Lord Gray, and the rest of your kindred, was by the Duke of Buckingham and the Protector, met at stonie Stratford, where on a suddaine grew malice betweene the

Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Gray, but in the end, the Duke of Buckinghams malice grew so great, that he arrested and attached all those of your kindred of high treason, whereupon the Protector being too rash in iudgement, hath committed them all to Pomphret Castle.

*Queen.* Where I feare he will butcher them all, but where is the Prince my sonne?

*Mess.* He remains at London in the Bishops palace, in the hands of the Protector.

*Queen.* A traitors, will they laie hands on their Prince, and imprison his Peeres, which no doubt meanes well towards him: But tell me, art not thou seruant to the Arch-Bishop of Yorke?

*Mess.* Yes and it please your grace, for himselfe is here at hand with Letters from the Councell, and here he comes.

*Enter CARDINALL.*

*Queen.* But here my friend, griefe had almost made me forget thy reward. A come my Lord, thou bringest the heauie newes, come shoote thine arrow, and hit this heart that is almost dead with griefe alreadie.

*Car.* What ere my newes be, haue patience, the Duke of Gloster greets your grace.

*Queen.* Draw home my Lord, for now you hit the marke.

*Car.* The Prince your sonne doth greeete your grace.

*Queen.* A happie gale that blew that arrow by, A let me see the Letter that he sent, perhaps it may prolong my life awhile.

*Yorke.* How doth my brother, is he in health my Lord?

*Car.* In health sweete Prince, but longes to haue thy companie.

*Yorke.* I am content, if my mother will let me go.

*Car.* Content or not, sweete Prince it must be so.

*Queen.* Hold, and haue they persuaded thee my sonne to haue thy brother too away from me, nay first I will know what shall become of thee, before I send my other sonne to them.

*Car.* Looke on this Letter and aduise thyselfe, for thus the Councell hath determined.

*Queen.* And haue they chosen thee among the rest, for to persuade me to this enterprise? No my Lord, and thus persuade your selfe, I will not send him to be butchered.

*Car.* Your grace misdoubts the worst, they send for him only to haue him bedfellow to the King, and there to staie & keep him company. And if your sonne miscary, then let his blood be laid vnto my charge: I know their drifts and what they do pretend, for they shall both this night sleepe in the Tower, and to morrow they shall both come forth to his happie coronation. Vpon my honour this is the full effect, for see the ambusht nobles are at hand to take the Prince away from you by force, if you will not by faire meanes let him go.

*Queen.* Why my Lord will you breake Sanctuary, and bring in rebels to affright vs thus? No, you shall rather take away my life before you get my boy away from me.

*Car.* Why Madame haue you taken Sanctuary?

*Queen.* I my Lord, and high time too I trow.

*Card.* A heauie case when Princes flie for aide, where cut-throates, rebels, and bankerouts should be. But Madame what answere do you retorne, if I could persuade you, twere best to let him go.

*Queen.* But for I see you counsell for the best, I am content that you shall haue my son, in hope that you will send him safe to me, here I deliuer him into you hands. Farewell my boy, commend me to thy brother.

*Yorke.* Mother farewell, and farewell sister too, I will but see my brother and returne to you.

*Queen.* Teares stops my speech. Come let vs in my Lord. [Exit.]

*Car.* I will attend vpon your grace. Hold take the Prince, the Queen & I haue done, Ile take my leaue, and after you ile come. [Exit CAR.]

*Yorke.* How now my friend, shall I go to my brother?

*Cat.* What else sweete Prince, and for that cause wee are come to beare you company. [Exit omnes.]

*Enter foure watchmen.* *Enter RICHARDS Page.*

*Page.* Why thus by keeping company, am I become like vnto those with whom I keepe company. As my Lorde hopes to weare the Crown, so I hope by that means to haue preferment, but in steed of the Crowne, the blood of the headles light vpon his head : he hath made but a wrong match, for blood is a threatner and will haue reuenge. He makes hauocke of all to bring his purpose to passe : all those of the Queens kinred that were committed to Pomphret Castle, hee hath caused them to be secretly put to death without iudgemēt : the like was neuer seen in England. He spares none whom he but mistrusteth to be a hinderer to his proceedings, he is straight chopt vp in prison. The valiant Earle of Oxford being but mistrusted, is kept close prisoner in Hames Castle. Againe, how well Doctor Shaw hath pleased my Lord, that preached at Paules Crosse yesterday, that proued the two Princes to be bastards, whereupon in the after noone came downe my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen to Baynards Castle, and offered my Lord the whole estate vpon him, and offered to make him King, which he refused so faintly, that if it had bene offered

once more, I know he would haue taken it, the Duke of Buckingham is gone about it, and is now in the Guild Hall making his Oration. But here comes my Lord.

*Enter RICHARD and CATESBY.*

*Rich.* Catesby content thee, I haue warned the Lord Hastings to this Court, and since he is so hard to be wonne, tis better to cut him off then suffer him, he hath bene all this while partaker to our secrets, and if he should but by some mislike vtter it, then were we all cast away.

*Cat.* Nay my Lord do as you will, yet I haue spoken what I can in my friends cause.

*Rich.* Go to, no more ado Catesby, they say I haue bin a long sleeper to day, but ile be awake anon to some of their costs. But sirra are those men in readinesse that I appointed you to get?

*Page.* I my Lord, & giue diligent attendance vpon your grace.

*Rich.* Go to, looke to it then Catesby, get thee thy weapons readie, for I will enter the Court.

*Cat.* I will my Lord.

[*Exit.*<sup>1</sup>

*Page.* Doth my Lord say he hath bene a long sleeper to day? There are those of the Court that are of another opinion, that thinks his grace lieth neuer lōg inough a bed. Now there is court held to day by diuerse of the Councell, which I feare me wil cost the Lord Hastings and the Lord Stan-dley their best cappes: for my Lord hath willed mee to get halfe a dozen ruffians in readinesse, and when he knocks with his fist vpon the boord, they to rush in, and to crie, treason, treason, and to laie hands vpon the Lord Hastings, and the Lord

<sup>1</sup> For *Exit* with *Richard*.

Stannley, which for feare I should let slip, I will giue my diligent attendance.

*Enter RICHARD, CATESBY, and others, pulling LORD HASTINGS.*

*Rich.* Come bring him away, let this suffice, thou and that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene hath bewitched me, with assistance of that famous strumpet of my brothers, Shores wife : my withered arme is a sufficient testimony, deny it if thou canst : laie not Shores wife with thee last night ?

*Hast.* That she was in my house my Lord I cannot deny, but not for any such matter. If.

*Rich.* If, villain, feedest thou me with Ifs & ands, go fetch me a Priest, make a short shrift, and dispatch him quickly. For by the blessed Saint Paule I sweare, I will not dine till I see the traytors head, away Sir Thomas, suffer him not to speak, see him executed straight & let his copartner the Lord Standly be carried to prison also, tis not his broke head I haue giuen him, shall excues him.

[*Exit with HASTINGS.*<sup>1</sup>

Catesbie goe you and see it presently proclaimed throughout the Citie of London by a Herald of Armes, that the cause of his death and the rest, were for conspiring by Witchcraft the death of me and the Duke of Buckingham, that so they might gouern the King and rule the realme, I thinke the proclamation be almost done.

*Cat.* I my good Lord, and finished too.

*Rich.* Well then about it. But hearst thou Catesbie, meane while I will listen after successe of the Duke of Buckingham, who is labouring all this while with the Citizens of London to make me King,

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<sup>1</sup> Compare Shakespeare's play, act iii. sc. 4.

which I hope will be shortly, for thou seest our foes now are fewer, and we neerer the mark then before, and when I haue it, looke thou for the place of thy friend the Lord Hastings, meane while about thy businesse.

*Cat.* I thanke your grace. [Exit CATESBIE.

*Rich.* Now sirra to thee, there is one thing more vndone, which grieues me more then all the rest, and to say the truth, it is of more importance then all the rest.

*Page.* Ah that my Lord would vtter it to his Page, then should I count my selfe a happie man, if I could ease my Lord of that great doubt.

*Rich.* I commend thy willingnesse, but it is too mightie, and reacheth the starres.

*Page.* The more waightie it is, the sooner shall I by doing it increase your honours good liking toward me.

*Rich.* Be assured of that, but the matter is of waight & great importance, and doth concerne the state.

*Page.* Why my Lord, I will choake them with gifts that shall performe it, therefore good my Lord, trust me in this cause.

*Rich.* Indeed thy trust I know to be so true, that I care not to vtter it vnto thee. Come hither, & yet the matter is too waightie for so meane a man.

*Page.* Yet good my Lord, vtter it.

*Rich.* Why thus it is, I would haue my two Nephewes the yoong Prince and his brother secretly murthered, Sownes villaine tis out, wilt thou do it? or wilt thou betray me?

*Page.* My Lord you shall see my forwardnesse herein, I am acquainted with one Iames Terrell, that lodgeth hard by your honors chamber, with him my Lord will I so worke, that soone at night you shall speake with him.

*Rich.* Of what reputation or calling is that Terrell, may we trust him with that which once knowne, were the vtter confusion of me and my friends for ever?

*Page.* For his trust my Lord, I dare be bounde, onely this, a poore gentleman he is, hoping for preferment by your grace and vpon my credit my Lord, he will see it done.

*Rich.* Well in this be verie circumspect and sure with thy diligence, be liberall, and looke for a day to make thee blesse thy self, wherein thou seruedst so good a Lord. And now that Shores wifes goods be confiscate, goe from me to the Bishop of London, and see that she receiue her open penance, let her be turned out of prison, but so bare as a wretch that worthily hath deserued that plague: and let there be straight proclamation made by my Lord the Mayor, that none shall releue her nor pittie her, and priuie spies set in euerie corner of the Citie, that they may take notice of them that releue her: for as her beginning was most famous aboue all, so will I haue her end most infamous aboue all. Haue care now my boy, and win thy maisters heart for euer.

*Enter SHORES wife.*

*Shor.* Ah unfortunate Shores wife, dishonour to the King, a shame to thy countrey, and the onely blot of defame to all thy kindred. Ay why was I made faire that a King should fauour me? But my friends should haue preferd discipline before affection: for they know of my folly, yea my owne husband knew of my breach of disloyaltie, and yet suffered me, by reason hee knew it bootlesse to kicke against the pricke. A sweet King Edward, little didst thou thinke Shores wife should haue bene so hardly vsed, thy vnnaturall brother not concent with my goods which are yet confiscate in his custodie, but yet more

to adde to my present miserie, hath proclaimed vpon great penaltie, that none whatsoeuer shall either aide or succour me, but here being comfortlesse to die in the streets with hunger. I am constrained to beg, but I feare tis in vaine, for none will pittie me. Yet here come one to whom I have done good, in restoring his lands that were lost, now will I trie him to see if he will giue mee any thing.

*Enters LODOWICKE.*

*Lod.* A time how thou suffrest fortune to alter estates, & changest the mindes of the good for the worst. How many headlesse Peeres sleepe in their graues, whose places are furnish with their inferiours? Such as are neither nobly borne, nor vertuously minded. My heart hardly bewailes the losse of the yoong King, by the outrage of the Protector, who hath proclaimed himselfe King, by the name of Richard the third. The Commons murmure at it greatly, that the yoong King and his brother should be imprisoned, but to what end tis hard to say, but many thinks they shall neuer come forth againe. But God do all for the best, and that the right heires may not be vterly ouerthrowne.

*Shor.* A gods what a grieve is it for me to aske, where I haue giuen.

*Lod.* A my good Lord Hastings, how innocently thou diedst the heauens beare witnesse.

*Shor.* Good sir, take pittie vpon mee, and releue mee.

*Lod.* Indeed tis pittie to see so faire a face to aske for almes,

But tell me, has thou no friends?

*Shor.* Yes sir I had many frends, but when my chiefest friend of all died, the rest then forsooke me.

*Lod.* Belike then thy fact was notorious, that thy

friends leauing thee would let thee go as a spoyle for villaines. But heerst thou I prethie tell me the truth, and as I am a gentleman, I will pittie thee.

*Shor.* A Lodowick, tell thee the truth, why halfe this intreatie serued thee, when thy lands had bene cleane gone had it not bene for Shores wife, and doest thou make me so long to begge for a litle.

*Lod.* Indeed my lands I had restored me by mistresse Shore, but may this be she?

*Shor.* I Lodowicke, I am she that begged thy lands of King Edward the fourth, therefore I pray thee bestow something on me,

*Lod.* A gods what is this world, and how vncertaine are riches? Is this she that was in such credit with the King? Nay more that could command a King indeed? I cannot deny but my lands she restored me, but shall I by releeuing of her hurt myselfe, no: for straight proclamation is made that none shall succour her, therefore for feare I should be seene talke with her, I will shun her company and get me to my chamber, and there set downe in heroicall verse, the shamefull end of a Kings Concubin, which is no doubt as wonderfull as the desolation of a kingdome. [Exit.

*Shor.* A Lodowick if thou wilt giue me nothing, yet staie and talke with me. A no he shuns my company, all my friends now forsake mee: In prosperitie I had many, but in aduersitie none. A gods have I this for my good I haue done, for when I was in my cheefest pomp, I thought that day wel spent wherein I might pleasure my friend by sutes to the King, for if I had spoken, he would not have said nay. For tho he was King, yet Shores wife swayd the swoord. I where neede was, there was I bountifull, and mindfull I was still vpon the poore to releue them, and now none will know me nor succour me: therefore here shall I die for want of sustenance. Yet here

comes another whom I haue done good vnto in sauing the life of his sonne, wel I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

*Enter a CITIZEN and another.*

*Cit.* No men no lawes, no Prince no orders, alls husht neighbour now hees king, but before he was king how was the tems<sup>1</sup> thwackt with ruffians? what fraies had we in the streets? Now he hath proclaimed peace betweene Scotland and England for sixe yeares, to what end I know not, vsurpers had need to be wise.

*Shor.* A good sir releue me, and bestow something vpon me.

*Cit.* A neighbour, hedges haue eyes, and highwayes haue eares, but who ist a beggar-woman? the streets are full of them, Ifaith. But heeres thou, hast thou no friendes that thou goest a begging so?

*Shor.* Yes sir I had friendes, but they are all dead as you are.

*Cit.* Why am I dead neighbour? why thou arrant queane what meanst thou by that?

*Shor.* I meane they are dead in charitie. But I pray sir, had not you the life of your sonne sauad in the time of king Edward the fourth by one Shores wife?

*Cit.* Yes marry had I, but art thou a sprig of the same bough? I promise you neighbor I thought so, that so idle a huswife could not be without the acquaintance of so noble a strumpet: well for her sake ile giue thee somewhat.

*Shor.* Nay then know, that I am shee that sauad the life of thy condemned sonne.

*Cit.* Who art thou Shores wife? Lye still purse,

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<sup>1</sup> Thames?

neighbour I would not for twentie pounds haue giuen her one farthing, the proclamation is so hard by king Richard. Why minion are you she that was the dis honour to the King? the shame to her husband, the discredit to the Citie? Heare you, laie your fingers to worke, and get thereby somewhat to maintaine you. O neighbour I grow verie choloricke, and thou didst sauе the life of my sonne, why if thou hadst not, another would: and for my part, I would he had bene hangd seuen yeeres ago, it had saued me a great deale of mony then. But come let vs go in, & let the quean alone.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Shor.* Alasse thus am I become an open shame to the world, here shall I die in the streets for want of sustenance, alasse is my fact so heinous that none will pitie me? Yet heere comes another to whom I haue done good, who is least able to pleasure me, yet I will trie him, to see if he will giue me any thing.

*Enter MORTON a Seruинг man.*

*Mor.* Now sir, who but king Richard beares sway, and hath proclaimed Iohn Earle of Linclone, heire aparant to the Crown, the yoong Princes they are in the Tower, nay some saies more, they are murthered. But this makes me to muse, the Duke of Buckingham and the King is at such variance, that did all in all to helpe him to the Crowne, but the Duke of Buckingham is rid downe to Breaknock-Castle in Wales, and there he meanes to raise vp a power to pull down the vsurper: but let them agree as they will, for the next faire winde ile ouer seas.

*Shor.* A Shores Wife, so neere driuen, to beg of a seruинг man, I, necessitie hath no law, I must needs. Good sir releue me, and giue me something.

*Ser.* Why what art thou?

*Shor.* In briefe Morton, I am Shores wife, that haue done good to all.

*Ser.* A foole, and euer thy owne enemy. In troth mistresse Shore, my store is but small, yet as it is, weeble part stakes, but soft I cannot do what I would, I am watcht.

*Enters PAGE.*

*Shor.* Good Morton releue me.

*Ser.* What should I releue my Kings enemy ?

*Shor.* Why thou promist thou wouldest.

*Ser.* I tell thee I wil not, & so be answered. Sownes I would with all my heart, but for yonder vilaine, a plague on him. [Exit.]

*Page.* An honest fellow I warrant him. How now Shores wife will none releue thee ?

*Shor.* No one will releue her, that hath bene good to all.

*Page.* Why twere pitie to do thee good, but me thinkes she is fulsome and stinkes.

*Shor.* If I be fulsome shun my company, for none but thy Lord sought my miserie, and he hath vndone me.

*Page.* Why hath he vndone thee ? nay thy wicked and naughtie life hath vndone thee, but if thou wantest maintenance, why doest thou not fall to thy old trade againe ?

*Shor.* Nay villaine, I haue done open penance, and am sorie for my sinnes that are past.

*Page.* Sownes is Shores wife become an holie whoore, nay then we shall neuer haue done.

*Shor.* Why hang thee, if thy faults were so written in thy forehead as mine is, it would be as wrong with thee. But I prethie leaue me, and get thee from me.

*Page.* And cannot you keepe the Citie but you must runne gadding to the Court, and you staie here

a little longer, ile make you be set away, and for my part, would all whoores were so serued, then there would be fewer in England then there be. And so farewell good mistresse Shore. [Exit.]

*Shor.* And all such vsurping kings as thy Lord is, may come to a shamefull end, which no doubt I may liue yet to see. Therefore sweet God fōrgiue all my foule offence :

And though I haue done wickedly in this world, Into hell fire, let not my soule be hurld. [Exit.]

*Enter MAISTER TERRILL, and SIR ROBERT BROKEN-BERY.*

*Bro.* Maister Terrell, the King hath written, that for one night I should deliuer you the keyes, and put you in full possession. But good M. Terrell, may I be so bold to demand a question without offence ?

*Ter.* Else God forbid, say on what ere it be.

*Bro.* Then this maister Terrell, for your comming, I partly know the cause, for the king oftentimes hath sent to me to haue them both dispatcht, but because I was a seruant to their father being Edward the fourth, my heart would neuer giue me to do the deed.

*Ter.* Why sir Robert you are beside the matter, what neede you vse such speeches what matters are betweene the King and me, I pray you leaue it, and deliuer me the keyes.

*Bro.* A here with teares I deliuer you the keyes, and so farewell maister Terrell. [Exit.]

*Ter.* Alasse good sir Robert, hee is kind hearted, but it must not preuaile, what I haue promised the King I must performe. But ho Myles Forest.

*For.* Here sir.

*Ter.* Myles Forest, haue you got those men I speake of, they must be resolute and pittilesse.

*For.* I warrant you sir, they are such pittilesse villaines, that all London cannot match them for their villanie, one of their names is Will Sluter, yet the most part calles him blacke Will, the other is Iack Denten, two murtherous villaines that are resolute.

*Ter.* I prethie call them in that I may see them, and speake with them.

*For.* Ho Will and Iack.

*Will.* Here sir, we are at hand.

*For.* These be they that I told you of.

*Ter.* Come hither sirs, to make a long discourse were but a folly, you seeme to be resolute in this cause that Myles Forest hath deliuered to you, therefore you must cast away pitie, & not so much as thinke upon fauour, for the more stearne that you are, the more shall you please the King.

*Will.* Zownes sir, nere talke to vs of fauour, tis not the first that Iack and I haue gone about.

*Ter.* Well said, but the Kings pleasure is this, that he wil haue no blood shead in the deed doing, therefore let me heare your aduises?

*For.* Why then I thinke this maister Terrell, that as they sit at supper there should be two dags<sup>1</sup> readie charged, and so suddeinly to shoote them through.

*Ter.* No, I like not that so well, what saiest thou Will, what is thy opinion?

*Will.* Tush, heeres more adoo then needes, I pray bring mee where they are, and ile take them by the heeles and beate their braines against the walles.

*Ter.* Nay that I like not, for tis too tyrannous.

*Dout.* Then heare me maister Terrell, let Will take one, and ile take another, and by the life of Iack Douton weeble cut both their throates.

*Ter.* Nay sirs, then heare me, I will haue it done

<sup>1</sup> Pistols.

in this order, when they be both a bed at rest, Myles Forest thou shalt bring them vp both, and betweene two feather beds smother them both.

*For.* Why this is verie good, but stand aside, for here comes the Princes, ile bring you word when the deed is done. [Exit TERRILL.

*Enter the PRINCES.*

*Yorke.* How fares my noble Lord and louing brother?

*King.* A worthie brother, Richard Duke of Yorke, my cause of sorrow is not for my selfe, but this is it that addes my sorrow more, to see our vnckle whom our father left as our Protector in minoritie, should so digresse from dutie, loue and zeale, so vnkindly thus to keepe vs vp prisoners, and know no sufficient cause for it.

*Yorke.* Why brother comfort your selfe, for tho he detaine vs a while, he will not keepe vs long, but at last he will send vs to our louing mother againe: whither if it please God to send vs, I doubt not but that our mother would keepe vs so safe, that all the Prelates in the worlde should not depriue her of vs againe: so much I assure myselfe of. But here comes Myles Forest, I prethy Myles tell my kingly brother some mery storie to passe away the time, for thou seest he is melancholy.

*King.* No Myles, tell me no mery storie, but answere me to one question, what was he that walked with thee in the Gardeine, me thought he had the keyes?

*For.* My Lord, it was one that was appointed by the King to be an ayde to sir Thomas Brokenbury.

*King.* Did the King, why Myles Forest, am not I King?

*For.* I would have said my Lord your vnckle the Protector.<sup>1</sup>

*King.* Nay my kingly vnckle I know he is now, but let him enioye both Crowne and kingdome, so my brother and I may but enjoy our liues and libertie. But tell me, is sir Robert Brokenbery cleane discharged?

*For.* No my Lord, he hath but charge for a night or two.

*King.* Nay then, new officers, new lawes, would we had kept the old still. But who are they whose gasty lookes doth present a dying feare to my liuing bodie. I prethee tell me Myles what are they?

*For.* One my Lord is called Iack Denten, the other is called Will Slawter. But why starts your grace?

*King.* Slawter, I pray God he come not to slaughter my brother and me, for from murther and slaughter, good Lord deliver vs. But tell me Myles is our lodg-ing prepared?

*For.* I my Lord, if it please your brother & you to walke vp.

*King.* Then come brother, we will go to bed.

*For.* I will attend vpon your grace.

*Yorke.* Come Myles Forest beare vs company.

*For.* Sirs staie you two here, and when they are a sleep ile call you vp. [Exit.

*Den.* I promise thee Will, it greues mee to see what mone these yoong Princes make, I had rather then fortie pounds I had nere tane it in hand, tis a dangerous matter to kill innocent princes, I like it not.

*Will.* Why you base slaye, are you faint hearted, a little thing would make me strike thee, I promise thee.

*Den.* Nay go forward, for now I am resolute: but come, lets too it.

<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv. sc. i.

*Will.* I prethee staie, heele call vs vp anon. But sirra Iacke, didst thou mark how the King started when he heard my name? What will he do when he feeles me?

*For.* But ho sirs, come softly, for now they are at rest.

*Will.* Come we are readie, by the masse they are a sleepe indeed.

*For.* I heare they sleepe, and sleepe sweet Princes, neuer wake no more, for you haue seene the last light in this world.

*Jack.* Come presse them downe, it bootes not to cry againe, Iack vpon them so lustily. But maister Forest now they are dead what shall we do with them?

*For.* Why goe and bury them at the heape of stones at the staire foote, while I goe and tell maister Terrell that the deed is done.

*Will.* Well we will, farewell maister Forest.

*Enter TERRELL.*

*Ter.* How now Myles Forest, is this deed dispatcht?

*For.* I sir, a bloodie deed we haue performed.

*Ter.* But tell me, what hast thou done with them?

*For.* I haue conueyd them to the staires foote among a heape of stones, and anon ile carry them where they shall be no more founde againe, nor all the cronicles shall nere make mentiō what shall become of them: yet good maister Terrell, tell the King my name, that he may but reward me with a kingly thanks.

*Ter.* I will go certifie the King with speed, that Myles Forest, Will Slawter, and Iack Denten, they three haue done the deed. And so farewell.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM with his dagger drawne.*

*Ban.*<sup>1</sup> Ah good my Lord, sauе my life.

*Buc.* Ah villaine, how canſt thou aske for mercie, when thou haſt ſo vniuſtly betraied me?

*Ban.* I deſire your grace but giue me leave to ſpeake.

*Buc.* I ſpeake thy laſt villain, that thoſe that heare it, may ſee how vniuſtly thou haſt betraied me.

*Ban.* Then thus my Lord. First, the proclamation was death to him that harbourēd your grace.

*Buc.* Ah villaine, and a thouſand crownes to him that could betraie me.

*Ban.* Ah my Lord, my obeysance to my Prince is more.

*Buc.* Ah villain, thou betraiedſt me for lucre, and not for dutie to thy Prince, why Banister, a good ſeruant thinkes his life well ſpent, that ſpends it in the quarrel of his maister. But villain make thyſelfe readie, and here receiue thy death.

*Enter a HERALD.*

*Her.* Henry Duke of Buckingham, I arēſt thee in King Richards name as a traytor.

*Buc.* Well Herald, I will obey thy reſt. But am I arēſted in King Richardes name, vſurping Richard, that insatiate blood ſuccour, that traitor to God & man. Ah Richard, did I in Guild Hall pleade the Orator for thee, and held thee in all thy ſlie and wicked practices, and for my reward doest thou alot me death? Ah Buckingham, thou plaideſt thy part and made him King, and put the lawfull heires beſides: why then is Buckingham guiltie now of his

<sup>1</sup> Banister.

death? yet had not the Bishop of Ely fled, I had escaped.

*Enters sixe others to rescue the DUKE.*

*All.* Come, the Duke of Buckingham shall not die :  
We will take him away by force.

*Her.* Why villaines, will you bee Traytours to your Prince?

*Buc.* Nay good my friends giue me leaue to speake, and let me intreate you to laie your weapons by. Then know this countrey men, the cause I am arrested this, Is for bringing in your lawfull King, which is Henry Earle of Richmond now in Brittaine,<sup>1</sup> and meanes ere long to land at Milford Hauen in Wales, where I doo know hee shall haue ayde of the cheefest of the Welch, hee is your lawfull King, and this a wrongfull vsurper. When you shall heare of him landed in that place, then take vp weapons and amaine to him, hee is the man must reaue you of this yoake, and send the vsurper headlesse to his home, and poore Buckingham praies upon his knees, to blesse good Richmond in his enterprise, and when the conquest shall be giuen to him, graunt he may match with Ladie Elizabeth, as promise hath to fore by him bene past, while<sup>2</sup> then my friendes, leaue mee alone to death, and let me take this punishment in peace. Ah Buckingham was not thy meaning good in displacing the usurper, to raise a lawfull king? Ah Buckingham it was too late, the lawfull heires were smothered in the Tower, sweet Edward and thy brother, I nere slept quiet thinking of their deaths. But vaunt Buckingham, thou wast altogither innocent of their deaths. But thou vilain, whom of a child I nurst thee vp, and hast so vniustly betraide thy Lorde?

<sup>1</sup> Bretagne.

<sup>2</sup> Till.

Let the curse of Buckingham nere depart from thee.  
 Let vengeance, mischiefes, tortures, light on thee and  
 thine. And after death thou maist more torture feele,  
 then when Exeon turnes the restlesse wheele. And  
 banne thy soule were ere thou seeme to rest. But  
 come my friends, let me away.

*Her.* My Lord, we are sorie. But come laie handes  
 on Banister. [Exeunt.]

*Enter KING RICHARD, SIR WILLIAM CATESBIE, and  
 others.*

*King.* The goale is got, and golden Crowne is  
 wonne,

And well deseruest thou to weare the same,  
 That ventured hast thy bodie and thy soule,  
 But what bootes Richard, now the Diademe  
 Or kingdome got, by murther of his friends,  
 My fearefull shadow that still followes me,  
 Hath summond me before the seuere iudge,  
 My conscience witnesse of the blood I spilt,  
 Accuseth me as guiltie of the fact,  
 The fact a damned iudgement craues,  
 Whereas impartiall iustice hath condemned.  
 Meethinkes the Crowne which I before did weare,  
 Inchast with Pearle and costly Diamonds,  
 It turned now into a fatall wreath,  
 Of fiery flames, and euer burning starres,  
 And raging fiends hath past ther vgly shapes,  
 In Stygian<sup>1</sup> lakes, adrest to tend on me,  
 If it be thus, what wilt thou do in this extremitie?  
 Nay what canst thou do to purge thee of thy guilt?  
 Euen repent, craue mercie for thy damned fact,  
 Appeale for mercy to thy righteous God,  
 Ha repent, not I, craue mercy they that list.

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *student.* Boswell's correction.

My God, is none of mine. Then Richard be thus  
 resolu'd,  
 To place thy soule in ballance with their blood,<sup>1</sup>  
 Soule for soule, and bodie for bodie, yea mary  
 Richard,  
 That's good, Catesbie.

*Cat.* You cald my Lorde, I thinke?

*King.* It may be so. But what thinkst thou  
 Catesbie?

*Cat.* Of what my Lord?

*King.* Why of all these troubles.

*Cat.* Why my Lord, I hope to see them happily  
 ouercom'd.<sup>2</sup>

*King.* How villain, doest thou hope to see me hap-  
 pily ouercom'd?

*Cat.* Who you my Lord?

*King.* Ay villaine, thou points at me, thou hopest  
 to see me ouercom'd.

*Cat.* No my good Lord, your enemies or else not.

*King.* Ha, ha, good Catesbie, but what hearest thou  
 of the Duke of Buckingham?

*Cat.* Why he is dead my Lord, he was executed at  
 Salisbury yesterday.

*King.* Why tis impossible, his friends hopes that he  
 shall outlive me, to be my head.

*Cat.* Out-live you, Lord thats straunge.

<sup>1</sup> This line seems corrupt. Archdeacon Nares interprets *to valance*, to adorn with drapery, and quotes from "Hamlet"—

"Thy face is valanc'd [bearded] since I saw thee last."

Perhaps we should read, *To place thy soul in balance?* Old copy, *Pace—vallence*. Field's suggestion.

<sup>2</sup> The ancient particle of *come* was *comed* or *comen*. Daniel has the latter, and the former is vulgar with the Scotch to this day—

"He would have well becom'd this place."

—“Cymbeline,” act v. sc. 1.

*King.* No Catesbie, if a do, it must be in fames,<sup>1</sup>  
 And since they hope he shall out liue me, to be my  
 head,  
 He hops without his head, & rests among his fellow  
 rebels.

*Cat.* Mary no force<sup>2</sup> my Lord.

*King.* But Catesbie, what hearest thou of Henry  
 Earle of Richmond?

*Cat.* Not a word my Lord.

*King.* No: hearest thou not he liues in Brittaine,<sup>3</sup>  
 In fauour with the Duke.

Nay more, Lady Margaret his mother conspires against  
 vs,

And perswades him that hee is lineally descended  
 from Henry

The fourth, and that he hath right to the Crowne,  
 Therefore tell me what thinkst thou of the Earle?

*Cat.* My Lord, I thinke of the Earle as he doth  
 deserue,

A most famous gentleman.

*King.* Villaine doest thou praise my foe, and com-  
 mend him to my face?

*Cat.* Nay my Lord, I wish he were as good a friend  
 as he is a foe, else the due deserts of a traytor.

*King.* Whats that?

*Cat.* Why my Lord, to loose his head.

*King.* Yea mary, I would twere off quickly, then.  
 But more to the strengthening of his title,  
 She goes about to marry him to the Queenes eldest  
 daughter,

Ladie Elizabeth.

*Cat.* Indeed my Lord that I heard was concluded,  
 By all the nobilitie of Brittaine.

*King.* Why then there it goes,  
 The great diuell of hell go with all.

<sup>1</sup> Flames.

<sup>2</sup> No matter.

<sup>3</sup> Bretagne.

A marriage begun in mischiefe, shall end in blood :  
I thinke that accursed sorceresse the mother Queene,  
Doth nothing but bewitch me, and hatcheth con-  
spiracies,

And brings out perillous birds to wound  
Their Countries weale,  
The Earle is vp in Armes,  
And with him many of the Nobilitie,  
He hath ayde in France,  
He is rescued in Brittaine,  
And meaneth shortly to arriue in England :  
But all this spites me not so much,  
As his escape from Landoyse the Dukes Treasuror,  
Who if he had bene prickt foorth for reuenge,  
He had ended all by apprehending of our foe,  
But now he is in disgrace with the Duke,  
And we farther off our purpose then to fore,  
But the Earle hath not so many byting dogs abroad,  
As we haue sleeping cures at home here,  
Readie for rescue.

*Cat.* But my Lord, I maruell how he should get aide  
there,  
Considering he is no friend to Brittaine.

*King.* Ay so thou maist maruell how the Duke of  
Brittaine,

Durst wake such a foe as England against him,  
But euill fare makes open warre.  
But who comes there Catsbie ?  
Ha one of our spurres to reuenge :  
The Lord Standley, father in law to Ladie Margaret,  
His comming is to vs Catsbie,  
Wert not that his life might serue,  
For apprehension against our foe,  
He should haue neither Iudge nor Iury,  
But guiltie death without any more ado.  
Now Lord Standley, what newes ?  
Haue you receiued any letters of your late embassage  
into

Brittaine? What answere have you receiued of your letters?

*Enter LORD STANLEY, and his sonne GEORGE.*

*Stan.* Why my Lord, for that I sent, I haue receiued.

*King.* And how doth your sonne then, is he in health?

*Stan.* For his health my Lord, I do not mistrust.

*King.* Faith tell vs, when meanes he to arriue in England?

And how many of our Nobilitie is with him?

And what power is with him?

*Stan.* And please your grace,

His power is unknowne to me,

Nor willingly would not I be priuy to such causes.

*King.* Oh good wordes Lord Standley, but giue me leaue to gleane out of your golden field of eloquence, how braue you pleade ignorance, as though you knew not of your sonnes departure into Brittaine out of England.

*Stan.* Not I my Lord.

*King.* Why is not his mother thy wife, & dares he passe ouer without the blessing of his mother, whose husband thou art?

*Stan.* I desire your maiestie but giue me leaue to speake?

*King.* Yea speak Standley, no doubt some fine coloured tale.

*Stan.* And like your grace, wheras you mistrust that I knew of my sonnes departure, out of England into Brittaine, God I take to record it was vnowne to me, nor know not yet what his pretence is: for at his departure, was I one of the priuy councell to your brother King Edward the fourth, and that she was able to relieue him without my helpe: I hope her suf-

ficiencie is knowne to your grace. Therefore I humbly craue pardon.

*King.* Well Standley, I feare it will be proued to the contrarie, that thou didst furnish him both with mony and munition, which if it be, then looke for no fauour at my hands, but the due deserts of a traitor: but let this passe. Whats your repaire to our presence?

*Stan.* Only this my Lord, that I may repaire from the court, to my house in the country.

*King.* Ay sir, that you might be in Cheshire and Lancashire, then should your Postes passe inuisible into Brittaine, and you to depart the realme at your pleasure, or else I to suffer an intollerable foe vnder me, which I will not. But Standley to be brief, thou shalt not go. But soft Richard, but that it were better to be alone than to haue noysome company, hee shall goe, leauing for his loyaltie a sufficient pledge. Come hither Standley, thou shalt goe, leauing me here thy sonne and heire George Standley for a pledge, that hee may perish for thy fault if neede should be, if thou likest this, goe, if not, answere me briefly, and say quickly no.<sup>1</sup>

*Stan.* I am to aduise my selfe vpon a secret cause, and of a matter that concernes me neare: say that I leau my sonne vnto the King, and that I should but aide Earle Richmond, my sonne George Standley dies, but if my faith be kept unto my Prince George Standley liues. Well I will except the King's proffer. And please your grace I am content, and will leau my sonne to pledge.

*King.* Here come hither, and with thee take this lesson.

Thou art set free for our defence,  
Thou shalt vpon thy pledge make this promise,  
Not only to staie the hinderance of the Earle,

<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv. sc. 4.

But to preuent his purpose with thy power.  
Thou shalt not seeke by any meanes to aide or rescue  
him.

This done, of my life thy sonne doth liue :  
But otherwise thy sonne dies and thou too, if I catch  
thee :

And it shall go hard but I will catch thee.

*Stan.* And you shall go apace, and yet go without me.  
But I humbly take my leaue of your grace. Farewell  
George.

*King.* How now, what do you giue him letters ?

*Stan.* No my Lord I haue done :  
The second sight is sweet, of such a sonne. [Exit.

*King.* Carry George Standley to prison.

*Geo.* Alasse my Lord, shall I go to prison ?

*King.* Shall you go to prison, what a questions that ?  
So pricke the lambe, and wound the damme.

How likest thou this Catesbie ?

*Cat.* Oh my Lord so excellent that you haue im-  
prisoned his sonne.

*King.* Nay now will we looke to the rest,  
But I sent the Lord Louell to the mother Queene,  
Concerning my sute to her daughter Elizabeth,  
But see in good time here he is.

How now Louell, what newes ?

What saith the mother Queene to my sute ?

*Enters LOUELL.*

*Lou.* My Lord very strange she was at the first,  
But when I had told her the cause, she gaue concent :  
Desiring your maiestie to make the nobilitie priuie to it.

*King.* God haue mercy Louell, but what saith Lady  
Elizabeth ?

*Lou.* Why my Lord, straunge, as women will be at  
the first, But through intreatie of her mother, she  
quickeie gaue conseni. And the Queene wild me to

tel your grace, that she meanes to leaue Sanctuary, and to come to the court with al her daughters.

*King.* I marry Louell let not that opportunitie slippe, looke to it Catesbie, be carefull for it Louell, for thereby hangs such a chance, that may inrich vs and our heires for euer. But sirs hard ye nothing of the Scottish Nobles that met at Nottingham, to conferre about the marriage of my Neece.

*Cat.* Not a word my Lord.

*Enters MESSENGER.*

*King.* Gogs wounds who is that? search the villaine, has he any dags about him?

*Mess.* No my Lord I haue none.

*King.* From whence comes thou?

*Mess.* From the Peeres at Nottingham and Scotland, & they greete your Maiestie.

*Lou.* Sirrha is the marriage concluded betweene the Scottish Earle and the faire Lady Rosa?

*Cat.* Prethie tell vs, is it concluded?

*Page.* How saies thou, is it concluded?

*King.* Nay will you giue me leaue to tell you that? Why you villaines will you know the secrets of my letter by interrupting messengers that are sent to me? Away I say, begone, it is time to looke about: away I say, what here yet villaines?

*Mess.* My Lord, I haue some what to say besides?

*King.* Then speake it, what hast thou to say?

*Mess.* This my Lord, when the Peeres of England and Scotland met at Nottingham togither, to conferre about the marriage of your Neese, it was straight determined that she shuld be married with the Scottish Earle. And further my Lord, the Councel commanded me to deliuer vnto your grace the treasons of Captain Blunt, who had the Earle of Oxford in charge in Haines castle, now are they both

fled, and purposeth to ayde the Earle of Richmond against your grace. Now my Lord I take my leaue.

*King.* Messenger staie, hath Blunt betraied, doth Oxford rebell and aide the Earle Richmond, may this be true, what is our prison so weake, our friends so fickle, our Ports so ill lookt to, that they may passe and repasse the seas at their pleasures, then euerie one conspires, spoyles our Conflex, conqueres our Castles, and Armes themselues with their owne weapons vnresisted? O villaines, rebels, fugitives, theeuers, how are we betrayd, when our owne swoordes shall beate vs, and our owne subiects seekes the subuertion of the state, the fall of their Prince, and sack of their country, of his,<sup>1</sup> nay neither must nor shall, for I will Army with my friends, and cut off my enemies, & beard them to their face that dares me, and but one, I one, beyond the seas that troubles me: wel his power is weake, & we are strong, therefore I wil meet him with such melodie, that the singing of a bullet shal send him merily to his lōgest home. Come follow me.

*Enter EARLE RICH.<sup>2</sup> EARLE OXFORD, P. LANDOVS, & CAPTAIN BLUNT.*

*Rich.* Welcome deare friends and louing countrymen,

Welcome I say to Englands blisfull Ile,  
Whose forwardnesse I cannot but commend,  
That thus do aide vs in our enterprise,  
My right it is, and sole inheritance,  
And Richard but vsurps in my authoritie,  
For in his tyrannie he slaughtered those  
That would not succour him in his attempts,  
Whose guiltlesse blood craues daily at Gods hands,

<sup>1</sup> There seems to be some corruption here.

<sup>2</sup> Richmond.

Reuenge for outrage done to their harmlesse liues :  
 Then courage countrymen, and neuer be dismay'd,  
 Our quarels good, and God will helpe the right,  
 For we may know by dangers we haue past,  
 That God no doubt will giue vs victorie.

*Ox.* If loue of gold, or feare of many foes,  
 Could once haue danted vs in our attempts,  
 Thy foote had neuer toucht the English shoare,  
 And here Earle Oxford plites his faith to thee,  
 Neuer to leaue in what we haue vndertane,  
 But follow still with resolution,  
 Till thou be crownd as conquerer in the field,  
 Or lose thy life in following of thy right :  
 Thy right braue Richmond, which we wil maintaine  
 Maugre the proudest bird of Richards brood.  
 Then cousin Richmond being resolued thus,  
 Let vs straight to Arms, & God and S. George for vs.

*Blunt.* As this braue Earle haue said, so say we all,  
 We will not leaue thee till the field be wonne,  
 Which if with fortunate successe we can performe,  
 Thinke then Earle Richmond that I followed thee,  
 And that shall be honour inough for mee.

*Lan.* So saith Landoys that honors Richmond so  
 With loue vnfeined for his valure past,  
 That if your honour leade the way to death,  
 Peeter Landoys hath sworne to follow thee.  
 For if Queen mother do but keepe her word,  
 And what the Peeres haue promised be performed,  
 Touching the marriage with Elizabeth,  
 Daughter to our King Edward the fourth,  
 And by this marriage ioyne in vnitie  
 Those famous Houses Lancashire and Yorke,  
 Then England shall no doubt haue cause to say,  
 Edwards coronation was a ioyfull day.  
 And this is all Landoys desires to see.

*Rich.* Thanks Landoys, and here Earle Richmond  
 vows,

If their kinde promises take but effect,  
 That as they haue promised I be made King,  
 I will so deale in gouerning the state,  
 Which now lies like a sauage shultred groue,  
 Where brambles, briars, and thornes, ouer-grow those  
 sprigs,  
 Which if they might but spring to their effect,  
 And not be crost so by their contraries,  
 Making them subiect to these outrages,  
 Would proue such members of the Common-weale,  
 That England should in them be honoured,  
 As much as euer was the Romane state,  
 When it was gouernd by the Councels rule,  
 And I will draw my swoord braue country-men,  
 And neuer leaue to follow my resolute,  
 Till I haue mowed those brambles, briars and thornes  
 That hinder those that long to do vs good.

*Ox.* Why we have scapt the dangeroust brunt of all,  
 Which was his garrison at Milford Hauen,  
 Shall we dismay, or dant our friends to come ?  
 Because he tooke the Duke of Buckingham ?  
 No worthie friends, and louing country-men,  
 Oxford did neuer beare so base a minde,  
 He will not winke at murthers secretly put vp,  
 Nor suffer vpstarts to enjoy our rightes,  
 Nor liue in England vnder an vsurping king,  
 And this is Oxfords resolution.

*Rich.* But Blunt, looke whose that knocks.

*Blunt.* My Lord, tis a messenger from the mother  
 Queene,  
 And the Ladie Standley your mother, with letters.

*Rich.* Admit him straight, now shall we heare some  
 newes.

*Enters MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* Long liue Earle Richmond.  
 The mother Queene doth greet your honour.

*Rich.* Welcome my friend, how fares our mother & the rest?

*Mess.* In health my Lord, and glad to hear of your ariual safe.

*Rich.* My friend, my mother hath written to me of certaine that are comming in our aide, the report of whose names are referd to thee to deliuer.

*Mess.* First, theirs the Lord Talbut, the Earle of Shreuesbury sonne and heire, with a braue band of his owne.

There is also the Lord Fitz Harbart, the Earle of Pembrookes sonne and heire.

Of the Gentlemen of the Welch, there is sir Prise vp Thomas and Sir Thomas vp Richard, and sir Owen Williams, braue gentlemen my Lord. These are the chiefe.

*Rich.* Are these the full number of all that come?

*Mess.* Only two more my Lord, which I haue left vnnamed, the one is sir Thomas Denis a Westerne gentleman, and ioynd with him one Arnoll Butler, great many are willing, but dares not as yet.

*Rich.* Doth Arnoll Butler come, I can hardly brooke his trecherie, for hee it was that wrought my disgrace with the King.

*Ox.* Well my Lord, wee are now to strengthen our selues with friends, and not to reape vp olde quarrels, say that Arnoll Butler did iniurie you in the time of peace, the mendes is twise made, if he stand with you in the time of warres.

*Rich.* Well my friend, take this for thy good newes, And commend me to our mother and the rest.

Thus my Lords, you see God still prouides for vs: But now my Lords touching the placing of our battell<sup>1</sup> best,

And how we may be least indangered,

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<sup>1</sup> Army.

Because I will be foremost in this fight,  
 To incouter with that bloodie murtherer,  
 My selfe wil lead the vaward of our troope,  
 My Lord of Oxford, you as our second selfe,  
 Shall haue the happie leading of the reare,  
 A place I know which you will well deserue,  
 And Captaine Blunt, Peter Landoyse and you,  
 Shall by<sup>1</sup> in quarters as our battels scowtes,  
 Prouided, thus your bow-men Captaine Blunt,  
 Must scatter here and there to gaull their horse,  
 As also when that our promised friends do come,  
 Then must you hold hard skirmish with our foes,  
 Till I by cast of a counter march,  
 Haue ioynd our power with those that come to vs,  
 Then casting close, as wings on either side,  
 We will giue a new prauado on the foe,  
 Therefore let vs towards Aderstoe amaine,  
 Where we this night God-willing will incampe,  
 From thence towards Lichfield, we will march next  
 day,  
 And neerer London, bid King Richard play. [Exit.

*Enters the PAGE.*

*Page.* Where shall I finde a place to sigh my fill,  
 And waile the grieve of our sore troubled King?  
 For now he hath obtaind the Diadem,  
 But with such great discomfort to his minde,  
 That he had better liued a priuate man, his lookes  
 are gastly,  
 Hidious to behold, and from the priuie sentire of his  
 heart,  
 There comes such deepe fetcht sighes and fearefull  
 cries,  
 That being with him in his chamber oft,

<sup>1</sup> Bide.

He mooues me weepe and sigh for company,  
 For if he heare one stirre he riseth vp,  
 And claps his hand vpon his dagger straight,  
 Readie to stab him, what so ere he be,  
 But he must thinke this is the iust reuenge,  
 The heauens haue powred vpon him for his sinnes,  
 Those Peeres which he vnkindly murthered,  
 Doth crie for iustice at the hands of God,  
 And he in iustice sends continuall feare,  
 For to afright him both at bed and boord,  
 But staie, what noyse is this, who haue we here?

*Enters men to go to RICHMOND.*

How now sirs, whither are you going so fast?

*Men.* Why to Earle Richmonds Camp to serue  
 with him,

For we haue left to serue King Richard now.

*Page.* Why comes there any more?

*Men.* A number more.

[*Exit.*]

*Page.* Why these are the villaines my Lord would  
 haue put his life into their hands. A Richard, now  
 do my eyes witnesse that thy end is at hand, For thy  
 commons make no more account of thee then of a  
 priuate man, yet will I as dutie bindes, giue thee  
 aduertisements of their vniust proceedings. My  
 maister hath lifted out many, and yet hath left one to  
 lift him out of all, not onely of his Crowne, but also  
 of his life. But I will in, to tell my Lord of what is  
 happened.

*Enters RICHMOND, and OXFORD.*

*Rich.* Good my Lord depart, and leaue me to my-  
 selfe.

*Ox.* I pray my Lord, let me go along with you.

*Rich.* My Lord it may not be, for I haue promised

my father that none shall come but my selfe, therfore good my Lord depart.

*Ox.* Good my Lord haue a care of your self, I like not these night walkes and scouting abroad in the euenings so disguised, for you must not now that you are in the vsurpers dominions, and you are the onely marke he aimes at, and your last nightes absence bred such amazement in our souldiers, that they like men wanting the power to follow Armes, were on a sodaine more liker to flie then to fight: therefore good my Lorde, if I may not stand neare, let me stand aloofe off.

*Rich.* Content thee good Oxford, and tho I confesse myself bound to thee for thy especiall care, yet at this time I pray thee hold me excused. But farewell my Lord, here comes my Lord and father.

*Enters STANLEY and another.*

*Stan.* Captaine I pray thee bring me word when thou doest discrie the enemy. And so farewell, and leaue me for a while.

*Rich.* How fares my gratiouse Lord and father?

*Stan.* In good health my sonne, & the better to see thee thus foreward in this laudable enterprise, but omitting vain circumstances, and to come briefly to the purpose, I am now in fewe words to deliuer much matter. For know this, when I came to craue leaue of the King to depart from the court, the king verie furiously began to charge me that I was both acquainted with thy practises and drifts, and that I knew of thy landing, and by no meanes would grant me leaue to go, till as pledge of my loyaltie and true dealing with the king, I should leaue my yoong sonne George Standley. Thus haue I left my son in the hands of a tyrant, onely of purpose to come and speake with thee.

*Rich.* But omitting this, I pray tell me, shall I looke for your helpe in the battell?

*Stan.* Sonne I cannot, for as I will not go to the vsurper, no more I will not come to thee.

*Rich.* Why then it is bootlesse for us to staie, for all we presumed vpon, was on your aide.

*Stan.* Why sonne, George Standlyes death would doo you no pleasure.

*Rich.* Why the time is too troublesome, for him to tend to follow execution.

*Stan.* O sonne, tyrants expect no time, and George Standley being yoong and a grissell, is the more easie to be made away.

*Rich.* This newes goes to my heart, but tis in vaine for mee to looke for victorie, when with a mole-hill, we shall encounter with a mountaine.

*Stan.* Why sonne, see how contrarie you are, for I assure you, the chiefest of his company are liker to flie to thee, then to fight against thee: and for me, thinke me not so simple but that I can at my pleasure flie to thee, or being with them, fight so faintly, that the battell shall be wonne on thy part with small incountring. And note this besides, that the King is now come to Lester, and means to morrow to bid thee battel in Bosworth.

*Enters MESSENGER.*

*Mess.* Come my Lord, I do discry the enemy.

*Stan.* Why then sonne farewell, I can staie no longer.

*Rich.* Yet good father, one word more ere you depart,

What number do you thinke the kings power to be?

*Stan.* Marry some twentie thousand. And so farewell.

*Rich.* And we hardly ffeue thousand, being beset

with many enemies, hoping vpon a few friends, yet dispair not Richmond, but remember thou fightest in right, to defende thy countrey from the tyrannie of an vsurping tyrant, therefore Richmond goe forward, the more dangerous the battell is in atteining, it prooues the more honourable being obteined. Then forward Richmond, God and Saint George, for me.

*Quisquam regno gaudet, ð fallax bonum.<sup>1</sup>*

*Enters the KING, and the LORD LOUELL.*

*King.* The hell of life that hangs vpon the Crowne,

The daily cares, the nightly dreames,

The wretched crewes, the treason of the foe,

And horror of my bloodie practise past,

Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,

That sleep I, wake I, or whatsoeuer I do,

Meethinkes their ghoasts comes gaping for reuenge,

Whom I haue slaine in reaching for a Crowne.

Clarence complaines, and crieth for reuenge.

My Nephues bloods, Reuenge, reuenge, doth crie.

The headlesse Peeres come preasing for reuenge.

And euery one cries, let the tyrant die.

The Sunne by day shines hotely for reuenge.

The Moone by night eclipseth for reuenge.

The Stars are turnd to Comets for reuenge.

The Planets chaunge their courses for reuenge.

The birds sing not, but sorrow for reuenge.

The silly lambes sits bleating for reuenge.

The screeking Rauen sits croking for reuenge.

Whole heads of beasts comes bellowing for reuenge.

And all, yea all the world I thinke,

Cries for reuenge, and nothing but reuenge.

But to conclude, I haue deserued reuenge.

<sup>1</sup> Old copy, *regna gaudit—fallax.*

In company I dare not trust my friend,  
 Being alone, I dread the secret foe :  
 I doubt my foode, least poyson lurke therein.  
 My bed is vncoth, rest refraines my head.  
 Then such a life I count far worse to be,  
 Then thousand deaths vnto a damned death :  
 How wast death I said? who dare attempt my  
 death?

Nay who dare so much as once to thinke my death?  
 Though enemies there be that would my body kill,  
 Yet shall they leaue a neuer dying minde.  
 But you villaines, rebels, traitors as you are  
 How came the foe in, preasing so neare?  
 Where, where, slept the garrison that should a beat  
 them back?

Where was our friends to intercept the foe?  
 All gone, quite fled, his loyaltie quite laid a bed?  
 Then vengeance, mischiefe, horror, with mischance,  
 Wilde-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,  
 That thus betrayd your Prince by your vntruth.

*King.*<sup>1</sup> Frantike man, what meanst thou by this  
 mood?

Now he is come more need to beate him backe.

*Lou.* Sowre is his sweete that sauours thy delight,  
 great is his power that threatens thy ouerthrow.

*King.* The bad rebellion of my foe is not so much,  
 as for to see my friends do flie in flocks from me.

*Lou.* May it please your grace to rest your selfe  
 content, for you haue power inough to defend your  
 land.

*King.* Dares Richmond set his foote on land with  
 such a small power of stragling fugatiues?

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<sup>1</sup> This seems to be a continuation of the King's speech, but a  
 change of his mood, from delirium to reason. Compare Richard's  
 dream in Shakespeare, and the whole of our poet's act v. sc. 3,  
 with this scene.

*Lou.* May it please your grace to participate the cause that thus doth trouble you?

*King.* The cause Buzard, what cause should I participate to thee? My friends are gone away, and fled from me, keep silence villain, least I by poste do send thy soule to hell, not one word more, if thou doest loue thy life.

*Enter CATESBIE.*

*Cat.* My Lord.

*King.* Yet againe villain, ô Catesbie is it thou? What comes the Lord Standley or no?

*Cat.* My Lord, he answeres no.

*King.* Why didst not tell him then, I would send his sonne George Standleys head to him.

*Cat.* My Lord I did so, & he answered, he had another sonne left to make Lord Standley.

*King.* O vilaine vilde, and breaker of his oath, the bartardes ghoast shall hant him at the heeles, and crie teuenge for his vild fathers wrongs, go Louell, Catesbie, fetch George Standly forth, him with these handes will I butcher for the dead, and send his headlesse bodie to his sire.

*Cat.* Leauue off executions now the foe is heere that threatens vs most cruelly of our liues.

*King.* Zownes, foe mee no foes, the fathers fact condemnes the sonne to die.

*Lou.* But guiltlesse blood will for reuengement crie.

*King.* Why was not he left for fathers loyaltie?

*Lou.* Therein his father greatly iniured him.

*King.* Did not your selues in presence, see the bondes sealde and assignde?

*Lou.* What tho my Lord the vardit own, the titles doth resign.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., What, though my Lord the verdict recognize, and the titles resign?

*King.* The bond is broke and I will sue the fine, except you will hinder me, what will you haue it so?

*Lou.* In doing true justice, else we answere no.

*King.* His trecherous father hath neglect his word and done imparshall wast<sup>1</sup> by dint of sword, therefore sirrah go fetch him. Zownes draw you cuts who shall go, I bid you go Catesby.<sup>2</sup> A Richard, now maist thou see thy end at hand, why sirs why fear you thus? why we are ten to one, if you seeke promotion, I am Kinge alreadie in possession, better able to performe then he. Louell, Catesby, lets ioyne louingly and deuoutly togither, and I will diuide my whole kingdome amongst you.

*Both.* We will my Lord.

*King.* We will my Lord, a Catesbie, thou lookest like a dog, and thou Louell too, but you will runne away with them that be gone, and the diuel go with you all, God I hope, God, what talke I of God, that haue serued the diuell all this while. No, fortune and courage for mee, and ioyne England against mee with England, Ioyne Europe with Europe, come Christendome, and with Christendome the whole world, and yet I will neuer yeeld but by death onely. By death, no die, part not childishly from thy Crowne, but come the diuell to claime it, strike him down, & tho that Fortune hath decreed, to set reuenge with triumphs on my wretched head, yet death, sweete death, my latest friend, hath sworne to make a bargaine for my lasting fame, and this, I this verie day, I hope with this lame hand of mine, to rake out that hatefull heart of Richmond, and when I haue it, to eate it panting hote with salt, and drinke his blood luke warme, tho I be sure twil poysone me. Sirs you that be resolute follow me, the rest go hang your selues. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *past.*]

<sup>2</sup> See Shakespeare, act iv. sc. 4.

*The battell enters, RICHARD wounded, with his PAGE.*

*King.* A horse, a horse, a fresh horse.

*Page.* A flie my Lord, and sauе your life.

*King.* Flie villaine, looke I as tho I would flie,<sup>1</sup> no first shall this dull and sencelesse ball of earth receiue my body cold and void of sence, you watry heauens rowle on my gloomy day, and darksome cloudes close vp my cheerfull sownde, downe is thy sunne Richard, neuer to shine againe, the birdes whose feathers should adorne my head, houers aloft & dares not come in sight, yet faint not man, for this day if Fortune will, shall make thee King possest with quiet Crown, if Fates deny, this ground must be my graue, yet golden thoughts that reache for a Crowne, danted before by Fortunes cruell spight, are come as comforts to my drooping heart, and bids me keepe my Crowne and die a King. These are my last, what more I haue to say, ile make report among the damned soules.

[*Exit.*]

*Enters RICHMOND to battell againe, and kils RICHARD.*

*Enters REPORT and the PAGE.*

*Re.* How may I know the certain true report of this victorious battell fought to day, my friend what ere thou beest, tel vnto mee the true report, which part hath wonne the victorie, whether the King or no?

*Page.* A no the King is slaine and he hath lost the day, and Richmond he hath wonne the field, and tryumphs like a valiant conquerer.

*Re.* But who is slaine besides our Lord and soueraigne?

*Page.* Slaine is the worthie duke of Northfolke he, & with him Sir Robart Brokenby, Lieutenant of the

<sup>1</sup> See Shakespeare, act v. sc. 4.

Tower, besides Louell, he made also a partner in this Tragedie.

*Re.* But wheres sir William Catsby?

*Page.* Hee is this day beheaded on a stage at Lester, because he tooke part with my Lord the King. But stay Report, & thou shalt heare me tell the briefe discourse. And how the battell fell, then knowe Report, that Richard came to field mounted on horsback, with as high resolute as fierce Achillis mongst the sturdie Greekes, whom to encounter worthie Richmond, came accompanied with many followers, and then my Lord displayde his colours straight, and with the charge of Trumpet, Drum and Fyfe, these braue batalians straight encountred, but in the skirmish which cōtinued long, my Lord gan faint, which Richmond straight perceiued, and presently did sound a fresh alarme, but worthie Richard that did neuer flie, but followed honour to the gates of death, straight spurd his horse to encounter with the Earle, in which encountry Richmond did preuaile, & taking Richard at aduantage, then he threw his horse and him both to the ground, and there was woorthie Richard wounded, so that after that he nere recovered strength. But to be briefe, my maister would not yeeld, but with his losse of life he lost the field. Report farewell.

*Enter EARLE RICHMOND, EARLE OXFORD, L. STANDELVY, and their traine, with the Crowne.*

*Rich.* Now noble Peeres and woorthie countrymen, since God has giuen vs fortune of the day, let vs first giue thankes vnto his Deitie, & next with honors fitting your deserts, I must be gratefull to my country men, and woorthie Oxford for thy seruice showne in hote encountring of the enemy, Earle Richmond bindes himselfe in lasting bondes of faithfull

loue and perfect vnitie. Sory I am for those that I haue lost by our so dangerous encountring with the foe, but sorrow cannot bring the dead to life: and therefore are my sorrows spent in vaine. Onely to those that liue, thus much I say, I will maintain them with a manuall paie. And louing father, lastly to your selfe, tho not the least in our expected aide, we giue more thankes for your vnlooked for aide, then we haue power on sodaine to declare, but for your thanks I hope it shall suffise that I in nature loue & honor you.

*L. Stan.* Well spoken sonne, and like a man of worth, whose resolutiō in this battell past, hath made thee famous mongst thy enemies. And thinke my son, I glory more to heare what praise the common people gaue of thee, then if the Peeres by general full consent had set me downe to weare the Diadem. Then liue my sonne thus loued of thy friends, and for thy foes prepare to combate them.

*Ox.* And Oxford vowes perpetuall loue to thee, wishing as many honours to Earle Richmond, as Cæsar had in conquering the world, & I doubt not but if faire fortune follow thee, to see thee honoured mongst thy country men, as Hector was among the Lords of Troy or Tulley mongst the Romane Senators.

*Rich.* How fares our louely mother Queene?

*Enters mother QUEENE and ELIZABETH.*

*Queen.* In health Earle Richmond, glad to heare the newes that God hath giuen thee fortune of the day. But tell me Lords, where is my sonne Lord Marquesse Dorset, that he is not here? what was he murthered in this Tragedie?

*Rich.* No louely Queene your sonne doth liue in France, for being distrest and driuen by force of tempest to that shore, and many of our men being

sick and dead, we were inforst to aske the King for aide, as well for men as for munition, which then the King did willingly supply, prouided, that as hostage for those men, Lord Marquesse Dorset should be pledge with thē. But Madame now our troubled warre is done, Lord Marquesse Dorset shall come home againe.

*Queen.* Richmond, gramceries for thy kinde good newes, which is no little comfort to thy friends, to see how God hath beene thy happie guide in this late conquest of our enemies. And Richmond, as thou art returned with victorie, so we will keepe our words effectually.

*Rich.* Then Madame for our happie battelles victorie, first thankes to heauen, next to my foreward country-men, but Madame pardon me tho I make bold to charge you with a promise that you made, which was confirmed by diuerse of the Peeres, touching the marriage of Elizabeth, and hauing ended what I promised you, Madam, I looke and hope to haue my due.

*Stan.* Then know my sonne, the Peeres by full consent, in that thou hast freed them from a tyrants yoke, haue by election chosen thee as King, first in regard they account thee vertuous, next, for that they hope all forraine broyles shall seace, and thou wilt guide and gourne them in peace, then sit thou downe my sonne, and here receiue the Crowne of England as thy proper owne, sit downe.

*Ox.* Henry the seuenth, by the grace of God, King of England, France, and Lord of Ireland, God sauē the King.

*All.* Long liue Henry the seuenth, King of England.

*Rich.* Thanks louing friends and my kind country-men, and here I vow in presence of you all, to root abuses from this common welth, which now flowes

faster then the furious tyde that ouerflowes beyond the bankes of Nile. And louing father, and my other friends, whose ready forwardnesse hath made me fortunate, Richmond will still in honourable loue count himselfe to be at your dispose, nor do I wish to enioy a longer life, then I shall liue to think vpon your loue. But what saith faire Elizabeth to vs? for now wee haue welcommed our other friends, I must bid you welcome Ladie amongst the rest, and in my welcome craue to be resolued, how you resolve touching my profered loue vnto you, here your mother and the Peeres agree, and all is ended, if you condescend.

*Eliz.* Then know my Lord, that if my mother please, I must in dutie yeeld to her command, for when our aged father left his life, he willed vs honour still our mothers age: and therefore as my dutie doth command, I do commit my self to her dispose.

*Queen.* Then here my Lord, receive thy royll spouse, vertuous Elizabeth, for both the Peeres and Commons do agree that this faire Princesse shall be wife to thee. And we pray all, that faire Elizabeth may liue for aye, and neuer yeeld to death.

*Rich.* And so say I, thanks to you all my Lords, that thus haue honoured Richmond with a Crowne, and if I liue, then make account my Lords I will deserue this with more than common loue.

*Stan.* And now were but my sonne George Standley here,

How happie were our present meeting then,  
But he is dead, nor shall I euer more see my sweete  
Boy whom do I loue so deare, for well I know the  
vsurper

In his rage hath made a slaughter of my aged ioy.

*Rich.* Take comfort gentle father, for I hope my brother George will turne in safe<sup>1</sup> to us.

---

<sup>1</sup> Return in safety.

*Stan.* A no my sonne, for he that ioyes in blood,  
will worke his furie on the innocent.

*Enters two MESSENGERS with GEORGE STANLEY.*

*Stan.* But how now what noyse in this?

*Mess.* Behold Lord Standley we bring thy sonne,  
thy sonne George Standley, whom with great danger  
we haue saued from furie of a tyrants doome.

*L. Stan.* And liues George Standley? Then  
happie that I am to see him freed thus from a  
tyrants rage. Welcome my sonne, my sweete George  
welcome home.

*George Stan.* Thanks my good father, and George  
Standley ioyes to see you ioyned in this assembly.  
And like a lambe kept by a greedie Woolfe within  
the inclosed sentire of the earth, expecting death  
without deliuerie, euen from this daunger is George  
Standley come, to be a guest to Richmond & the  
rest: for when the bloodie butcher heard your honour  
did refuse to come to him, hee like a sauage tygre  
then enraged, commanded straight I should be mur-  
dered, & sent these two to execute the deed, but  
they that knew how innocēt I was, did post him off  
with many long delayes, alleaging reasons to alaie his  
rage, but twas in vaine, for he like to a starued  
Lionesse still called for blood, saying that I should  
die. But to be briefe, when both the battels ioyned,  
these two and others, shifted me away.

*Rich.* Now seeing that each thing turnes to our  
content,

I will it be proclaimed presently, that traytrous Richard  
Be by our command, drawne through the streets of  
Lester,

Starke naked on a Colliers horse let him be laide,  
For as of others paines he had no regard,  
So let him haue a traytors due reward.

Now for our marriage and our nuptiall rytes,  
 Our pleasure is they be solemnized  
 In our Abby of Westminter, according to the ancient  
 custom due,  
 The two and twentieth day of August next,  
 Set forwards then my Lords towards London straight,  
 There to take further order for the state.

*Mess.* Thus Gentles may you heere behold,  
 The ioyning of these Houses both in one,  
 By this braue Prince Henry the seauenth,  
 Who was for wit compared to Saloman,  
 His gouernment was vertuous euery way,  
 And God did wonderously increase his store,  
 He did subdue a proud rebellious Lord,  
 That did encounter him vpon blacke heath.  
 He died when he had raigned full three and twentie  
 yeares

Eight moneths, and some odde dayes, and lies buried  
 In Westminster. He died & left behind a sonne.

*Mess.* A sonne he left, a Harry of that name,  
 A worthie, valiant and victorious Prince,  
 For on the fifth yeaire of his happie raigne,  
 Hee entered France, and to the Frenchmens costs,  
 Hee wonne Turwin and Turney.  
 The Emperor serued this King for common pay,  
 And as a mersonary prince did follow him.  
 Then after Morle and Morles, conquered he,  
 And still he keepe the French men at a bay.  
 And lastly in this Kings decreasing age he conquered  
 Bullen, and after when he was turned home he died,  
 When he had raigned full thirtie eight yeares,  
 Nine moneths and some odde dayes, and was buried  
 in Windsore.

He died and left three famous sprigs behinde him.

Edward the sixt:  
 He did restore the Gospell to his light,  
 And finished that his father left vndone.

A wise yoong Prince, giuen greatly to his booke.  
 He brought the English seruice first in vse,  
 And died when he had raigned six yeares, fие  
 Moneths, & some odde dayes,  
 And lieth buried in Westminster.

*Eliza.*<sup>1</sup> Next after him a Mary did succeede,  
 Which married Philip King of Spaine,  
 She raigned fие yeares, foure moneths and some  
 Odde dayes, and is buried in Westminster.  
 When she was dead, her sister did succed.

*Queene.*<sup>1</sup> Worthie Elizabeth, a mirrour in her age,  
 By whose wise life and ciuill gouernment,  
 Her country was defended from the crueltie  
 Of famine, fire and swoord, warres fearefull messengers.  
 This is that Queene as writers truly say,  
 That God had marked downe to liue for aye.  
 Then happie England mongst thy neighbor Iles,  
 For peace and plentie still attends on thee :  
 And all the fauourable Planets smiles  
 To see thee liue in such prosperitie.  
 She is that lampe that keepes faire Englands light,  
 And through her faith her country liues in peace :  
 And she hath put proud Antichrist to flight,  
 And bene the meanes that ciuill wars did cease.  
 Then England kneele upon thy hairy knee,  
 And thanke that God that still prouides for thee.  
 The Turke admires to heare her gouernment,  
 And babies in Iury sound her princely name,  
 All Christian Princes to that Prince hath sent,

<sup>1</sup> It is so absurd that the Queen and her daughter should take this Chorus out of the mouths of the two Messengers, that I at one time thought that the words *Eliza.*, *Queene*, were misplaced from a marginal note in the manuscript, calling the attention of the reader that *Queen Elizabeth* was now the subject of the Chorus ; but that King Richard's two murderers should speak this Epilogue is perhaps equally preposterous.

Atter her rule was rumord foorth by fame.  
The Turke hath sworne neuer to lift his hand,  
To wrong the Princesse of this blessed land.  
Twere vaine to tell the care this Queene hath had,  
In helping those that were opprest by warre :  
And how her Maiestie hath stil bene glad,  
When she hath heard of peace proclaim'd from far.  
Ieneua, France, and Flanders hath set downe,  
The good she hath done, since she came to the  
Crown.

For which, if ere her life be tane away,  
God grant her soule may liue in heauen for aye.  
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,  
Your hope is gone, on whom did peace depend.



## APPENDIX.

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—o—

[FOR permission to print the following Latin Play, the Members of the Shakespeare Society were indebted to the Rev. Dr Archdall, Master, and the Fellows of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, to the Library of which House belongs the manuscript. There is another copy in the University Library, and the existence of the piece has always been well known. The Emmanuel MS. is written in a tolerably fair engrossing hand of about the year 1640.<sup>1</sup>

The University Library copy is also a transcript from some common original, in a still fairer scrivener's hand, and has supplied me with the few blanks left in the Emmanuel copy, although the former has in return some blanks which are filled up in the latter. It was not considered worth while to make a complete collation of the two copies ; but the Emmanuel one is evidently transcribed by the better Latinist, though the inferior calligraphist. This manuscript also alone contains the names of the actors, the English marginal notes, and the orders of processions, the University manuscript having no English

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<sup>1</sup> Two copies are in the British Museum, and at least one in private hands.

but the textual stage-directions in the last part. But the latter commences with the following title, which is omitted in the former :

Thomæ Legge legum doctoris  
Collegii Caio-goneviliensis in  
Academia Cantabrigiensi  
magistri ac Rectoris.

Richardus tertius Tragedia trivespa  
habita Collegii Divi Johnis  
Evangeliste  
Comitii Bacchelaureorum  
Anno Domini 1579  
Tragedia in tres acciones devisa.

The work is alluded to by Sir John Harrington in his "Apologie of Poetry," 1591, as follows : "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of Richard III, would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrefie all tyrannous-minded men ;" and this observation is quoted by Thomas Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, at p. 55 of the Society's reprint of that work. The play is also alluded to in Nash's "Have with you to Saffron Walden," 1596, as follows :—"or his fellow codshead, that in the Latine tragedie of King Richard cries *Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than *Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma*."—Vid. post.

The author of this play was Dr. Thomas Legge, who probably wrote it for the purpose of being performed before the Queen. In the year 1592, he was Vice Chancellor of the University, "and," says Mr. Collier,<sup>1</sup> "in a communication to Lord Burghley, he refers to some offence given to the Queen, probably

<sup>1</sup> "Hist. of Dram. Poet.," i. 296.

by requiring, in answer to her wishes to see a play at Cambridge, time and the use of the Latin tongue; and mentions that the University had sent some of its body to Oxford, to witness the entertainment there given to Her Majesty, in order to be better prepared hereafter to obey her directions." Besides the play of "Richardus Tertius," he wrote a tragedy called the "Destruction of Jerusalem," and to use Fuller's words,<sup>1</sup> "having at last refined it to the purity of the publique standard, some plagueary filched it from him, just as it was to be acted." Fuller also informs us that Dr. Palmer, afterwards Dean of Peterborough, was the original performer of Richard, and very successful in Legge's other play. Dr. Legge died in 1607, and his monument and portrait are still existing at Caius College, of which he was appointed Master by the Founder.

Mr. Halliwell kindly informs me that, in 1586, Henry Lacey wrote a play under the same title, but that it is a poor imitation of Legge's. Of Lacey's play two copies will be found in the British Museum, MSS. Harl. 2412, 6926. That the "University Men" had acquired some reputation by their theatrical performances, is proved by the well-known dialogue in "The Return from Parnassus,"<sup>2</sup> in which Kemp and Burbage are seen in treaty with two of them, called *Philomusus* and *Studioso*, for engagements as actors, and in which one of them gives a taste of his quality, by reciting the opening speech of Shakespeare's "Richard the Third."]

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<sup>1</sup> Fuller's "Worthies," ii. 156.

<sup>2</sup> Hazlitt's "Dodsley," vol. ix.



# *RICHARDUS TERTIUS.*

— o —

D. SHEPHARD, Elizabetha Regina.

Mr FOX, Cardinalis, Archiepis : Cantu :

Mr WHALEY, Nuntius.

L. W. HOWARD, Eduardus Rex quindecem annorū.

Mr PALMAR, Richardus dux Glocest :

Mr STRINGER, dux Buckingh :

Mr WILKINSON, Riverius

Mr BOOTH, Hastingus

Mr HODSON, Stanleus

Mr HILL, Sr. Hewardus postea dux Norfolciensis

Mr BAYLY, Lovellus

Mr STANTON, Episco : Eliensis.

Ds PILKINGTON, ancilla Reginæ.

Mr ROBINSON, Catsbeius, Juris peritus.

Mr HILL, Sr. Howardus, Equestris ordinis.<sup>1</sup>

Ds PUNTER, servus ducis Glocestriæ.

Mr KNOX, Hastingus, miles calligatus.

Ds FRAUNCE, civis Londinensis.

Ds HOWLAND

Ds HENLOWE

Mr KENDALL

*chorus tumultuantū civiu Satelles Becke*

*[Buck<sup>o</sup>.]*

Ds REMER, Archiepisco : Eboracensis.

*Serviens ad arma.*

*Prosecutor vulgo pursevant.*

RHODES med : Richardus dux Eboracensis parvulus

Mr BOWES, Graius heros adolescens

Vaghanus

WOODCOCKE. Conjur Shori

Hawt

Sacerdos

Quinq filiae Elizabethæ Reginæ.

*Muti.*

<sup>1</sup> Inserted twice.

CHAPMAN, Argumentū primæ actionis.<sup>1</sup>

Eduardus quartus, rex Anglorū mortem obiit

Hic duos reliquit filios. Eduardus maior princeps Walliæ annos habebat quindecem, alter Richardus dux Eborū undecimū vitæ annū egit. Richardus dux Glocestriæ, frater Eduardi defuncti, homo nimia ambitione elatus, cum nepotis adhuc tenerā ætatem videret, facile ad regnū aditū sibi patēre putat. Itaq primū reginæ p amicos psuadet ut Eduardus quintus iter nullo milite armaret, dum Londinū e Wallorū finib⁹ properaret. Interim ipse cum amicis clam cōmunicat, quantū inde periculū sibi crearetur si regis tenelli tutela solis reginæ propinquis demandaretur. Qui dū cæteris heroib⁹ inviderent, facile in eorum pniciem regis nomine abuti possent. Itaq Riveriū virū nobilem regis avunculū, et Grayū fratrem ejus uterinū à rege ipso avulsū in vincula conjicit. Qui nec ita multo post, Pontefracti capite plectuntur. Regem ipsū, tutor à senatu illustri declaratus, in suā tutelā accipit, porro a Regina, quæ tū ad asylum metu configerat, Ducem Eborū parvulū, p Cardinalem Archiepiscopū Eboracensem, nihil tum suspicantem, abstulit. Ubi Regios pueros in Arce tanquā in Carcere conclusisset, primū Hastingū nobilem virū, quod nimis eū studere nepotibus suspicaretur, injustè damnatū morte afficit. Cardinalis, Episcopus Eliensis, Stanleus heros in carcerem detruduntur, ne quid inceptis suis obstarent, quod eorū fidem erga regulos pertimesceret. Postremd Shori conjux (quoniam morti eam damnare non poterat) tanquā meretrix infanuiae pœna afficitur.

<sup>1</sup> This line is written in red ink, and the name is perhaps that of the transcriber.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

ELIZABETHA REGINA, CARDINALIS,  
NUNTIUS.

*Regina.*

Quicunq; lœtis credulus rebus nimis confidit, et magna potens aula cupit regnare, blandū quærit is malū, licet magnū nihil sperare generosū genus jubebat : Eduardi tamen Regis thoro conjuncta sum, post quā tuos thalamos mihi,

generose Gray, triste fatū sustulit. dulci veneno gustiebam credula, et rapuit altis inclytus titulis honor donec meū spernebat abjectū genus cognatus heros Regis, et tristem meis Inimicus affinis parabat exitū.

His cura major, filii quod traditur, et Regiū curat Nepotum avunculus. volui meos Regi propinquos jungere comites, ut annis altius primus amor hæreat, tenera dū surgit ætas grandior. nec tristis hæc contenta peste sors fuit prius malū majoris est gradus mali Exhalat ægrotum maritus spiritū, et fata rumpunt regis impia manu sœvæ sorores, invident virū mihi mortale fatis luditur genus. sibi spondere quicquā non potest tam stabile

fortuna quod non versit anceps. sor- dida

manet domus tantūm beata, dum timet virtus ruinas magna. Postquā duplicita mater sobole ditata sum Regis domū petebat hæredem remota Wallia : nec principe libenter suo gens Cambria carebat : hinc iter properat huc filius

Brevis ordo comitatū meorū, ut cingerent Regale diademate caput : Matrem licet gaudere lœta sceptra cogunt filii : At gaudiū sperare promissū sibi mens avida non audet, timet adeptū bonū, metūq; pturit semel natus metus, multisq; curis pectus urit anxiū, Sin filiis externa vis adhuc nihil minetur infidū, nec extortū sibi Regnū, domus Lancastria Eduardo incidet, Et raptā quondam sceptra victrici manu pati potest adhuc : tamen domesticus premit timor, majusq; formidat nefas animus malis assuetus, et vario tremor mentem tumultu, spesq; laceram distrahit, Infaustus ô Regni favor multis suā conversus in pœnam ruit, postquā diu falso viros splendore lusit credulos.

*Cardinalis.*

Regina præcellens Elizabetha caput, curas cur anxiō revolvis pectore ? et publicū luctu tuo oneras gaudiū ? quin sperne mentis turbidæ ludibria Matrisq; tristes lœta deme spiritus, dum filii caput corona cingitur.

*Regina.*

Sacrū caput præstans honore Cardinis, insignis Archipræsul atq; Cantii, nescire quenquam miserias miserū magis. Quod tempus unquā lachrymis caruit mihi ?

Non Regis Eduardi gemo durā luem,  
odiū ne triste plango demens heroū  
vetus hoc malū. Cum Walliā linquens  
suā

stipato armatus rediret milite  
ut regna patris jure possideat suo  
Eduardus hæres: Sermo multorū  
frequens

aures fatigat, nec monere desinit,  
nullis ut armis sepiat princeps iter,  
se subditis committeret nudū suis.  
sin clauderet milite suo Regis latus  
stipata regem sola Graiorū domus  
timere tum mali nihil princeps potest:  
Mox in suā armari necm tot milites  
Proceres putabunt: nup extinctæ  
minæ

facile fidem dabunt, et vulnera recru-  
descere  
sanata malè mox suspicantur. Ergo  
dum

sese timent objicere inermes hostib⁹.  
Ferro simul vitam tuentur illico,  
Belli furore totū inundavit solū,  
Calcante tellus equite terrendū gemit  
belli tumultu ardebit insana Anglia  
statimq⁹ amoris foedus iclū frangitur.  
Tum p̄fidū multabit authorem scelus  
pœnasp pendet lapsa Graiorū domus.  
Primū p̄ artus gellidus excurrit metus  
tandem suis temebunda monitis animo  
mox litteris edere cuncta fratrib⁹  
ut milite nullo cingant filii latus,  
pompaq magna Regis exonerent  
iter.

ubi sola secreta sagax repeto metus,  
nova cura mentem concutit formidine,  
nec prædæ nudus offeratur hostibus,  
Ingens domū nostram invidia premit,  
furit

ambitus, nullā coeca dum maculam  
timet

se modica non tuetur ætas filli.  
fratri suo mortem intulit Glocestrius  
Quomodo nepoti ambitio parceret  
potui.

*Card.*

Cesset timere matris infælicis amor,  
Vanosp desine falsa mentiri dolos.  
Injustus est rerū æstimator dolor,  
Nunquid juvat terrere vano pectora  
tremore? pessimus augur in malis  
timor,  
semperq⁹ sibi falsò minatur, et suā  
vocat ruinā quamvis ignotā prius.  
Proceres sepultis morte Regis litibus  
longam quitem consecrarunt: nec  
minas  
veretur extinctas sanata Brittania.  
Odia movebit nova rebellis qui timet  
priora.

*Nuntius.*

Mediū Rex iter sospes tenet.

*Regina.*

Quæ filiū nunc detinet fessū via?

*Nuntius.*

Bis sera stellifero excidit cœlo dies  
Northamptonū cum fessa membra  
tangerent.

*Regina.*

Et quanta turba Regiū claudit latus?

*Nunt.*

Ubi Wallia mutaret accellerans sedes,  
frequens satelles sepiebat principem,  
illiq multos junxit assiduus labor.  
Postquā tuas Riverius literas  
cepisset, omni milite corpus principis  
nudabat, unus comigrat Riverius,  
suoq junctus Graius heros patruo.

*Regina.*

Dux obviā Glocestrius Regi fuit?

*Nunt.*

Is literis Regi salutem nuntiat,  
regno suo precatur æternū decus,

multaq; præce comune gaudiū beat.  
Honore præstans dux Buckinghamiæ  
affatur officiis iisdem Principem,  
Regi promittunt brevi comites fore  
Scribit frequens Riverio Glocestrius,  
Invisit et Graiū nepotem literis  
benigne pollicetur omnia nunciis  
et pars fatigat magna nobiliū simul.

*Regina.*

Postquā favor flatu secundo vixerit  
ratem procul : reliquit idem languidus  
alto mari, multisq; jactat fluctibus.  
Res prosperæ si quando lætari jubent,  
rursus revolvor in metus, nec desinit  
animus pavere læta quamvis cerneret.

*Card.*

Facilè sinistris credit auguriis timor.

*Reg.*

Nihil sapit, quisquis parū doctus sapit.

➤ *Card.*

Hoc facilè credunt, qui nimis miseri-  
timent.

*Reg.*

Quisquis cavet futura, torquetur minus.

*Card.*

Sperare virtus magna, nunquā desinit.

*Reg.*

Quò plura speras falsò, turbaris magis.

*Card.*

Terrent adhuc sopita nobiliū mala?

*Reg.*

Veterata non sanatur illico vulnera.

*Card.*

Sancivit ista morte princeps fœdera.

*Reg.*

Tum principe mori dubia querunt  
fœdera.

*Card.*

Privata vincit odia communis salus.

*Reg.*

Privata publicā quietem destruit  
ambitio.

*Card.*

Semp esse nū miserā juvat.

*Reg.*

Timere didicit quisquis excelsus stetit.  
rebusq; magnis alta clauditur quies.  
Auro venenū bibitur ignotum casæ  
humili malū, ventisq; cunctis cognita  
superba suīo, tecta nutant culmine.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS;

RICH. DUX GLOC. HEN. DUX BUCK-  
INGHAMIÆ, RIVERUS HEROS, HAS-  
TINGUS HEROS.

*Gloc.*

Riverianæ splendor et decus domus,  
custos pupilli regis, heros nobilis,  
Qualis cruentæ matris eripiens minis  
Electra fratrem servat in regnū patris  
Talis nepotem Wallicis tutans agris  
reddis suæ incolumem fidelis patriæ.  
Populus tam frequens fidem merito  
sonat

En gratus hic tibi labor Britaniæ  
Et nos pares psolvimus grates tibi  
castos labores Wallicæ norunt sedes  
curam parem regis fatetur longum iter,  
postquā suo Wallia carebat principe,  
at ubi suū mundo diem reparat coma  
radiante Tytan, et leves umbras fugat,  
cras principis jungemur et lateri simul

qua ducitur recta Stonistratfordiam.  
Primo die celeri gradu properabimus,  
quod nunc locus proceres tot unus non  
capit.

## River.

O Claudiani Rector illustris soli,  
dux inclyte et generis propago Regii  
Præstare Regi jussit officiū meū  
Fortuna quicquid nostra præclarū  
dedit.  
Pondenda bello est vita Regi debita,  
Si modo aliter nequeunt minæ frangi  
hostiū,  
Vestræ quia mensæ patebant mihi  
dapes  
hac nocte, vobis jure multū deboeo.  
Jam laxat artus languidos gratus sopor  
Lectoq; fessa membra componi juvat,  
placidam quietem noctis opto prox-  
imæ.

## Gloc.

Præclare dux est stella Buckinghamiæ  
cui servus olim nomen haud latens  
dedit,

Et orte claro Hastinge patru stemate  
En sol vocato nocte frenos desernes  
sudore fumantes juvas mersit salo,  
Vacuū q; cælū luna plustrat viris  
silentiū imperans, nitida simul cohors  
comitatur, aspergens lumen vagū polo  
Porro locus omni liber arbitrio vacat  
secretas aures nullus exhibet comes  
Annon vides quam sit miser proceru  
status,  
diuq; spreta ut nobilis virtus jacet  
Regi licet sanguine superbo jungimur,  
clarisq; lucet inclytū titulis genus,  
aditus tamen mihi nullus ad regem  
patet,  
vetantq; cum nepote patruū vivere  
Quò tanta matris cedit impudentia?  
jam foeminæ succumbit Anglorū decus  
En nostra dubitatur fides, sepultus est  
debitus, honor, spretusq; sanguis no-  
bilis

sordescit : olim matris omnino suæ  
tutela Regis sacra cognatis datur.  
Illiis quando honore tamen haud cedi-  
mus  
et in nepotem æqualis elucet fides,  
parū decebat matris abjectū genus,  
Regni thoras amor nisi quod impulit  
claros negare patruos Regi suos  
minusq; nobili comite circundare  
Parum decorū principi aut nobis erit  
comes magis potentior tuebitur  
quod nos malū manet, si qui male  
nobis precantur, Regiūq; claudant  
latus

primosq; prævenient amores principis,  
et illius favore consenserent,  
quorū mens tenella flectetur statim,  
atq; pueros fucata demulcent leves  
seris nec annis respuūt quicquid prius  
placet. In amores deliciasq; pristinas  
ætas probat decursa, nec se corrigit  
Eduardus olim quartus (ætas plenior  
quamvis fuit, temq; sp; longū plurima  
seræ noverca disciplina evasserat)  
hem multa quondam facta damnavit  
sua

lapsū priorem nec resuesit tardior  
sensus : Quod heros sensit heu Clar-  
entius

Ille, ille novit (heu nimis) frater meus  
quam conjugi rex cessit olim credulus  
nimis, heu nimis tum nostra suade-  
bant mala

quòd uxor horreat maritus quem colit  
quòd dura nostras sors premebat res  
diu

Regina quantū mihi creasset tum luem  
peruida, malū mens nisi sagax auerit?  
nos ille cœlū qui sua torquet manu,  
dirisq; flāmis triste vindicat scelus,  
fœlix potenti liberavit dextera.

Heu quot brevi frater furore concitus  
dolis eorū morte damnatos truci  
perdidit, inani voce pulsantes Jovem?  
Nunquā suo parcebat ira sanguini  
stragi suorū una propinquos addidit

Sed vetera plangimus : novū iminet  
malū.

Nam si tenello solus hæret principi  
comunis hostis, atq; stipabit thronū  
infesta nobis una Graiorū domus.

Mox hostiū vires caput nostrū luet,  
dum principis sacrato abuti nomine  
audebit ad nostrā ruinam atrox domus  
Hoc Jupiter tam providus pater vetet  
Quod morte sanxit sacra pacis foedera  
Eduardus, et veteri medetur vulneri  
Quietis, atq; dexteras nos invicem  
conjunximus, simulata pacis pignora  
valuit potestas sacra Regis tū magis  
quam pace facta dubia procerū foedera  
pactuq; jussu principis percussimus  
quemquamne tantus vexat insanū stu-

por?

huic credat ut demens repente qui  
novus

Ex hoste tam vetusto amicus sumitur?  
firmius inhærebit brevis animi favor,  
quā longa multis invidia lustris ma-  
nens?

nunc ergo maturare conciliū decet,  
quō longius serpit malū, fieri solet  
rubustius, vires semper colligit.

### Buckin.

O Claudiane rector, atq; Regia  
de stirpe princeps, turbido infelix  
quia

visa est tumultu ardere rursus Anglia,  
et bella cœperunt fremere civilia  
tuæ ut secreto instillet auri murmure  
concepta jussi verba servulū meū,  
tua signa Buckinghamiū sequi ducem  
miscere præsens verba presenti diu  
quærebā, ut hæc tecū loqui possem  
simul

Regina nobis insolens abutitur  
statim premi scelus decet, majus nefas  
parit semel motū malū, et nescit modū  
sanare te regni luem tantū decet  
quidvis ferent potius potens procerū  
cohors

cruore quām Regina nostro luderet,  
Gnatūq; caput armaret in nostrū ferox.

### Gloc.

Te patriæ dux ergo vindicem voco  
et selere materno labantis Angliæ.  
Te, te poli qui jura p̄cipitis Regis  
Et vos corruscū testor agmen cælitū  
tantū Britonū pristinū quæro decus  
Acris gravi medela confert vulneri  
Regina nunc abest : suis afferre opem  
captis nequit removere jam tutò  
licet

A Rege cunctas patriæ labes suæ  
Quin dormientem comprimere Ri-  
veriū,

intraq; tecta claudere hospitem decet  
Sin fugerit, tū consciū probat metus  
mox famulæ illius petas claves domus  
qua nup hospes se Riverius abdidit  
Sin abnuat, Regis imperiū urgeas  
nec ullus inde servus erumpat foras,  
sed sedulb; claudantur intus singuli  
nostrisq; verbis advove clā servulos  
(horreret admisso licet nondū die  
nox atra) nostrū sepiant corpus tamen  
quod luce prima nos nepotem adibi-  
mus.

### Buck.

Regis propinquos si coerces vinculis  
cæcoq; captos claudis audax carcere,  
Illico tumultū plebs ciebit mobilis  
Juditia dum non recta sortiris : reis  
et criminis parū nocentes arguas.

### Gloc.

En dignitatem principis lædunt sui,  
et nobilem violare sanguinem student  
lacerare quærunt Angliæ discordiis.  
Longa Britonū classe sulcavit mare  
Marchio Graiorū frater: in nostrā  
necem  
tot milites armare crudelis potest?  
profundere atq; principū longas opes.

*Hasting.*

At vinculis si patruū premi suū  
Heros videbit Graius, is rapida manu  
Stipabit Eduardū : tremens Britaūia  
parabit arma : seditio miseros trahet.  
Ardore belli conflagrabunt omnia  
nostraq; populus strage purgabit scelus.

*Glocest.*

Aditus viarū munit assiduis vigil,  
Irrumpat hinc ut nemo Northampto-  
niam,  
nostrūq; prius ad regem iter pverteret,  
Post quā leves discussit umbras Luci-  
fer,  
Nudamq; jubebit fugam Phoebea fax,  
nos statuimus Regem priores visere  
ut grata principi fides sic luceat.

*Buck.*

Intende nervos viriū, vinci nequit  
generosus ardor, mentis et nullus labor  
curam fatigat anxiā sumī ducis  
Nunquam fidem fallā.

*Hast.*

Polus tristi priūs  
jungetur orco, sydera natabunt aquis  
amicus ignis fluctib<sup>8</sup> sævus erit  
vincet diem nox: quam meam damnes  
fidem.

*River.*

Nescio quid animus triste presagat  
malū,  
horrent timore membra : cor pavet  
metu

Demiror hi claves quid hospitii petant,  
quæ tanta cecidit temporū mutatio  
Ultro prioris noctis onerabant dapes  
An jam retentū morte mulctant im-  
proba?

Mihi sunt amici: non amet fucos fides  
Vacillat animus, hæret, haud placet  
sibi.

Si fugio, nullus est fugæ tutus locus :

Si lateo, sceleris conscius demens ero  
en animus ullos innocens negat metus,  
manere certū est : quicquid evenit,  
feram.

Duces adibo : causa quæ sit audiam.  
*Glocest.*

O Regis hostis, impiū atq; audax ca-  
put !  
tu nobiles mulctare suppliciis studies ?  
et insolentes seminas discordias  
tu principis nutum ad necem nīram  
vocas ?  
tuisq; demens regna misces litibus.  
Præstabis istud credis nefandū nefas !

*River.*

Præclare princeps, tale de me nil  
putes,  
hoc absit (oro) crimen a nostra fide.

*Glocest.*

Tace scelestū Regis exitiū tui  
patiemur ultro sanguinem nostrū peti ?  
perdes Britonū solus excelsū decus ?  
at vos atro mulctate raptū carcere,  
comitesq; nostrū cæteri cingant latus.

*River.*

Quo me trahitis. Quam jubet poenā  
potens  
fortuna ? quæ nunc me manent miserū  
mala ?  
si morte mulctet, jure damnet publico  
Nam quæ salutis spes relinquitur  
mihi ?

EDUARD : REX : DUX : BUCKING :  
DUX GLOCES : SERVUS REGIS.

*Eduard :*

Amore captus patriæ preceps iter  
quamvis facio, dum Wallicas muto  
sedes  
lubens tamen relinquo Stonistratfordia

quod hoc ferunt properare nunc Glo-  
cestriū  
quoniā tot unus non capit proceres  
locus.

*Buck.*

Cinctus suis Eduardus huc confert  
gradū,  
generosa quos beant avorū stemata  
præite, plebei sequantur ordines.

*Gloc.*

Rex vivat æternū Britanus inclytus.

*Eduardus.*

Gnatus mihi conspectus est mi patruē  
postquā sedes modò barbaras mutavi-  
mus  
habeoq; tantis gratiā vobis parem.

*Buck.*

Tibi beatū firmet imperiū deus.

*Ed. Rex.*

Tuam simul laudo fidem, dux inclyte.

*Gloc.*

Natura me tuis fidelem jussibus  
nescia resisti consecravit et dolos  
genus struere Regale me regi vetat  
cum cæteris comūne psuadet fidem  
officiū. Aquas inimicus ignis incoleat.  
sulcabit astra navis et sævo mari  
ignota quercus surget, oblitū tui  
si quando falsa corrumpat fides.  
Vitā tuis ponā libens bellis, tuis  
infestus hostib<sup>9</sup> mori cupio diē  
Quæ te supbe Graie, vel fratrem tuū  
ambitio tenet, et Riverū patruū  
dum principem vobis studetis subdere  
En pessimis miscetis Anglos litib<sup>9</sup>  
Florensq; deridetur ortus sanguinis,  
Cur usq; Dorsetti minatur Marchio  
nobis, in arcem irrupit audax Belini

Prædatur inde Regis opes rapida  
manu  
Et classe longu oneravit ingenti salū.

*Ed. Rex.*

Quid Marchio patravit uterinus mihi  
nescio : fides suspecta avunculi mei  
Graiiq; fratris (crede mihi) nunquā fuit.

*Glo.*

Immo tuas tanti latant aures doli,  
Rex inclyte, secretū magis pugnat  
scelus.

Te pduellionis esse aio reum  
Scelesti Graie, teq; sceleris consciū  
Vahanne nuntio : proditorem patriæ  
pfide voco Haute\* simul : squalenti  
carcere  
abdite statim, patriæ graves penas  
luant.

*Servus.*

Puerū misellum, lachrymis rigat genas  
tristia videns ad vincula correptū  
fratrem.

*Gloc.*

Te liberam<sup>9</sup> serve famulato tuo  
nec te volumnus hærere lateri principis  
tu principi fidelis stabis comes  
Regisq; te ppetuus adjunget labor.

SERVUS REGIS, SERVUS DUCIS  
*Gloc.*

*Servus Regis.*

Regni paterni pondus imbellis puer  
Non sustinet, suisque victus virib<sup>9</sup>  
tandem ruit : tuetur hostes intimos  
Munita nomine sacra majestas suo  
parare dum tristem luem clam cogitat  
ambitioq; Regni pva suspecti fides  
nec principem sinit anxiū quiescere  
Secreta solii pugna. qui loco stares

\* Sir Thomas Vaughan and Sir Richard Hawte.

minore tutior. nec amissi premet  
Sceptri metus, vel dissimilis avorū  
honor.

Qui clara torques sydera altitonans  
pater,

tuīsq; pingis ignibus coeli globos,  
Britanniae potens defende principem  
ut jura verus reddat hæres Angliae  
Quis hoc minister advolat celeri pede?  
Quo nunc adeo generose p̄cipitas  
gradū?

*Ser. Glo.*

Misit nepoti nobilis Riverius.

*Ser. Reg.*

Duci ne tu minister illi carceris.

*Ser. Glo.*

Ego Claudianæ fidus astabā comes.

*Ser. Reg.*

Quorsū nepoti nuntius patrui venis.

*Ser. Glo.*

Ubi mordet impransū fames Glo-  
cestriū

Ducis onerabunt lauta mensam prandia  
Oculis perrat sedulus cunctas dapes,  
misitq; selectos cibos Riverio,  
animoq; jussit æquo ferre singula,  
nil rebus illius esse formidabile.

*Ser. Reg.*

Num respuit benigna demens munera.

*Ser. Glo.*

Quem longus usus ferre psuasit malū  
Fortuna quoties cura tristis intonat,  
Vitæ cupit solamen afflictæ minus,  
ubi gratias pleno refundit pectore  
Deferre Graio lauta jussit fercula  
quem fregerat non cognitus priū  
dolor  
nec asperos dedicit minor casus pati

ut blanda fractū verba confirment  
ducis  
et turbidā pmulceant mentem dapes,  
At jussa me tanti viri decet exequi.

*Ser. Reg.*

An fronte simulatus latet blanda dolus  
ut impiis alta figat vulnera?  
An sorte nos mutata felici beat  
Fortuna, miseros carceris solvens  
metu?

Faustus cadat tantis procellis exitus.

### ACTUS TERTIUS.

ANCILLA REGINÆ, ARCHIEP. EBOR.  
REGINA.

*Ancilla.*

Qui vindices faces potens torques  
manu,  
mitisq; rebus collocas fessis opem,  
miserere jactatæ Eboracensis domus.  
Quis est malorū finis? heu! heu!  
quamdiū

Regina victa luctibus diris gravat?  
Quæ possidet ferox Erinnis Regiam.  
Tortos vel angues Megara crudelis  
vibrans

Luctūq; majorem prior luctus vocat  
Et vix malis Regina tantus sufficit.  
Quis me p̄ auras turbo raptam devehet  
ne tot misera tristes querelas audiam  
mæstæ domus luctusq; matris lugubres.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Lett his servants Nondum fugata nocte  
be about him sol reparat diem,  
w̄h hoods. Nec deserit fatri vices

Phœbi soror  
vel pulsa cælo contrahit lumen vagū  
nox sera: Quorsū noctis umbris par-  
cere  
quærvis, celere solamen, imensū malū

desiderat : æger non patitur animus  
moras

Lett yem bee      Mentem placare tur-  
knocking in      bidam matris para.  
the pallace as      Sed quis tumultus?  
remooinge.      turba quanta Regia

Effare tanti nocte, strepitus quid  
velint.

*Ancilla.*

Splendens honore antistes Ebora-  
censiū

Diros tibi renovare me casus jubes  
post quā Luna fessis suaserat,  
et cæca nox horreret, amissō die

Increbuit aula, vinculis Riverium  
duris premi et Graiū nepotem : tū  
locus

quis principem capiat, tenere nem-  
nem.

Postquā paterent tanta reginæ mala,  
animus tremore concitus subito stupet,  
Solvuntur (heu) labante membra spi-  
ritu

Postquā trementes misera vires col-  
ligit,

en, talibus mox astra pulsat vocibus  
O dura fata, parcite: heu quod voluitis  
Quantū scelus spiratis? an poenæ  
placent,

In hoc caput jaculare vindices faces  
Irate pater: inocens quid admisit  
puer?

quid meruit parvus quid infans peditur?  
una ruina concutis totā domum

Non sustinet labante mox collo caput  
Largo madescunt imbre profusæ genæ  
cor triste magnis æstuat dolorib⁹.

cultū decorum regiæ vestis procul  
removet, et eximii rubores muricis

Quieta nunquam constat, huc, illuc,  
fugit,

tolli jubet iterūq poni corpora.

Et semp impatiens sui status, citò

mutatur, et cœlū quærelis verberat  
nunc filiū gemit, suorū nunc luem,  
curamq serā, tanta sentiunt vulnera  
dempti satellitis. [reclamat anxia]\*  
Mox illa asylo purpurā servos jubet  
aurūq fulvū rapere, supellectilem  
et quas habebat regia excelsas opes,  
Et ne leves obsint moræ vehentib⁹.  
hinc brevior ut pateret ad templū via  
interna jussit pforari moenia  
Regis, quām asylū claudit patiū  
Charūq demens filiū tenens sinu,  
et, quinq̄ mater filias vocans fugit  
sacras ad ædes. Interim tremens metu  
qualis leonis faucibus vastis premi  
fugiens timet, dum præda poscitor,  
fera.

*Regina.*

A curtaine being Eboracensis urbis ex-  
drawne, let the cellens pater.  
queene appeare in ye Sanctu. Ergo deesse quid malis  
ary, her 5 nostris potest?  
daughters and aut fata vincere nostra  
maydes about quis potuit miser?  
her, sittinge on packs, far- Frustra timemus jam  
dells, chests, videre quæ horruit  
cofers. The magnæ dōmus (heu)  
queene sitting on ye ground reliquiæ parvæ su-  
wth fardells mus.  
about her. tantuq miseros templa  
tutantur sacra

Durū parant funus propinqui sanguini-  
nis : nec quis tenet regem locus, servi  
sciunt

An non perimus : ulla spes manet  
domus?

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Metus remitte, pone curas anxias  
Erroris istud omne quodcunq et malū  
Quicquāne gravis animos levat miseros  
dolor?

\* All bracketed words are supplied from the University Library MS.

Quin mitiūs de reb<sup>9</sup> istis cogita.  
 Mihi nup ubi suadet soporem cæca nox  
 me suscitat somno sepultū nuntius  
 Hastingus heros misit, hic narrat mihi  
 traxisse Northamtoniæ moras duces,  
 ubi subditis stipatus hæret rex suis  
 Pectus mihi quisquā timore luderet,  
 nam cuncta tandem sorte fœlici  
 cadent.

*Regina.*

Ille, ille nostri durus hostis sanguinis  
 Hastingus, ille principi exitiū parat :  
 En, vindices mater deos supplex  
 precor,  
 Dirū caput flāmis nefandis obruant.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Lax furentis turgidos animi motus,  
 et siste prudens impetus mentis graves  
 testor deorū numen, astra qui sua  
 torquent manu, si filiū præter tuū  
 quenquā coronant, proximo statim die  
 fratri huic suo decora regni insignia  
 trademus ; en magnū sygillū nunc  
 tibi,  
 quod nahi tuus quondam maritus de-  
 tulit,  
 reddam tuo quem nunc tueris filio.

*Archiep. solus.*

Rector potens Olympi, et altitonans  
 pater  
 Ergo placidam sana quietem patriæ,  
 ut tractet hæres sceptra puerili manu  
 Ne dura regnū poena victori cadet  
 belli spem fingunt novā Lancastriæ,  
 dum cæde se litabat hostis impia.  
 Sed quid facis? quæ mentis oblivio  
 capit?

Cuiquamne te magnū sygillū tradere?  
 cui detulisti? fœminæ? quin semp fuit  
 invisa, tum fidem duces ludent tuā,  
 dum magna Regni cure temere pro-  
 ditur

Num fœminæ credis? facile resistitur

Et in tuū vis sœviet solū caput  
 Nunc ego mittā qui sygillū clam petat,  
 ut non meam duces levem damnent  
 fidem.

**SERVUS GLOC. CHORUS PROCRĒ TU-  
 MULTUANTIŪ CIVES, HASTING<sup>9</sup>  
 HEROS, ARCHIEP. EBOR.**

*Servus Gloc.*

Jam quamlibet defendit excubitor viā  
 totamq densæ Thamsem sulcant rates,  
 ut nemo prumpat ad asylū profuga.  
 Nil Claudiane dux sacrā metuas fidem  
 Quin matris ad templa surripiunt opes  
 Let artificers      Quos hic tumultus  
 come running      concitatis improbi?  
 out with clubs      Quo pellit insanos  
 and staves.      Elizabethæ furor?

*Prim<sup>9</sup> proc.*

Urbs, urbs, Cives, ad arma, ad arma.

*Servus.*

En arma dolis vehuntur abdita  
 quib<sup>9</sup> necem ducibus rebelles clam  
 parant.

*2<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Some armed with Quodnā malū tantus  
 privy coates      tumultus parturit?  
 with gownes      thrown over.

Some unarmed. *3<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Onerata navigiis Tamesis horruit  
 aqua.

*4<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Regina fugiens arma multa simul ve-  
 hit?

*5<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

Quidnā parat regina crudelis malū?

*6<sup>9</sup> Procer.*

At arma feriant, si minentur, non ve-  
 hant.

7<sup>9</sup> *Procer.*

Dii feminæ tam triste vindicent nefas.

8<sup>9</sup> *Procer.*

At te deus pusille princeps, muniat.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Regni potentis nobilis procerū cohors.  
An rumor aulax credulos ludit, metus  
Spargens novos? vel crescit in luctus  
vetus

malū? furensq; repetit agnitu priūs  
Ambitio thronū? et poscit in prædā  
sibi?

Præceps moras tumultus haud patitur,  
leves

Supplex ad aras sternitur mater tre-  
mens.

Regina regnū suspicatur filii  
plures atro clauduntur heroes specu  
Quorū fides regis tutelā meruit  
Imbecillis regis ætas admittit nefas,  
Scelusq; facile concitat timidū licet,  
Sanū statim expedire consiliū decet,  
Deneç quis errat qui dolos patat magis  
sed clarus luc Hastingus heros advo-  
lat.

*Hastingus.*

Non vos latebat, chara civiū cohors,  
Rex me quibus est amplexus amorib<sup>9</sup>.  
Arctius et ejus colere chara pignora  
cogunt benigni tanta regis munera.  
Quorū nisi vitam mea luerem nece,  
ingrata fœdaret magis nulla nota  
Lædi doleo rumore pacem futili,  
varioq; turbari Britannos murmure:  
Hospes video tumultuari subditos  
per tota raptare volantes mænia.  
Quorsū metu vexare vano pectora  
juvat? Ora quicquid mentiuntur gar-  
rula,  
pspecta mihi fides Glocestria satis fuit,  
En, ducit alacri Regulū pompa modo,  
ut  
tenerū corona cingeret fulva caput.

At dura quos premit proceres custodia  
Lacerare probris profidi Glocestriū  
querunt ducem: cæcoq; frigent car-  
cere

litem sacratus dū senatus poneret  
Unū precor supplex (patres) sententia  
ne nostra mentem posterā preverteret,  
ne publico lites vigerent funere

Ad arma ne nos via rebellis concitet  
Justissima licet bella suadere queant.  
Horū feretur causa semp justior.

Armis suis quicunq; claudant prin-  
cipem  
dum mœnib<sup>9</sup> Regalis adventat puer,  
urbis principi pacata gratuletur suo.

REX EDUARDUS, PRÆTOR LONDIN-  
ENSIS. -*Eduardus.*

Ubi barbaras sedes mutavimus feræ  
gentis, revertor sospes ad patrios lares  
Urbis supbæ clarus hic pollet nitor,  
Regniq; splendet majus inclyti decus,  
Urbs chara, salve tanta: nunquā  
gaudia

post tot ruinas Asiæ Argivis nunquā  
Optata patriæ regna et Argolicas opes  
cum bella post tam longa primi vise-  
rent

Vix hospiti tot lustra tam lætū tibi  
redditū licet tantis miser naufragiis  
eruptus essem dux Cephalenius parant  
Quam cressit amissæ voluptas patriæ  
hospes diu postquā carebas, et suos  
negant aspectus longam iter nihi.

*Prætor Lond.*

Illustre patriæ decus rex inclyte  
en læta profudit cohors se civiū  
ut gratuletur principi multū suo  
sol nostro ut alter luceas fœlix polo  
hæresq; patris jura Britannis dares  
cives deū pulsabit anxius prece.

*Dux Gloc.*

The King goeing Eduardus en rex ves-  
about the stage. ter, o cives mei, i  
honore fulgens regio, en potens puer  
chare Britannis principem vides tuū,  
virtute præstantem fidelis abdite.

**ACTUS QUARTUS.***Hastingus Heros.*

Regina in ædibus squalens sacris sedet  
Duris propinqui comprimuntur vin-  
culis

Tutorq; declaratus Angliæ modo  
suffragiis Glocestrius nostris fuit.  
Magnū sygillū præsuli Eborū demitur  
Hunc Claudianus jure potens vulnerat,  
quod prodidit levi sigillū fœminæ  
Fœlix beabit cuncta sors, hostes jacent  
et Pontefracti, jam manent tristem  
necem

Properate fato, mox graves poenas  
luant.

Sed quid cesso sacrū senatū visere.

**DUX GLOCEST. DUX BUCK. CARD.  
EBOR. EPISC. ELIENS. STANLEIUS  
HASTING<sup>9</sup> HOWARDUS, LOVELLUS,  
BARONES.**

*Glocest.*

Illustris o procerū cohors, quos Anglia  
gens nobilis peperit, nil tandem mo-  
vet

tam triste reginæ scelus? tantam pati  
infamiam generosa mens adhuc po-  
test?

Malitia tam diu latebit fœminæ?  
En, gnatū asylo inimica captivū tenet,  
ut querulo rebellis agitet murmure  
proceres Britanniæ, atque duris vul-  
neret

verbis, tumultu turba conceito. Quasi  
fides

incerta tutorū sit, anxius quibus  
senatus Eborū ducis curam dedit  
Nec parvulū hostis amotus procul  
solū tenetur, aut bene notatus cibus :  
Trahunt magis moderata puerū ludi-  
cra

Aetas suis æquata deliciis placet.  
Nunquā semi colludet imistus puer,  
fratrisq; ludo frater instabit magis.  
Solere parvis magna sæpe crescere  
Quis nescit? ingens regis esset dede-  
cūs

Nostramq; damnet non levis fidem  
labes,

Dum fama Gallis profuga obgannit,  
sacras

quod fugit ad aras principis frater  
metu.

Citius nihil volare maledicto potest :  
Opinio firmata nec statim perit.  
Ergo viri mittantur assensa sacro  
quorū dubia nunquam fides regi fuit,  
Matri minus suspecta, cognita patriæ  
satis,

ut filiū sacro solutū carcere, fratri quo  
restituat. At tuam fidem  
tantū negotiū requirit (Cardinis  
honore præstans Archipræsul inclyte)  
Præstare si tua non gravetur sanctitas.  
Hoc regis ingens flagitat solatiū,  
salusq; fratri, certa patriæ quies.  
Sin detinet regina gnatū pertinax,  
nec matris infelix amor morem gerit:  
Suprema regis jussa luctantem pre-  
mant

Malitia constabit, odiū, protervia  
Quæ mentis est opinio nostræ, lubens  
audi (favente namq; spiritū deo)  
Nunquā meos urgebo sensus pertinax,  
sed facile flectet sævior sententia.

*Dux Buckin.*

Quem solitudo principis non comovet,  
procerūq; deflectens honor, aut patriæ  
Salus diu jactata? dū claustris sacris  
gnatū premit vesana mater, dedecus

Ingens puer sejunctus afferit principi  
Nec tutū erit carere fratre parvulo,  
Vulgus probris futile lacessit improbis,  
quasi nulla regis cura magnates tenet,  
Non solū proliis mater ortū vendicat  
suisq; tantū stulta delitiis putet  
nasci: vocat regni decus: patriam  
statim

curare dulcis matris oblitū jubet.

Quod melius hæc suadere Cardinis  
pater

Antistes excellens potest, assentior  
Sin pavida amoris mater ignorat modū,  
vi filiū sibi jubebit eripi.

*Hastin. Heros.*

Quorsum sacris hæreret ulnis parvul-  
lus?

fratri triumphū Regis aut cur invidet?  
Sin filii tremebunda periculū tremit,  
At hic paternū sepiet frequens genus  
Hic à sacro jussus senatu tutor est,  
Regisq; curabunt amantes subditi.  
Tum mutuū fratrū vocat solatiū  
præterva mater sin recusat mittere  
Cardinis illū præsul erectū avehat.

*Card.*

Ut fratri aula frater oblectet simul,  
aut gratus Angliæ meus prosit labor,  
meisq; recuso æquale viribus nihil.  
Gnatū sacra sin mater æde continet,  
solusq; fratrem rex suū non impetrat:  
promissa templo jura nunquā rumpere  
tamen decet, sanxisse quem divū Pe-  
trum

primū ferunt, mox prisca firmavit fides,  
et longus ordo principū pepigit: bonis  
multis sacra pepisse pacta constitit,  
nec ullus Ister audet Alanis feris  
præbens fugam violare, nec rigens

nive

tellus perenni hircana, vel sparsus

Scytha

Nemo sacrilegus diis datam rumpit  
fidem.

At Regulo fratrem dabit matris  
sinus,  
nec filii invidet parens solatio  
Sin fratris aula fratre ppetuō vacet,  
et filiū mater sacro carcere tenet,  
Nihil meus damnabiter castus labor,  
solusq; matris impediet cæcus amor.

*Dux Buckin.*

Quin matris impediet magis protervia  
Audebo vitam pignori deponere  
nullam timoris vel sibi causā putet  
vel filio, nemo lubens cum fœmina  
pugnabit: optarem propinquis mulie-  
brem

sexū simul: perturbat Angliā minus.

Quibus odiū peperit scelus tantū suū,  
Non quod genus suo trahunt de san-  
guine,

Sin chara nec regina nobis, aut sui  
essent propinqui: Regis at fratrem  
tamen

odisse quid juvat? genus enim nobile  
junxit propinquos: at nisi invitus sibi  
Honor esset, et minetur infamem  
notam

Nolis, suū nunquā negaret filiū,  
Suspecta enim nunquam fides procerū  
fuit

Suū sibi proceres relinquunt filium,  
Sibi si loco mater decoro [transerit]

*Dux Gloc.*

Nunc ergo vobis filiū si deneget,  
quorū fides sibi satis est cognita:  
Imanis hæc erit protervia fœminæ,  
Non frigidæ mentis pavor. Sin adhuc  
timet

Infœsta mater, quæ timere umbrā  
potest,

tantò magis cavere matris amor jubet  
Suspecta ne furtū sacrū gnatū suū  
ad exteris regina mittat. Millies  
promissa templo jura præstat frangere,  
tantū senatus dedecus quam perferat.  
Aliq; nostrū luderent pulcrū caput

spectare qui fratrem cadentem principis

possimus: ergo filiū matri suū Templo solutum vi decebit eripi, ne jure simus exteris ludibrio.

Nec ego fidem lubens asyli læderem, cui robur ætas longa struxit plurimū; Nec primus olim privilegiū suū

Temporis deditissem, Ārisve nunc paciferas,

Si pertinax in debitores creditor sævit et illis vincula minetur horridus, adversa quos fortuna damnavit sibi oppressit ære aut prodigiū alieno mare ut corpus eruptū ara tueatur piū sane impiis et civibus, vel furibus quos nullus unquā continere metus potest

Sicariisq; parcere, an non impiū Sin pacta asylo jura tansū protegunt Iniqua quos fortuna vexat: furibus cur sacra? cur sicariis? cur civibus Nequā patent? abundat (heu) malis sacrū

Nunquid deus patronus impiis erit? Num jura Petrus ista pepigit furibus? Alienā prodigos rapere pius locus movet sibiq; rapta furto credere onusta spoliis deserit conjux virū: Ludens maritū furtā templo condidit Erumpit hinc cædi frequens sicarius, tutūq; patrato locū sceleri pulat Ergo benigna sacra demi furibus nec jus asyli violet, et gratū deo Sanctūq; erit, quod pontifex mitis nimis

princeps ne pactus est misericors nescio quis, non satis prudens tamen, quod læderent

nunquā supstitione ducti posteri, Sed sua sacris promissa servemus, nihil

Ducem tamen tuentur inclusū sacra Injusta damna, jus vetat, natura, lex, Nec principem moramur aut Episcopū

Contraq; vim quisquis locus tutus satis Indulta sacra leges impediunt minus si dura veniam suaserit necessitas? Atquæ premitrīstis ducem necessitas? Regi fidelem Regiū probat genus, psuadet insontem mali ætas nescia. Cur impetrat dux innocens sacrā fidem?

Alius sacrū infanti lavacrū postulat At pacta sacris jura quisquis impetrat, Imploret ipse mentis impulsu suæ Quid innocens poscat puer? quid meruit?

Matura nunquā ferret ætas carcerem: Horreret aras illico iratus puer Alienā si prædatus huc quis advolat, corpus tuentur sacra si cedet bonis, hæc pontifex transferre, vel princeps nequit.

### *Episc. Eliens.*

Ut pacta templo jura, creditorib<sup>9</sup> erupta servent debitorū corpora acerba quos latēre forsan sors jubet divina lex psuasit: indulgent simūt decreta pontificū sacra miseric fugā Alienā cedent æra creditoribus tantū: labore rursus ut crescat suo, curaq; damnū reparet assidua prius Carcere solutus debitor excussis bonis In nuda quis sæviret atrox tergora?

### *Dux. Buckingh.*

probabitur hæc sanc mihi sententia Uxor virū linquens ad aras si fugeret: non pace Petri hæc eripi templo Petri potest? puer lascivus exosus scholæ hæret sacris: hunc pedagogus nunc sinet?

at is tremet virgam, timebat hic nihil. Indulta novi sacra vires pueris nihil sit ara consiliis patrona dum lubet. huic sacra denegantur pacta, debile quid nescit ingenii petere nec integra merere vita patitur, aut tutus malis

princeps egere potuit, haud lædit sacra  
Is quisquis ut prodesse possit, eximet.

*Stanl. Heros.*

Quod expedit Regi, Britannis Angliæ,  
ut fratris aula frater una luderet,  
hæreret uno matris amplevu puer,  
ætasq; prima cum parente promptius  
versetur: haud sinit tamen regni decus  
Maculas honorem filii demens tui  
Denuo suis turbata sedibus pax ruit  
Britannia falso dum metu pavida sedes  
squalens asylo, si tenetur carcere  
conclusus unà frater alter principis,  
dulci sui fratris carens solatio.  
Odium fratru plebs suspicatur illicè,  
Sacra ad ædes quod fugit metu puer.  
Ergo tuū reddes solutū carcere  
Gnatū, tuos e vinculis sic liberas  
et principi magnū creas solatiū  
et gestiet secura Nobiliū cohors.

*Howard Heros.*

Concessa matri filii incunabula  
ætasq; fluxit ludicra deliciis suis  
Nunc chara reliquos poscit annos  
patria  
questus graves Matris nihil moror  
si filium negat solutū carcere  
sacro, fratri illū liberabunt milites.

*Dux Glocest.*

Unū senatus ore matri nuntiū  
te poscit antistes, sacrū jussū expedi  
Te præsuli comitem dux Bucking-  
hamiae  
Jungas, et Howarde præstans stēmāte  
Amoris at si mater haud ponit modū  
natūq; nobis surripere demens studet:  
Mox eriment robusti asylo milites,  
frustraq; prolem planget  
After they bee come downe from the seates. eruptam sibi  
Nunc te negotiū grave  
antistes vocat  
Responsa matris prox-  
imi morabimur.

ELIZABETH REGINA, ARCH. EBOR.  
HOWARDUS HEROS DUX.

*Archiep. Ebor.*

Maler potens illustre regina caput  
nunc ore quamvis verba dicantur meo,

non esse credas nostra : decrevit fre-  
quens

procerū senatus, et Glocestrius simul  
Protector, ut suadente natura licet  
hæreret uno matris amplevu puer,  
ætasq; prima cum parente promptius  
versetur: haud sinit tamen regni decus  
Maculas honorem filii demens tui  
Denuo suis turbata sedibus pax ruit  
Britannia falso dum metu pavida sedes  
squalens asylo, si tenetur carcere  
conclusus unà frater alter principis,  
dulci sui fratris carens solatio.  
Odium fratru plebs suspicatur illicè,  
Sacra ad ædes quod fugit metu puer.  
Ergo tuū reddes solutū carcere  
Gnatū, tuos e vinculis sic liberas  
et principi magnū creas solatiū  
et gestiet secura Nobiliū cohors.

*Regina.*

Summo galeri honore præcellens  
pater,  
Quod fratris in domo simul fratrem  
decet  
manere, non repugno: quamvis tutiū  
uterq; dulci matris hæreret sinu,  
Quorū tenera adhuc timere ætas jubet.  
Et cum minus tuetur ætas junior,  
tum morbus hunc premebat infestus diu  
curamq; matris grande periculū vocat  
Tantò magis minatur ægrotō tabes  
recidiva, nec vulnus secundū fortiter  
Natura priū oppressa fert nec se satis  
potest tueri. Quam frequens operam  
dabit

Matrona scio, quæ filiū curet meū  
sedulè, mihi tamen meū decet magis  
Gnatum relinquī cùm melius illū scio  
nutrire, cujus semp ulnis parvulus  
hæsit, hec illū mollius quispiā potest  
fovere, quā quæ ventre mater sustulit.

*Archi. Ebor.*

Negare demens nemo regina ali potest,

quin filius melius tuæ relinquitur  
custodiae nunc matris amplexu puer  
ut vivat, hæroū inclyta optaret cohors  
simul de coro si maneres in loco,  
utriq; sin natura vitam consecras  
sacris tuā, et posthac piæ studet preci  
devota mens; at fratri aula luderet  
frater, puer, templo solutus, nec sacro  
carcere piū matris suæ furtū hæreat.  
Prudenter matris ulnis eripitur puer,  
nec usq; matris garriet petulans sinu  
Infans ut alat sæva regem Wallia,  
et barbaros luceret inter filius  
nup fuit contenta majestas tua.

*Regina.*

Contenta nunquam: cura non eadem  
tamen

tenebat utriusq; matrem filii  
Jussit nihil timere regis tunc salus  
Huic membra multo lassa morbo de-  
sident.

O vix labantis tollit artus corporis  
Quæ tanta gnati cura patruū tenet?  
Si filiū imatura fata absorbeant,  
et filia chara avidæ sorores amputent  
Suspecta mors ducem tamen Gloces-  
triū

reum arguet, nec fraudis effugiet no-  
tam.

An lædi honorem regis aut suū putet,  
hoc si loco morabitur tutissimo?

Suspecta nulli fuit asyli fides.  
hæc incolere cum matre filiū sinant.  
latere templo tuta decrevi magis,  
quæcum cum meis diri timere carceris  
poenas; asylo quos latere nunc malim,  
quævinculis deditse vestris dexterā.

*Howard.*

Hos aliquid ergo patrasse nosti con-  
scia?

*Regina.*

Patrasse nec quicquā scio, nec vin-  
cula

quorsū prémant: sed non levis timor  
fuit,  
ut qui colorem non mirantur carceris  
hi mortis omnem negligant causā  
simul.

*Card.*

Movetur ira: de suis posthac nihil.  
Parcet tuis agitata causa judici,  
nec tibi minatur aliquis heroū metus.

*Regina.*

Imb; timere quid vetat manus pius,  
cum vita non tuetur inocens meas  
An hostibus Regina chara sim magis,  
tristis malorum causa quæ fui meis?  
Matrive parcet juncta Regi chara  
stirps?

Meos propinquū non minus laudat  
genus  
cum frater hic sit Regis, ille avun-  
culus

Quin filius tecum morabitur simul,  
Mens nisi aliud solertia psuaserit  
Nam suspicor procerum magis tristis  
fidem  
quod absq; causa filiū avidè flagitent.

*Card.*

Hoc suspicantur matris at sinū  
magis,  
ne forte gelidus corda pstringens metus  
ad exterios relegare cogat filiū.

Sin patruo negare filiū juvet,  
Manus tibi violentas exprimet,  
seroq; justis pulsa viribus dabis,  
Non hunc asylo pacta jura muniunt,  
quæ nec dedicit imbellis ætas poscere,  
et vita nil timere jussit integra.

Lædi fidem promissam asylo non  
putant,  
si filiū sacris solutū liberant,  
sacramq; vim minatur vitæ tibi  
Est talis amor erga nepotem patrui  
ut principis turpem fugā tremesceret.

## Regina.

Amore sic teneri nepotis patruus  
ardebat amens, nil ut horreret magis,  
quam ne suas pusillus evadat manus  
nepos. fugam suadere matrem filio  
putat, tabes cui longa discessum negat.  
Aut quis tueri filium locus magis  
potest asylo? quod Caucasus nunquā  
ferox

Imanis aut violavit olim Thracia.

At sacra merere iñocens nescit puer  
Nunc ergo frustra parvulus templū  
petit.

Præclara Tutoris consultit carū caput  
Furem tuentur sacra nequaquā piū  
at parvulus non indiget puer sacris  
Cuivis timere vita prohibet integra,  
metūq; vacuū jussit esse nescia  
ætas mali: faxit deus tandem præcor  
ut corde pellat jure conceptū metū  
Hærere templo turpitur gnatū putat.  
Protector (at protector horū sit pre-

cor,  
nec in suos crudelis hostis sœviat)  
Ah frater unā fratris ut ludat domo?  
Lucisse morbus jam vetat tristis diu  
pestisq; languens: an deesse parvulo  
possunt, quibuscū prima gestit ludere  
ætas, pares honore nisi dentur modo  
Regum supbo junctus atq; sanguine?  
quorū minus concors ea esse ætas  
solet,

falsò sibi promittit illustris cohors  
Fratrum duorū mutuū solatiū  
Ludit sui secura juris æmula  
Natura dū fraterna fingeret odia  
pueris lites magis placent domesticæ  
binumq; vulnus sentiunt statim fratru  
turbata pectora, atq; se minus posti  
possunt: magis lusore quovis gestiet  
quam frater cognatus puer, et statim  
admissa sordescit voluptas, nec diu  
domesticæ placere delitiae possunt  
At sacra non poscebat nescius puer?  
Quis ista sibi secrata dixit nuntius?

Tu quære, quærat Claudianus, audiet  
At non negasse finge: sine parvulū  
non posse, sine ardore asylū linquere  
Manebit invitus tamen: templū mihi  
si posco solū, bona tuebitur simul.  
Nemo Caballū sacrilega sacris eripit;  
templo puer latèrē securus nequit?  
Quin filiū matri pupillū detulit  
Britania lex, posessa si nulli bona  
accepta referat: jura matri suū  
mandent pupillū: quæ suos vis sacris  
Inimica tutrici pupillos auferet  
cum matre virtus fugeret hostilis  
manus?

Eduardus inimicis suis linquens miser  
extorta manib<sup>9</sup> sceptra, ad aras mox  
sacras  
fugi gravida, rex ortus in lucem ibi  
fuit  
primosq; natales sacros nactus puer.  
Fuit timor non parvus hostibus patris,  
Dubiāq; fecit pacis incertæ fidem  
utriq; asylum præbuit tutā sedem,  
donec patris gnatum reversi amplexi-  
bus

Templū relinquens læta traderem,  
fides  
tam certa regiæ sit utinā suæ.  
Quæ sit timoris causa nec quisquā  
roget  
mecum sacris manebit ædibus puer  
Quiqunq; pacta jura asylo rumperet  
præcor sacra fruatur impius fuga  
nec invidio duris òpem hostib<sup>9</sup> sacra.

## Card.

Quid agimus? ira cæcā mentem velli-  
cat  
et pungit interdū ferox Glocestriū  
non flectitur preci pectus iratū levī  
pugnare verbis non juvat, jussus sacros  
sumi senatus differo, quibus times  
parere frustra; grande suspicionis est  
tormentū: acriter errore torquetur suo  
decepta. Si regina charū patruo

mandas nepotem, et ceteris quos Anglia  
proceres suos gens nobilis jactat diu.  
Chara mihi vita tibi pro filio  
Nunquam timebo pignori deponere  
Sin filium nobis tuum mater negas,  
rursus tibi psuasor haud posthac ero,  
et filium coacta deseris tamen.  
Tremescit anceps cogitationum: Vincin?

*Regina.*

Concussit artus nostros horridus timor,  
torquetq; vinctus frigido sanguis metu  
Quid agimus, animu distractu dubius  
pavor

Hic natus urget, fortius illinc patruus  
Testor deu veru atq; quicquid possident

Cæli beatu conjugis manes mei,  
Non aliud Eduarde in meo nata mihi  
jam quæro, quam tua sceptrum regali  
potens

gestaret aula, jura Britannis daret,  
Regisq; lætu vivat æternu genus  
Quid fluctuaris? ergo prodis filium?  
et sponte quæsitu neci mater dabis  
An non tuorū injussa terrent vincula?  
Sin cogitet protector Anglorū decus  
En, possidet natu priorem principis,  
contentus illo sit: non poscit istu  
patria

Is quærit unu, utrumq; mater postulo  
unum dari rogo, duos cui debuit  
At hujus horescis nihil demens minas?  
proceruq; vim tantu feris? natu tamen  
amittis, et tuo perire vulnere

vides tuos, properare Cardinis pater  
matris quærelæ, nec moras parvas  
facit

statim vicinu vim minatur patruus  
promissa asylo jura nec prolem tegunt  
Nunquam fugæ miles viam celeri dabit  
Armatus omnes occupat hostis locos.  
Aut quæ capit fidelis amotu sedes?  
Obscura Cardindlis haud fides fuit  
sempq; sancti authoritas erat patris

Huic filiu manda tuu, Quin eripi  
sinu videre filiu mater potes?  
patrisq; funus ultimum regis domus.  
Horrenda fulminet ferox Glocestrius  
potius, feram, patiar, maneat gnatus  
modo!

Erras, utrosq; pditis et gnatu simul  
tuosq; ferre nec Glocestrensem potes.

*Card.*

Dum cæca vires ira colligit, in tuu  
præceps ruinu armata infelix amor.  
Cur patruo charam nepotem denegas,  
cui cura major Angliae comittitur?  
merito nos inertiae damnas simul,  
et esse stultos arguis, quando nihil  
horum timemus, quale tu demens  
times.

Cum nos tamen Glocestrio junxit  
duci  
assidua regni cura, nec magis fuit  
pspecta cuiquā vita Richardi ducis.

*Regina.*

Tam stulta nunquam, mentis aut in pps  
fui,  
vos, esse stultos ut reor cunctos,  
fidem  
vestramq; suspitione læderem mea.  
Acumen ergo desidero simul et fidem  
quoru alterum si desit, in nostru caput  
ruet luemq; patria magnam parit,  
nil sacra naturæ moratur fœdera.  
Regni cupido insana: nobilis furit  
Ambitio fratrū cæde, nec maculā  
timet?

Veteru paru mentita psuasit fides  
Romana fraterno madebant sanguine  
mœnia: suo sin regna fratri parcere  
haud  
verentur; an frustra nepos patruu  
timet.

Si regii diversa fratres incolant,  
erit salus utriq; servemus alteru,  
utrumq; servabis: duos defendere  
unius in vita potes: nec tutu erit

ædibus iisdem vivere ambobus simul  
 Merces non ponit una singulas  
 Mercator in navi, procella quem fre-  
     quens  
 jubet timere, nec marari turbines  
 rabidi solent frustra : licet mihi con-  
     sciae  
 recti, loco servare sancto filiū  
 me posse sperem, dura quamvis in-  
     tonet  
 crudelis horrendūq; patruus fulminet,  
 En filium vestris tamen manib; simul  
 vobis in illo mando fratrem, quos pie  
 servare vos decebit. à vobis ego  
 tum mater illū denuo repetam, caro  
 quando omnis sumi ante judicis thronu  
 posthac simul clangente sistetur tuba.  
 Tremebunda scio quæ vestra splen-  
     descit  
 fides, spatiosa quam sit dexteræ po-  
     tentia,  
 testata tot rebus simul prudentia,  
 Nihil ut meis deesse tutandis queat.  
 suspecta sin vobis potestas vestra erit,  
 Illam mihi vos p̄ deos relinquite  
 p̄ regis Eduardi throni castam fidem  
 Quantoq; me nimis timere dicitis  
 Tantū timere vos minus, decet parū  
 O dulce pignus, alterū regni decus,  
 spes vana matris, cui patris laudes ego  
 demens precabar frustra, avi longas  
     dies  
 tibi patronus adsit tot procellis arbiter  
 mundi deus, tutoq; portu collocet  
 impulsa vela, mæstre matris accipe  
 infixa labris oscula infelix tuis.  
 Is novit unus rerū habenas qui tenet,  
 quando dies lucebit altera, tuis denuo  
 cum nostra labris imprintetur oscula  
 Jam quod timebis id genus dedit tuū  
 Si vulnus haud statis miser, matris tuæ  
 imitare luctus : sin negat lachrymas  
     tibi  
 generosus animus ; at suos planct<sup>9</sup>  
     tamen  
 concede matri, flere novimus prius

En, sume fletus matris, è misero patris  
 quicquid relictū funere : an quicquid  
     potest  
 flebilius esse regis Eduardi nece ?  
 at alter Eduardus tamen erat, dui  
     potens  
 supba regni sceptra gestaret patris,  
 hic finxit ora gnatus Eduardi minor  
 Dicendus at magis meo ex utero meus  
 Tum turma suffulxit meorū nobilis,  
 nec morte fatum fregit una singulos  
 Nunc dira fratrem Carceris custodia  
 avulsit : ipsum possidet regem fides  
 metuenda Richardi : reliquias en  
     patris  
 solas : in hoc fuit una spes lapsæ  
     domus,  
 in quo simul nunc auferentur omnia.  
 Quis te manet fiti exitus tristis ? quib;  
     heu fluctib; una inoccens exponit  
 si dura parvū fata querunt, ultimū  
 domus tuæ funus, petam mater simul  
 viventis oculos ad mea claudā manu,  
 et matris in sinu puer pereas. vale  
 fili vale, matris vale solatiū.  
 Qualis remota matre crudelis leo  
 prædam minorem morsibus vastis pre-  
     mens  
 raptavit ore ; talis sinu meo  
 crudelis avulsit nepotem patruus.

*Howard.*

En candidas profusa lachrymis genas  
 variis tenellos filii artus implicant,  
 amplexibus supra spargens oscula,  
 nec plura singultus sinit anhelans  
     loqui.  
 Hæsitq; medio rapta gutture egredi  
 vox jussa, nec reperit viam infelix  
     amor.  
 Quid matris adeb chara vexas pec-  
     tora ?  
 post terga discedens relinquit filiū.

*Card.*

Noli timere nobilis princeps, simul

cum fratre colludes tuo ; regis domū  
nil suspicare matris orbatus sinu.

propriæ salutis ? quale vulnus accipit  
collapsus imperii status, si concitus  
temere furor juvenilis opprimat insciū  
Ætatis haud mulcetur ira fervidæ.

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

CATESBEIUS, DUX BUCK.

*Cates.*

Plagis tenere lætus imbellis feras  
Glocestrius triumphat : in manus suas  
optata cæcidit præda ; tuta fraus loco  
versatur ; obscuræ tenetur carcere  
nepos uterq; decora regni jam libet  
spondere sibi, soliumq; fratris mortui.  
Qualis feras odore longo sentiens  
sagax canis, postquā vicinā præda

pcipit,  
cervice celeri pugnat, et presso vias,  
scrutatur ore : tallis omnib<sup>9</sup> modis  
optare dextris sceptra fratris dimicat,  
regnoq; sperato prope Britanniæ inhiat.  
Regni futuri jacta jam sunt semina :  
procerū cohors irata Regiæ nequit  
pferre stirpem poscit ad pœnā ferox  
dum lite pugnant anxiæ, clā pdere  
dum cogitat, quicunq; cœptis obstre-

part

Duce absq; Buckinghamio, sed nectere  
dolos sūos veretur, et fraudes timet.  
Jussit ducis mentem supbā incendere  
Et concitare prolis odiū regiæ,  
ut sceptra parvis excidant infantib<sup>9</sup>,  
patruiq; Buckinghamus fraudes juvet,  
Regnumq; dux incensus acquirat sibi.  
Ut suspicentur interim proceres nihil,  
hi de creando rege jussi consulunt.  
Catesbei, quid cessas parere duci

thronū

Huc ferre Buckinghamiū video gradū :  
animo tumet supbus : huic nectam  
dolos.

Flos Angliæ, præclara progenies Jovis,  
Et maximū quassæ Britanniæ decus ;  
Quid otiū securus alis, inmemor

*Dux Bucking.*

At si quis excelsa potens aula, levis  
Iūnus imperio deæ suæ potest  
jactare fœlicem statū haud fragili loco,  
Excelsus id Buckinghamus heros  
potest

Quodnam sed omen istud ambiguus  
jacis

Dubio ore carceris nigri lecto specu  
an hostis in nostrum caput frustra ruit.

*Cates.*

Locus sed omni liber arbitrio facet.

*Buck.*

Nudate turba servuli vestra latus.

*Cates.*

Nil timet generosa magnanimii indoles,  
Se posse vinci, magna virtus dum  
negat

præmia ferunt fastus sui Riverius  
heros, Grausq; primus hic gradul mali  
Rex sceptra puerili manu quassans  
furit,

Minatur olim non multas fore suas  
injuries, nec dura fratris vincula,  
nec avunculi tulit sui ; mater comam  
lacerata vindictam petit, minor genu  
quicquid propinquus sit, sibi fieri putat  
Nunc ergo prudens ista tecum cogita :  
Nam si pepersit hostib<sup>9</sup> manus tuis,  
et traxerunt matris propinqui spiritū,  
Nunquā tuas cessabit in pœnas furor  
At si timori spiritū evomant tuo,  
iramq; justam sanguine extinguant suo  
Regem timebis, scelere dum vincet  
scelus  
domusq; cognatæ fremat diram luem.

*Buck.*

Furor brevis pueri statim restinguitur

*Cates.*

At ira præceps est magis pueri levis.

*Buck.*Minuet dies, vehemens quod est ruet  
illico.*Cates.*Nunquam sinit parentis immensus dolor,  
mori: incitant matrem suorū vincula  
Et filiū matris quærelæ.*Buck.*Criminis  
pars istius Glocestrius fuit.*Cates.*Furor  
satiatur ultione. Sontem negligit  
punit scelus.*Buck.*Ducis potest authoritas  
ferociam pueri minuere.*Cates.*Dum puer  
est.*Buck.*

At suū semp timebit patrum.

*Cates.*Quenquam timere nescit imperii  
decus.*Buck.*Quod nos tueri salubre consilium  
potest.*Cates.*Quod principi necem vestram solum  
vetat.*Buck.*

Pulsabit usq; matris ira filium.

*Cates.*

Nocere mortuus nihil gnatus potest.

*Buck.*

Mali medela sola tollere principem.

*Cates.*Vinci nisi scelere novo scelus nequit  
Quoddam scelus honestum necessitas  
facitPlagis tenetur capta dispositis fera  
Quasi vinculis uterq; servatur nepos  
levi peribunt Claudiu nutu ducis  
periere jam jam, si tibi nunc consulas  
Glocestrium munitsatelles clam ducere  
mores notat secretos excubitor tuos  
qualem tuorum minimè falsam putes,  
adversus illum fortè si quicquam pares  
Nihil timendū si vides, time tamen  
incerta multorū fides: constans nihil:  
Inimica crede cuncta: turbatus solet  
simulare multa vultus, et finget dolos  
Fratri Thyestes liberos credens suos,  
mistum suorum sanguinem genitor  
bibit.*[Buck.]*Quid nunc, cur hæres quodne consiliū  
diuVesane torques: Carceri hæroas datos  
an pœnitentib; hoc inertis est viri.  
Hinc regis ita terret: an puerū times?  
An fœminā? nam fata cognatos pre-  
munt.Versantur illinc odia splendidi Ducis  
cujus potestas sumā, quem cuncti tre-  
muntQuæris salutem? tutus hinc eris magis  
confide sumis, et fidem præsta Duei*Cates.*Properata Regem fata si vita eximant  
parabit hæres sceptræ Richardus sibi  
Tu sola jactatae columnia patriæ  
ambire regnū ope dux tua Glocestrius  
facile potest: utriq; vitam munies.

## Buck.

Nunqā meo iudet crux regius puer  
Cujus minas satiabit erexit caput  
Jactura parva principis, vitam suā  
servare si posses. parum pueros de-  
cent  
decora regni : matris hoc regnū in-  
videt  
hanc regis esset, cuius impulsu in  
necem  
solū suorū armatur iratus puer.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOCEST. CATES-  
BEIUS.

## Buck.

O Claudiiane rector, Ebori domus  
spes una, nec non periculi consors  
mei  
nobis gravem tuus parat necem nepos.  
Casus suorū meestus Eduardo satus  
plangit, minasq fletib<sup>9</sup> miscet graves  
Abdenda vinculis opaci carceris  
insausta proles Regis, an ñra nece  
sua domus litabit ultrices deos.

## Gloc.

Horrere vindicis potentiae facies  
cogunt trucesq regis irati minæ  
salubre præcipitare consiliū jubet  
Quò longius serpit malū robustius  
fieri solet, brevisq consiliis mora  
datur.

## Buck.

Medela tristis ingenti malo  
paratur : en facile scelus vinci nequit  
Sempq minatur ira cæca principis :  
vindicta sceptro armata pugnat ace-  
tum.  
Tessor deum verū, sumnumq cælorū  
deco,  
proponitq consulas, sequor vitæ  
advenit.

## Gloc.

Tremulos p artus horror excurrit vagus  
Juvenile novi regis, ingeniū, ferox  
indocile, flecti non potest ? frangi  
potest.

Si patiamur, exitiū parat nobis grave.  
redimere vitam vinculis regis licet,  
At heu pudet fraterna regna demere  
undiq frequens ridet Lancastriū genus,  
lapsamq gaudebit domu æmuli sui.  
Consulere sed vitæ quia proprie juvat,  
nec patriā decet onerare luctib<sup>9</sup> :  
fraterna posco sceptra jure sanguinis,  
vestraeq fautores salutis vos voco.  
Cœptis tuā si spondeas nostris fidem,  
Juro supremos qui tonant cœlum  
deos,  
natus meus solamen unicū, tuā  
gnatam maritus uxorem ducet sibi.  
Quod vendicas Herfordiensis eris  
comes,  
aquis carebit Thamesis, æquor pisci-  
bus  
partes prius quām pñdus linquā tuas.

## Cates.

Nunc ergo cœpta vota demens pñce,  
primumq Regulos ad arcem trans-  
feras  
samulosq substituas novos nepotibus,  
dicto tuo quos audientes autumas ;  
Et nulla deinceps ad Regem pateat  
via  
populi strepitū ad tuos transfer lares,  
et subditorum averte regi lumina,  
calcentq tua posthac clientes limina.

## Gloc.

Quin Angliæ proceres latèrē fraudem  
convenit  
dum raptæ nostris sceptra manib<sup>9</sup>  
caderent.

## Cates.

Adhuc corona regiū cingi caput  
non posse dimissi docebut nuntii

tuoq jussu confluat procerū cohors  
ut magna celebrentur comitia Britan-  
niæ.

dum cogitabundi suū capiunt iter,  
et urbe undati manebunt virib<sup>9</sup>,  
et arma meditantes priusquā junger-  
ent,

Incera cū sit invicem fides sibi,  
erupta puerō sceptrā tutus posside.

*Bucking.*

At nobilem non fallet Hastingū dolos  
Stanleius heros urbe quoq confidet,  
Antistes Eliensis astum intelligent.  
Si clam coire sepatim senserint.

*Gloc.*

De reb<sup>9</sup> Angliæ gravissimis ut consu-  
lant  
coire proceres singuli jussu meo,  
ne nostra cœpta intentus animi occupet.

*Bucking.*

At quis tui simul comes consilii erit  
Res magna paucis expediri non potest.

*Gloc.*

Quem non metu posessa sceptrā com-  
priment  
Deesse nostro authoritas voto nequit.

*Buck.*

Pervince multis præmiis vulgus leve  
donisq cumula plurimis, qui partib<sup>9</sup>  
ut hæreant tuis facile duci queant.  
vincere pecunia quos nequit, coget  
timor.

*Cates.*

Difficile procerū animos statim cog-  
noscere.

*Gloc.*

Quasi publicis de reb<sup>9</sup> anxius nimis  
quos suspicor sollicitus usq consulā  
dum multa proponā dubius, et vol-  
vimus

secreta regni, mens patebit abdita  
Hastingus unus principi palā studet,  
et debitos differt honores regulis :  
hic gratus Anglis et potens multū  
mea  
juvare sceptrā, vel mori prius decet.

*Cates.*

Is principi favebat Eduardo nimis  
nunquā potest promissa convelli fides.

*Gloc.*

Tentare pversam decet mentem magis  
Forsan virū frangas reluctantem metu,  
ego interim rebus Britanniis consulā.

*Cates.*

Quid nunc agis Catesbeie ? quin tibi  
consulas :  
nunc avoca astus animi, nunc fraudes,  
dolos,

Totum Catesbeiu. Thronū si particeps  
fraudis Ducas procuret Hastingus :  
fidem

tibi derogas, minusq posthac creditur  
si spiritū pemitus inimicus expuat,  
quasi ptinax amor colat pueros minus :  
præses solus tu potes Læcestriæ  
successor Hastingi : duces credent  
magis :

bene est : perat, ut nostra creseat  
gloria

Infausta dirus rumpat ensis viscera.  
Studere fingam Regulis durū nimis,  
flecti nec ulla ptinax posset prece.

STANLEIUS, HASTINGUS.

*Stan.*

Pectus stupet, dubiōq pculsū metu  
agitatur, huc illuc rotatur, nec potest  
se evolvere : ominatur aliquod mens  
malū

divulsa quid consilia sibi locis volunt ?  
dum pars in arce, pars alia prætorio

deliberat : novit tonans pater ill quid  
disjunctus heros mente versat callidè.  
Nervos vel imperio inhiare, vel necem  
nobis, vel insidias struere regi quæsat,  
Hoc quicquid est metuo nimis.

*Hast.*

Ponas metū  
Illustrē Stanlei genus, nec torqueat  
suspirio mentem vana : nihil in nos  
grave  
patrare possunt, quamdiu meus simul  
Catesbeius adsit (inde qui nunquam  
solet  
abesse) quod velut ore prolatum suo  
absens licet non audio.

*Stanl.*

fides et adultera  
non raro tecta fronte blanda abscon-  
ditur.  
Virtutis umbra turpe pugnat vitiū  
falsumq; vultū haud exprimunt pauci  
dies,

*Hast.*

Cumulata meritis firma constitit fides.  
Jussu meo Lecestri sumē colunt,  
Multūq; Northamtonis potens valet.  
rerū mearū sumā in illo colloco.

*Stan.*

Serū est cavendi tempus in mediis  
malis,  
libido regni cæca nullā vim timet,  
Imbellis zetas regis obruitur statim,  
In nosq; secretū nefas post sœviet,  
quoscunq; participes timet sceleris sui,  
in nuda præda pfidis sumus hostib<sup>9</sup>.  
repetamus at patrios lares celeri gradu  
ubi sepiat suis clientes viribus.  
Inœpta fortè pfidus metuet furor.

*Hast.*

Frustra timemus prosperam sortem  
satis

verbis benignis alloqui, blandi Duces  
solent, mihiq; plurimum semp student :  
Et ipse populi vota, rumores, metus  
comunicavi Catesbeio dudu meo  
Torquebit alios cura magna principis  
quærunt, ducem cives, nepotem neg-  
ligunt.

Quòd ista me celavit, haud æque fero  
fugare lubet ? nos arguet reos fuga.  
atq; revocatos ira pderet magis.  
Tutos manentes vita servat innocens.  
Sin nos malū maneret, alterius velim  
scelestā mens, non nostra damnaret  
fuga.

Fraus ista (crede) nulla quam demens  
times.  
Rude prius in cœlū chaos mutabitur,  
prius astra terris hæreant, flamine  
salū,  
quam fallat astrinctam fidem Cates-  
beius.

*Stan.*

Mox exitus tantis malis fidem debit.

**DUX GLOC. CATESBEIUS, HOWARD  
EQUESTRIS ORDINIS.**

*Dux Gloc.*

Spes concutit mentem metusq; tur-  
bidā,  
trepidumq; gemino pectus eventu la-  
bat.  
Imago regni semp errat ante oculos  
mihi,  
et usq; dubium impellit ambitio gravis  
turbatq; pectus : flama regni concita  
nescit quiescere : sceptra nunc tantū  
placent.

Non desinā dum sumā votorū attigi  
Multum exagitat incerta nobiliū fides  
cui nostra certus consilia credam haul  
scio :  
Nec sunt loco tuto sitæ fraudes meæ.

*Howard.*

Quid pectus anxiū tumultu verberas?  
nescit timere quisquis audet magna;  
jam

regnū petis; fortuna fortis adjuvat.  
ars prima regni posse te cives metu  
retinere: qui cives timet, rebelles  
excitat.

Audebit omnia quisquis imperio regit  
et dura tractat sceptrā regali manu.

*Gloc.*

Pectus nihil pturbat ignavus metus  
Excede pietas, mente si nostra lates.  
Tuetur ensis quicquid invitū tenes.  
Aperire nunc ferro decet fraudi viā,  
mactetur hostis, quisquis abstabant  
mihi.

*Howard.*

Quid Pontefracti vinculis captos tenes  
matris propinquos, nec mori tandem  
jubes?

Indulta vita cæteris animos dabit,  
et ultiro poenas mite supplitiū vocat  
Ferro perempti spiritum infestū ex-  
puant

firmes amicos, cæteri metu labant.

*Gloc.*

Hostes simul perire præsentes yolo,  
obstare quos sceptris meis novi sagax,  
et unus omnes occupet pariter metus.  
Quorū dubia studio resistit meus levī.  
Illos prement mox dura captos vin-  
cula.

Quo flectit Hastingus animū.

*Catsb.*

Tantū in tuū  
caput.

*Gloc.*

Meis adjutor esse ptibus  
renuit.

*Catsb.*

Priūs profundat arctus Ithicū

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fretū et rapax consistet aqua Siculi  
maris,  
Noxq̄ atra terris ante splendorem  
dabit.

Fraudes abominatur ferox quassans  
caput  
Et semp Eduardi fidelem filiis  
fore spondet, hostem regis hostil<sup>9</sup>  
gravē.

*Gloc.*

Quid arma possunt regis irati, sciet,  
iramq̄ nostram sanguine extinguet  
suo.

Discant parere principi metu sui,  
At qua via mactabo vesanū caput?

*Catsb.*

Conjugis amore captus insanit Shori,  
Flamas libido nec furentes continet.  
Hanc arguas capiti beneficiis tuo  
mortem struere: causam suæ sin  
pellicis  
amore cæcus, et furore feryidus  
tuetur infelix patronus; consciū  
sceleris nefandi suspiceris illico,  
et proditorem patriæ incusa sūe:  
mox amputet securis infaustum caput.

*Gloc.*

Proceres in arcem conflūnt jussu  
meo  
statim favere quos Regi scio  
palam, opprimam, reuinq̄ criminis  
arguā  
satelles abscondet bipenni mox caput  
nec sentiet senatus insidias stupens.

*Catsb.*

Sin abstinet sacris comitiis callidus  
heros, novus quærendus est fraudi  
modus.

*Gloc.*

At illico invise inclytum Howarde  
caput,

blandisq; vocibus morantem concita  
sacris abesse comitiis noli pati.

*Catsb.*

Solumne poscis diræ Hastingū neci?

*Gloc.*

Stanleius heros, atq; Cardineus pater,  
Præsul Eliensis comprimentur vin-  
culis,  
animum ut fidelem carceris donet  
specus.

Sin impotenti ptinax snimo abnuat  
quisquam nec Hastingi monet tristes  
lues:

ferrū sècabit triste noxiū caput:  
Infida sfrictus ensis eruet viscera.  
Res et profecto stulta nequitiae mo-  
dus.

**HASTINGUS HEROS, HOWARDUS  
HASTING<sup>9</sup> MILES CALLIGATUS.**

*Hast. Heros.*

Miror quid huc eunti equus humi tur-  
piter  
prosternitur, deus omen avertet malū  
sed vana sortis quid movent ludib-  
ria?

Et dura Stanleius tremebat somnia,  
visū sibi aprū nuntiat somno caput,  
lacerare dente, mox fluit humeris  
cruor,  
mihiq; demens consultit, turpem fugam  
Lasciva nos fortuna gestit ludere  
ridetq; turbatos levi casu viros,  
quibus tamen nihil minatur invida.

*Howard.*

propera nobile Hastinge caput, celera  
gradū.

*Hast. Ha.*

Fœlix ades tandem sacrate diis pater,  
secretas aures accommoda paululū mihi.

*Howard.*

Omitte tandem: quid sacerdotem diu  
affare? confessore nil adhuc opus,  
nihil sui securus infelix videt  
mox quām sibi sacerdote damnato  
opus erit.

*Hast. Her.*

Hastinge, nunquā excidet menti dies  
olim nefanda, tristes et nimis, istius  
quando sub arcis mœnib<sup>9</sup> totus tre-  
mens  
diræ metu necis, ultimò te viderim?

*Hast. Miles Calligatus.*

O nominis decus unicū tibi, et genus  
illustre, nunquā tam gravis casus  
mīhi  
aut tristis excidit: tibi nullū tamen  
(Diis gratia) malū tum necis lucrū  
fuit  
Æquata sors utrisq; fuit.

*Hast. Her.*

Imo magis  
hoc dices, secreta mentis nostræ si  
cognosces: quod singuli posthac  
scient,  
At nemo adhuc. Oh Hastinge nun-  
quā quod sciem  
vitæ magis dubius fui quam illo die  
Nunc temporū mutata series. ad  
necem  
hostes trahuntur Pontefracti isto die  
nostram cruento suo quitem sanciunt.  
Nunquā magis securus ex animo meo  
Hastinge, vixi, nec metu magis vacat  
jactata nullis fluctib<sup>9</sup> vita.

*Hast. Miles.*

Id deus  
faxit.

*Hast. Her.*

Quid hæres.

*Hast. Mi.*

Il precor.

*Hast. Her.*

Scio satis.

*Howard.*

Quin rumpas heros nobilis segnes  
moras:

Nam te diu senatus expectat sagax.

De reb<sup>9</sup> ut tot consulant nobile caput.

Descessit: heu nescit miser tristem  
sibi

luem parari. Ah quid nimis pueris  
faves?

Te te gefellit falsa Catsbei fides,  
captuq; plagis præda retineris miser.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. HAST. HER.  
EPISC. ELIENS. SATELLES.

*Dux Buck.*

Quam magna regni cura tutorem pre-  
mit,

Ducemq; vexat Claudianū, quis patres  
Ignorat, hunc solum intuetur Anglia,

Suisq; reb<sup>9</sup> poscit authorem ducem.

Vestrā seorsim selegit prudentiā  
quorū fidele consultant canū caput

Et ut procuret anxius negotia  
celebrare comitia regis anxius studet:

Quò regiū diademate caput cingeret,  
ut gratus esse mortuo fratri queat,

cujus sepulti filiū exornat piē.

*Gloc.*

Veneranda o patrū cohors, et max-  
imū

Potentis imperii decus: faustū deus  
indulgeat nunc rebus istis exitū.

Nec somniator ego ninis tardus fui,  
qui tam frequenti serus adsū curiæ,  
Sommus negotiis consultor est gravis  
meis.

Tantumne mane lectulo elapsus senex

Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies  
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hort  
tuū  
decora fragra plurimū producere.

*Episcop. Eliens.*

Nil tibi claudetur, hortus quod meus  
producit: esset lautiū vellem mihi,  
quò sim tibi gratus.

*Gloc.*

Quid imperii status  
Salusq; regni poscat, et patriæ decus  
vestris adhuc jactate consiliis patres;  
Abesse cogunt paululū negotia:  
nec sit molestus fortè discessus, pcor.

*Hast. Her.*

Operam navare maximam, patres  
decet,  
ut dum gerit rex sceptra puerili manu,  
pellamus omnem forliter discordiā,  
quæ scissa nup regna diu exercuit,  
Hoc flagitat secura patriæ salus,  
clariq; poscit mollis ætas principis,  
et ultimo fides sacramento data  
Regi sepulto: majus hoc nullū fuit  
Regni satellitiū. Ergo proceres si  
invicē  
consentiant, florebit hoc regnū diu:  
Sin invicem dissentiant brevi ruet.  
Purgare tandem patriam macula de-  
cet,  
et scelere nosmet liberare pessimo.  
Sed ecce retro dux venit dubio gradu:  
quassans caput torvo supcilio surit.  
Duro labellū dente comprimit ferox,  
et pectore irato tegit dirū malū.

*Gloc.*

Quas destinatis his patres pœnas, suis  
Qui nunc veneficiis mihi exitū parant,  
qui sum supbo regis ortus sanguine,  
Tutorq; declaratus hujus insulæ.

## Hast. Her.

Quas patriæ pferre debet proditor  
Nec moror honorem, nec excuso de-  
cus.

Gloc.

Sensus mihi omnes fratris uxor fas-  
cinat.

Hast.

Verbis stupentes triste dimittunt  
caput  
Justas luat regina pœnas pessima.  
parū tamen placet, quod aures hæc  
meas  
adhuc latebant: fraude captivi mea  
erant propinquī matris: hodie jam  
meis  
hi Pontefracti capite plectuntur dolis.

Gloc.

Comitata modò regina Shori conjugē  
Suis venifica cantibus me prodidit:  
Fluit tabo corpus, oculi somnū neg-  
ant,  
Stomacho invidet lentū tibi fastidiū,  
Venas hiantes deserit pulsus crūor,  
exangue brachiū exaruit, officiū negat.

Hast.

Heu, frigido cor palpitat tremulū  
metu.  
Num pulcra destinatur morti pallaca?  
pereunt amores: concubinā conjugis  
Regina nunquā consuleret usquā sui.  
Timent loqui. Securus alloquar  
ducem  
Si fecerint gravissimas pœnas lunat.

Gloc.

Si fecerint? itanae mihi? si fecerint?  
quū dico factū: quod tuū luet caput,  
Scelesto proditor.

## Satell.

Let y<sup>e</sup> Protec-  
tor give a blow on  
y<sup>e</sup> counsel-table;  
and let one of y<sup>m</sup>  
of y<sup>e</sup> gard break  
in thereat with his  
halbt and strike y<sup>e</sup>  
L. Stanley on y<sup>e</sup>  
head.

proditi, proditio.

Gloc.

Te perduellionis esse  
aio reū.

Episc. Eliens.

Percussit (hic) clarū Satelles Stanleū  
An occidit, stillans rigat genas crūor.

Gloc.

Vos pduellem date neci, servi, statim,  
Sacra morituro mox sacerdos finiet  
Juro sacrū Paulū, prius non prandeo,  
Pœnas quām mihi pendat abscissum  
caput.

Patremq Cardineū, Eliensem præsu-  
lem,

Dominum Stanleum coercere vinculis:  
Sceleris pœnas Shora pellex impu-  
dens  
damnata psolvet, jubente judices.

Hast.

Quis nostra digne conqueri potest  
mala?

heu, quas miser voces dabo? quæ  
lachrimis

nostris Aëdon exhibet luctus graves?  
O machinator fraudis et diri artifex  
sceleris; mearū prodidit fallax amor  
blandaq tectū fronte secretū malū,  
cur invident severa fata vitam: in  
mea

quid morte tam potens erit versutia?  
suūq cumulat gaudiū luctu meo?

Sed parce demens lachrymis. Testor  
sacrū

heu numen adversum mihi: simul  
voco

quocunq defugistis intus inferi  
terris opacis inōcens morti trahor;  
Simplex fides non intrat aulā nec pie

Dedit supba pompa vivere, in meā  
statim  
Fortuna poenā mutat inimicas dotes.

*Gloc.*

An luctus attonitos muliebris coīmo-  
vet?  
tantas moras suadere lachrymæ que-  
ant?  
non abripitis hunc? impio ferro caput  
auferte. Quid cunctamini istū per-  
dere.

*Hast.*

Gaudet dolor sua fata multis spar-  
gere  
nec solus in poenam placet: vestras  
colos  
sævæ sorores impetrat: ludunt genus  
mortale cæca fata: præmonstrant  
malū  
vitare, quod vetant tamen. Perter-  
itus  
somno nihil Stanleus hæros coīmovet.  
Heu visus est lacerare caput utriq  
aper  
srendens cruento dente, longus de-  
fluit  
cruor p humeros: insignia dederunt  
apri  
nomen Glocestrio: ter lapsus insi-  
denti equus  
cecidit, senatū dum nefandū viserem.

*Gloc.*

Isti malū sibi quærunt satellites  
qui dum moras faciunt inanes fletib<sup>9</sup>  
demetere cessant impiū ferro caput.

*Hast.*

Hei mihi; salutis nulla spes? nunc  
ad necem  
trahite, quib<sup>9</sup> fortuna jus in nos dedit.  
quid lachrimis miser moror? pio  
manus  
cruore spargite. Ultimū solis vale

coeleste jubar proditum reparan-  
diem.

Vale cohorte nobilis nitida soror  
Phœbi quieta: longa jam nox obrue-

DUX GLOC. CIVES LONDINENS.  
NUNTIUS.

*Gloc.*

Cives properate: hic adestis prop-  
licet,  
Serb nimis nobis, in arce quos modo  
Hastingus impiiq consortes sui  
sceleris pmissent, Deus si non opem  
tulisset idq licet diu celaverint  
astu: ante decimā solis (ut sit) istius  
pcepimus metuq subito p̄cili  
quæcunq casus arma dedit (ut cern-  
itis)  
miseri induimus, ipsiq jam opprimun-  
tur aut

Virtute nostra, gratia vel Cœlitū.  
magis doli hujus principis in pessimos  
ac sceleris authores redundabit malū.  
Nunc ergo vos jussu vocati estis meo,  
iāne quia constaret omnibus nefas,  
p vos ut inotesceret quærerentib<sup>9</sup>.

*Cives.*

Jussus fideles exequemur sedulò  
O p̄tinax scelus mendacio cædem  
tegens  
blandaq tantū fronte contentū malū?  
quis nescit iānes dolos sævi ducis,  
dubitatq captū fraude nobilem virū?  
suū scelus plerunq in authorem redit,  
priùs in alios postquā crudelis sæviit.

*Nunt.*

Corurcus Hastingi hausit ensis spiritu.

*Cives.*

Ut gesta res est, quæso paucis ex-  
pedi.

*Nunt.*

ostquā ad locū durus satelles trax-  
erit,  
d astra tollit heros lumina :  
ix ore casto concipit Deo preces  
uæcunq; nostra contumax supbia.  
ipplitia meruit (inquit) ô numen  
sacrū,  
tinam meo jam jam luatur sanguine.  
ix ultimas moratur carnifex preces  
uin solvit illico ense corporis obicem.

*Cives.*

Extinguit Hastingū suorū ingens  
favor,  
nimusq; lætis credulus rebus nimis,  
iæc triste suspicatur integer scelus,  
uthore donec miserè amico plectitur.  
sed hic gradum confert ad arma ser-  
viens,  
Quid civib; clamare quærerit publicè.

*Serviens ad Arma.*

Cœptis nefandis hic scelestus prodi-  
tor  
Hastingus, horrendi caput primū  
mali  
Et turba pjuro gerens morem duci,  
struxere tectos principis Glocestrii  
vitæ dolos, altiæ Buckinghamii,  
Ultriq; dum sacro senatu consistent :  
Ut sic ruinosæ pemptis Angliæ  
Rectorib;, sedis supremæ culmina  
Scandant supbi sumā, celso vertice.  
quamvis inepti, qui ruentis maxima  
Regni gubernarent Britanni pondera.  
Quis nescit Hastingum parentem prin-  
cipis

traxisse secū ? turpiter quis regiū  
nescit malis fecdasse nomen morib; ?  
Splendore vel spoliasse regnū pristino  
dictis suis, factis suis, turpem virū ?  
Quis nescit Hastingi libido pdita  
quot virginū passim pudorem pdidit ?  
Lectiæ rupit conjugalis fœdera,

amplexus infames adulter pellices.  
Nam Shora pellex nota scortū nobile,  
hujusq; cædis pticeps et conscientia,  
Hunc nocte polluto suprema lectulo  
acepit amplexu parū castè suo  
Ut morte pœnas jure pendat maximas,  
turpem gravi qui scelere vitam pol-  
luit.

Ne si diu dilata damnati foret  
mors traditoris, marte funesto suā  
jurata poscat turba demens principem  
Quæ pœna festinata fallet singulis,  
Dirosq; in tantū tumultus comprimet.

*Cives.*

Præceps agendi magna pturbat modus  
fœtumq; festinans parit serū canis.

*Civis alter.*

Hæc scripta sunt alto prophetæ  
spiritu  
Nam tantulo quâ tanta possent tem-  
pore  
vel cogitari dicta, vel sic exprimi  
Pulcræ mihi sanè videntur literæ,  
pulcræ depingi videtur chartula,  
et pulchra postremò loquendi formula,  
Illiud tamen mirū videtur maximè,  
tam pulchra tam pvo parari tempe.

*Civis.*

En Shora tremulū cereum gerens  
manu,  
Induta pœnas linteo infames luit,  
Regum inlyta meretrix tyranno dat  
duci  
pœnas, pater descende Jupiter, et  
thoro  
tam grata pignora nunc tuo rape :  
nam tua  
Lædam vel Europā, puta deserere  
polū,  
Oh misera, me miseret tui, piget,  
pudet :  
(Licet impudica mulier, et minus  
proba)

Privare vita dum nequit Dux Claudius  
spoliare fora quærerit iratus tibi.

## PROCESSIO SOLENNIS.

## CHORUS.

Preces Deo fundamus ore supplices,  
Ne sit nota polluta mens adultera.

1. Fidem tuere conjugū  
Lectum probro libera  
Defende privatos thoros.  
Furtiva ne lædat Venus.
2. Quemcunq̄ facti pœnitet  
Purga solutum crimine

Exempla sanent posteros  
Furtiva ne födet Venus.

## EPILOGUS.

Quas dirus admovit Richardus mach  
nas,  
quantisq̄ regnandi libido luctibus  
affectit affictam videtis patriam,  
Ut celsa regni scandal altus culmina  
Frendens aper, regni lues, Glocestrius  
Illustris Hastingi cruor defunditur,  
quòd regulis vivus faverat pvlis  
Regno repugnantes novo Riverius,  
Vahanus et Graius repressi carceris  
horrore, læthali præmuntur vulnere.

## THE SHIEWE OF THE PROCESSION.

A Tipstaffe  
Shore's Wife in her petticoate, haveinge a taper  
burninge in her hand  
The Verger  
Singeing men  
Præbendaries  
The Bishope of London  
Citizens.

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## ACTIO SECUNDA.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. PALMAR, Dux Glocestrensis  
Mr. STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamiæ  
Mr. BAYLY, Lovellus Heros  
Mr. ALMY, Prætor Londinensis  
Mr. WEBSTER, Fitz Williū, Recordor London, ut vulgo  
loquütur, Civis amicus Shawi  
Mr. CLAYTON, Doctor Shawe  
Ds. MORRELL, Civis Primus  
Ds. FRAUNCE, Civis secundus  
Mr. SMITH, Hospes

	Nobilis
	Servus unus et alter Buck :
Ds. REMER	Foggs
Ds. METHEN	Fagge
	Duo Epis. } Muti.

## ARGUMENTUM.

Postquā hos omnes in potestatem suā Richardus dux Glocestrensis redeisset, quorū erga regem fidem metuebat : quorum Hastingū nobilem morte ffecit, cæteros in carcerem conjecisset, in id studiū sedulād incubbit, ut itd sui in Regni injustam possessionem veniat. Itaq ut Londinensis fraude aduceret, ut ultro cum cæteris nobilibus regnū sibi deferant, Regis ortū, atrisq sui ducis Eboracensis parvuli damnavit, Regem Eduardum fratrem, on ita multb antè defunctū, adulterii p ducem Bucking : in Curia Prætoris ccusavit, neq sui ipsuis matri Ducissæ quondā Eboracensi pepercit. Tandem elatam sibi Majestatem, quam tantopere inchiebat, ægre ut videbatur assuens soleñibus comitiis coronatur.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

DUX GLOC. DUX BUCK. LOVELLUS  
HEROS.

*Gloc.*

Illustris heroū propago, Ducū genus  
msigne Buckinghamiorū, particeps  
postriq consilii Lovelle nobilis :  
Quin rumpimus segnes moras strenuū  
decet  
ore, magna quisquis cogitat, res nihil  
habet  
Isthaec periculi : audire decet haud  
amplius  
quis influentis dona sortis respuit ?  
Regem potest creare Buckinghamius  
donor ducis erat semp hic amplissimi :  
virtute te natura firma roborat,  
et corporis vestivit anxia dotibus.  
Iibi rursus aciem inclusit ingenii pa-  
rem,

Nec te magis Minerva quinquā lumi-  
nat.  
Sequi decet, natura quo præstans  
vocat :  
tantū potest excelsa Buckinghamius  
Tolluntur hostes ecce suspecti mihi,  
omnesq diri carceris vincula premunt,  
Regis favor quos armat in regnum  
meū  
Jubere cunctos voce licet una mori  
Hastingus interemptus heros occidit :  
Stanleus heros continetur vinculis  
Et Eliensem Episcopū carcer domat.  
reliqui jacent, tetra specu clausi, meis  
quicunq cœptis implii favent parū.

*Buck.*

Puerum levem regnare ? fortunæ jocus  
lasciva ridens sceptræ miscet litibus :  
Virtus suo succumbet infans ponderi.  
Tuo cogita quosnā struis regno dolos :

Nunquā tuos jussus relinquā ptinax.  
res expedire magnas nescit illico.

*Gloc.*

En ipsa temporum jubet securitas  
audacter aggredi prius quæ consulis,  
animis oportet prævidere singula,  
res arduas nec aggredi temere decet.  
Quis exitus rerum futurus cogitat  
Sapiens prius. [Gerenda cuncta pro-  
vidè.]

*Lovel.*

Quicquid timendū, juncta consilia ex-  
plicant  
En temporis nimium premunt angus-  
tiæ,  
quo regiū caput corona cingeret !  
Nunc ergo cunctis impandū publicè,  
Ut non sacris statim comitiis con-  
fluant

Regni moras psuadet occasio gravis  
ne cingat antè caput corona Reguli,  
quam luceat secunda Novembris dies  
hic destinatus est dies solennibus  
dum cogitant mora tarda quid velint  
sibi

Patrios lares procul relinquentes suis.  
dum viribus nudati adessent, Nobiles  
Incerta dū dubios opinio torqueat,  
mutuāq; suspicentur incerti fidem,  
agitata mente consilia nec digerant  
suam priusquā vim rebelles jungerent:  
tu rapta pueris sceptræ tutus posside  
Mox nomini devicta succumbet tuo  
invidia, dū ferro repellat principem.

*Buck.*

Ferat licet decepta nobiliū cohors  
animusq; prudens ferro tentaret nihil :  
ad arma junget ptinax populi foror,  
motuq; cæco rapitur, in præceps ruit,  
quocunq; fertur : verba convenient  
feris  
injustè factis : victanec cedet metu

concepta rabies temere, qualis  
ferro Mæander funditur rapiens, pati  
Neque scit resistentem sibi, et diri  
fremit.

*Lovel.*

Mulcere blandis plebis ingeniū ferox.  
decet, sequitur lubens, et ultro pellitū.  
At quem suorū civiu favor beat  
inter suos, nec parva micat authoritas,  
tractare molliūs rudem mentem potest,  
tuū psuaderi regnū civibus,  
Urbs Angliae præclara Londinū tuis.  
Inducta votis si faveret, vicimus :  
errore capti cæteri cedent pari :  
Possessa regna facilè ferro munies,  
At quis color regni probetur civibus,  
ne decepi captos ragaces senserint ?  
irata sè plebs graviter illudi feret.

*Buck.*

Infausta gens tot lassa vincitur malis :  
stragemq; majorem minantur parvuli  
Lasciva regna : Anglia novas lites  
timet :  
et matris haud cessabit in pœnas furor.  
Tua regna luctus auferent teterimos,  
qui natus es regū supbo sanguine,  
tantamq; regni sustines molem sagax.

*Lovel.*

Istum facile plebs sentiet callida dolū,  
causamq; regni credet injustam fore.

*Gloc.*

Quidni dolis facilis patet nostris via  
Palā fratris damnentur infames thori  
pudica sceptræ non ferunt probrū :  
spurios vetant regnare jura filios.  
Amore postquam rex flagraret Luciæ  
æstate tam calcante dum notas prius  
iterum Venus furtiva delicias petat  
et libido sævis nec modū flāmis dedit,  
temere spospondit Luciæ regni thorus,  
illāq; participem sui regni vocat.

Experta sœpe Venus parit fastidiū  
ordent amores Luciæ tū principi,  
Nec fulta lecto quærerit obscuro impro-  
bus.

Decepit animū conjugi obstrictū suæ,  
et possidet Regina promissos thoros.  
Tum Lucia locū pulsa pellici dedit,  
Ihuc rapaces nil timens fati minas  
Hinc filios generi suo infames pater  
renuit adulter (vulnus Angliæ grave)  
Nec adhuc thronus maculā tulit solū  
patris :

Lectū priorem lusit impudens amor.  
Nostrī parentis Eboracensis ducis  
Thalamis ducissæ turpe mentiti viri  
Vestigiū secretus invenit comes,  
Coitus nefandos nec dolus tegere po-  
test  
Socium tædæ sciunt, pudetq; criminis  
fœdæq; matris fœda proles rex fuit,  
Eduardus, ignoto deceptus filio  
incesta sceptra detulit falsus pater  
Diversa fratriis ora patrem denegant,  
moresq; degeneres fratri meus pater  
vultus habebat, talis aspectu fuit,  
Imago dissimilis fratriis stuprū docet :  
Amoris hæres turpis, haud regni fuit.

*Buck.*

Et jure vendicas : dolos quid quæri-  
mus ?  
satetur æQUITATIS istud plurimū.  
Iter patet coeptis : Quid utendū arti-  
bus ?  
quomodo ista turbæ verba constabunt  
levi ?  
aut cujus in tantis dolis sequēris  
fidem ?

*Gloc.*

Nil frigidus cor torqueat tremulū me-  
tus.  
Quæ non secreto vincitur prælio  
fides ?  
Civem potentem facile Londinū dabit,

Et qui dolos tegere sagax nostros po-  
test,  
animosq; blandus cōmovere civiū,  
Multisq; vincere Londinenses premiis  
Inter suos Prætor valet plurimū  
vanos honores ambit et fluxas opes,  
multūq; avaræ mentis instigat furor  
Reddet fidelems pes honoris improba  
et pellit usq; longā nūmorū sitis :

*Lovell.*

Falsis sacris nihil fallacius fuit.  
plebem facile mentita ludunt numina  
Animusstatim devotus impetum dabit.  
Si præco scripture fidelis, dū sacra  
insculpit aurib<sup>9</sup> piis oracula,  
divina vel præcepta populo psonet,  
Cōmemoret olim fraude deceptos  
thronos  
Lectiq; probrū, vulnus et claræ domus.

*Buck.*

Vir literis insignis est Doctor Shuae  
Prætori eadem matre conjunctus fratre  
Hunc laude ditarunt frequentes literæ :  
Fucata cives sanctitas mirè allicit,  
cujus tamen menti facile labes sedet,  
hoc munus exequi fidele qui potest.

*Gloc.*

Aliqui meorū accersat urbis Londini  
Prætorem, honore inter suos magno  
virū,  
sumiq; tinctū literis fratrem Shauiū.  
Ubi Prætor animos civiū demulcerit,  
Et nostra regna civib<sup>9</sup> psuaserit :  
hos convenit pleno senatu te alloqui  
Miratur illustrem ducē vulgus rude  
Fulgore populus captus attonitus  
stupet,  
lapsūq; cælitus deū putat sibi.  
Vultu tuo plebs victa succubit statim  
dulci veneno mox stupentes opprime  
ut filios pari insequantur et odio,

Promitte libertatis alta præmia,  
urbem beabit lecta civiū quies,  
et fine nullo crescat imensū decus,  
si vindicent lecti stupro infamem  
domū,  
et sceptra nobis jure reddant sanguinis.

*Lovell.*

Dum predictet coitus nefandos et  
fratris  
novos amores, matris et probrū tuæ,  
domusq; regis dedecus sanctus pater,  
donec tuarū præco laudum maximis  
virtutib; decorat intentus Shaus  
Quasi cælitus repente lapsus advola.  
Te principem divinitus crearier  
populus levis putabit, atq; spiritu  
ductū sacro, dictasse te Regē Shāū  
credet levemq; distrahet mentē stupor.

DUX GLOG. PRÆTOR LOND. DOCT.  
SHAA.

*Dux. Gloc.*

Præclare prætor urbis illustrissimæ,  
et sancte præco, diisq; sacratū caput.  
en, magna molimur futura comoda,  
et maximā regno quietem quærim⁹  
Hujusq; laudis magna vobis pars erit  
quos novimus regno precari prospera,  
uterq; votis anxius si pareat  
Nunc ergo vestrā posco secretā fidem,  
tam magna quib; arcana regni pan-  
dim⁹  
Honorib; magnis fidem pensabim⁹  
largisq; fidos præmiis dilabimus.

*Prætor.*

Protector illustris, propago splendida  
Regis, tibi lubens fidem conservo meā.  
Quod impas, fidele munus exequar.

*Gloc.*

Contrita mutuis cædib; Britannia  
heu terret, et majora suadent vulnera

infirma pueri sceptra, matris et furor  
sceleri mederi quis facile demen-  
potest?  
deponat animo justa qui Regis timet,  
et malè parebit regis imperio pudor,  
viro potenti vera laus non contigit  
Fortuna quos impellit, invitox malè  
vetatq; sæpe facere quod cupiunt piè,  
Justus facile erit, cui vacat pectus  
metu.

Suadent mihi decora regni nobiles,  
regnare quem regalia jubent stema.  
Vos civiū suadere mentib; velim  
in urbe, quorum fama tanta splendidè  
celebratur, ut mihi sceptra regni de-  
ferant.

*Præt.*

Quo jure tu Regnū nepotis vendicas?  
ne temere plebs irata turbas concitet,  
ubi senserint spoliatū honore priuci-  
pem.

*Gloc.*

Talia tuis clam sparge Prætor civib;  
Lecti stuprati natus incestus fuit  
Eduardus olim frater, alienos thoros  
dum matris amor avarus admisit, ducis  
atq; soboli falsos pepotes miscuit.  
Facti probrū pudibundus invenit  
comes,  
stuprūq; secretū fatentur famuli  
Imago dissimilis patris nothū vocant  
moresq; degeneres fratris: me filiū  
legitimè imago nota psuasa ducis,  
iidemq; mores patris et voces pares  
neq; tulit hanc solū labem infoelix  
genus

Majore dedecore domū infamem  
gravat  
matrem secutus frater Eduardus suā  
Nam conjugali Luciæ junctus fide,  
repudia sponsæ nunciat amator novus,  
thalamisq; primis ludit injunctā fidem  
Elizabetha serb regali face  
uxor secunda, juncta principi fuit.

'ossidet iniqua mater alienos thoros,  
xedosq; patri filios pellex tulit.  
Dum populus ista cogitat secū, statim  
a curia cives tum dux inclytus  
orā docebit ista Buckinghamus  
Procerūq; quæ sit omniū sententia  
Splendore populus raptus insignis  
viri,  
me fortè principem suis suffragiis  
clamabat, et regem vocabat Angliæ  
Hæc cruce Pauli sacra fundens dog-  
mata  
populo simul divine præco edissere  
Sed turpe probrū matris invititus quosi  
pstringe nostrā cautus offensā gravem  
metuisse fingens; laudib; ubi nos tuis  
copiosus ornabis; subito quasi coelitus  
Princeps datus Britannia, laudes meas  
Stipante pompa intercipiā, miraculū  
dum creduli meditantur, illico no-  
minis  
spes falsa seducit facilē, nunc exequi  
vos expedit fideliter quod jussimus.

*Dr. Shaa.*

Mox tua fidelis impata psequar.  
nunquā meā damnabis incertā fidem.

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

CIVIS PRIMUS. CIVIS SECUNDUS.

*Civis 1.*

Quoūsne scinditur Britannia litib;  
Luctusq; cumulat luctib; fatum grave?  
dirum premit recens malū? pene  
modū  
severa fata nesciunt. Nunquā domus  
Irata plena cædib; pacabitur?  
hæresve nullus sceptra impune geret?  
At jam nihil stirpem timent Lancas-  
tria  
Erepta ferro regna: jam novū scelus  
infausta sibi domus parat, quantū  
luem

præsagit assuetis malis animus? fides  
Est nulla regni, nec suis parcere  
potest  
ambitio domens. Glocestriū ducem  
ambire regnū murmurat secreta plebs  
Patrui nefas crudele, tetrū, parvuli  
latent in obscuro nepotes carcere,  
en Comitiis de certo ascriptus dies.  
Glocestrii tantū ducis frequens  
Cliens  
attrita pulsat limina: illic emicat  
illustris aulæ splendor, istuc con-  
fluent  
mitiora quisquis supplici implorat  
prece.  
Quicunq; Regis nuda calcat limina  
Et principis servus fidelis veseret  
illū minūs edocta vulnerat cohors.

*Civis 2.*

Charū caput, duræq; sortis pticeps  
fidelis, heu, quā nos premūt casūs  
graves?

fessam repetit en turbo sævus Angliā,  
veresq; triste reparat amissas malū.

*Civis 1.*

Effare quæ cives manent lasos mala.

*Civis 2.*

Brevi scelus complectar horrens  
impiū,  
dum reb; otiosus intentus novis  
vagarer, et comūne regni gaudiū  
revolvo præcepis ecce fertur impetu  
insana plebs, cæco frequens cursu ruit  
Denso statim miscebar agmini stu-  
pens:  
Ad templa rapimur: dubias aures  
porrigo:  
Expecto sacra: cogitabundus steti  
Divinus ecce præco scandit pulpitū,  
quem literis lucere clarū jactitant,  
sordere fœdis moribus, doctor Shaa.  
Mox è sacris sic orsus est oraculis.

SEmen BEATUM THORUS ADULTER  
DENEGAT  
PROLES NEC ALTAS SPURIA RADICES  
DABIT.

Postquā diu regni decus quām vulne-  
rat  
Lecti probrū præmonstrat, et falsæ  
faces :  
thori fidem quantū beabunt numina :  
Lectiq decepti scelestos filios  
peccata testantes patris quantū hor-  
reant :  
bona falsus hæres quamvis occupat  
patris :  
furtū tamen mox prodit ignotū deus,  
suoq restituit sua hæredi bona.  
Qui posidebat regis infandos thoros  
fidemq lusit conjugalē pelluca  
Elizabetha falsa mater, impio  
declamat ore quodq primū Luciae  
promissus olim lectus Eduardi fuit  
Ergo thorus hæc possidebat Luciae  
Injusta mater Elizabetha, liberos  
et polluit macula suos adultera.  
nec filios mentita fædabat fides  
solū regis patris ; polluta mater ar-  
guit  
spureosq natales, suis dum liberis  
adulteros furtiva miscuit Venus.  
summi ducis, falsūq patris filiū  
diversa suadent ora solus exprimit  
Richardus effigiem patris : regem  
vocat  
vultus ducis : Nunc ergo jure vendi-  
cat  
amissa patris regna. Mox Glocestriū  
ad astra laudibus ferebat: Regis  
quod splendor hic lucebat, hic verus  
nitet,  
vultus patris, virtus frequens quantū  
beat  
hunc intueri jussit, hunc solū coli  
omnes stupent vultumq demittunt,  
fremunt,

mox intuentur invicem, venit Gloces-  
trius  
suis laudes serus amittit : comes  
stipabat ingens. Ubi ducem vidi  
Shaus,  
Rex Angliæ, quasi lapsus esset coe-  
litus,  
En (inquit) en chari Britanni, en  
principem  
hunc intueri rursus, hunc coli jubet  
Periisse quasi frustra blanditias pude-  
jam tum priores, dux prius cū ab-  
fuit  
hæ vera imago patris, hic vultus  
ducis,  
Nescit mori pater Richardo sospitus.  
Stipante pompa, spiritus altos gerens,  
p densa pumpens virorū, civib⁹  
spectanda præbet ora dux, alto sedet.

*Civis 1<sup>m</sup>.*

Quis hujus at sermonis eventus fuit.

*Civis 2<sup>d</sup>.*

Postquam Shaus periisse laudes cer-  
neret,  
populū nec acclamare lætis vocib⁹  
Rex vivat æternū Richardus : (nam  
stupet  
tum populus, admiratur infandū ne-  
fas)  
cepti pudet, seroq cognovit scelus :  
reparare vires quærit amissus pudor  
frustra prius spretāq virtutem timet :  
En civiū vultus miser fugiens, domū  
subducit ipse se clam. At hic quid  
vult sibi  
in curia corona tanta civiū.

*Civis 1.*

Coire cives prætor hic jussit suos.  
de rebus ut nos consulat gravissimis  
Propago Buckinghamiorū nobilis.

*Civis sec.*

Avertet omen triste propitius Deus.

DUX BUCK. PRÆTOR LOND. NOBITIS, SERVUS UNUS ET ATTER BUCKINGHAMII.

*Dux Buck.*

Amore vestso ductus (ô cives mei)  
de reb<sup>9</sup> alloquar hodie gravissimis.  
Sunt ista patriæ decora maximè  
vobis nec auditu seorsim tristia,  
Quos nunc beat fortuna lætos undiq<sup>9</sup>  
Quæ namq<sup>9</sup> vestris expetita sæpius  
votis, diup frustra defessis erant  
sperata tempora, prætio quæ maximo  
parasse, vel laborc sumo non piget,  
oblata vobis gratis adsunt omnia !  
Si tanta, tamq<sup>9</sup> optata quæ sunt quæ-  
ritis,

tranquilitas sæcuræ vitæ, liberu<sup>9</sup>  
dulcis tutela, salusq<sup>9</sup> conjugū.  
heu quis prius tot explicatis sæculis  
vos pculit metus gravis ? Nam p deos  
cœlumq<sup>9</sup> quicquid possidet, quis tot  
dolis

tantisq<sup>9</sup> tutò pfrui suis rebus  
potuit ? quis esse liberis solatio ?  
quis in suis regnare solus ædib<sup>9</sup> ?  
Mens horret illam psequi tyrannidem,  
p ima quæ grassata regni viscera  
exhaustis cedes neq<sup>9</sup> pestis invida  
insontibus novit pcere. Quid expli-  
cem

exacta quanta sunt tributa sæpius ?  
extoriā vi, quanta visa luxui ?

Nec grande civis ferre vectigal po-  
test

Exhaustus, mulcta crevit imensum  
levis,

pœnaq<sup>9</sup> gravis pcussit offensū brevem.  
meminisse Burdetti arbitror (cives  
mei)

cui, quod jocatus est lepidè, demi  
caput

Rex jussit indignè, nefas judex licet  
horreret nefandū, locusq<sup>9</sup> nobilis  
urbis senator qui diu vestræ fuit,

heu quam graves ppressus est poenas  
miser,  
viris quòd illis ipse multa debuit  
quos intimè rex invidet impius ?  
Non est necesse ut pseqūar  
adesse pene neminem vestrū puto  
qui tam cruenti tempis non sit me-  
mor,

metusq<sup>9</sup> non sit ipse conscius sui,  
quem vel nefandus regis injectit furor,  
vel civiū tot improborū ingens favor,  
Rex nāmq<sup>9</sup> ferro nactus imperiū grave:  
hunc victos iratus decora lædere  
regni putabat impiè, qui sanguine  
affinis esset aut amoris vinculo  
conjunctus his princeps, prius quos  
oderat

At huic malo quem majus accessit  
malū  
vitæ dubius hærebat, haud belli ex-  
itus

Qui vexat lucertus modo : sed (quod  
fœdus)

urget tumultus civiū esse maximus  
qui tum solet, cum nobiles odio ~~in~~  
vicem

tacito ardeant, nec optimates acrius  
se maximis exulcerabūt litib<sup>9</sup>

Quam, scepta cùm gestaret infesta  
manu

Eduardus, intestina tandem prælia  
sic æstuabant undiq<sup>9</sup> ? ut tristi nece  
pars interiret maxima civiū,  
hæc, hæc fuit tam foeda strages  
omniū,

qualem vedit devicta nunquā Gallia :  
Hæc præpotens exhausit Anglorū  
genus

hæc pristinis spoliobat illos virib<sup>9</sup>  
Sumant tot urbes tanta clades omniū  
dubia minatur pax pares bello minas.  
Numos luunt domini, atq<sup>9</sup> agros quis-  
quis tenet

Mactatur, irā principis quisnā fugit ?  
Jam nemo non timore languebat  
miser,

nec ulla non plena periclis erant  
tempa

At at quis illi charus esse creditur,  
cui frater odio erat suus? confidere  
quib<sup>9</sup> potest, cui frater esse pfidus  
videtur? aut quib<sup>9</sup> pepercit mitior,  
fratri suo qui toties damnū intulit?  
At quos colebat intimus, nihil moror:  
honore vei quales decoro pinxerat.  
quis nescit uña plus potuisse pelli-  
cem,

regni viros quām totius primarios?  
Invitus ista sanē vobis afferro:  
Sed nota quæ singulis quid attinet  
tacere, quo non impulit libidinis  
īmanis æstus, amoris et cæcus furor?  
Quæ virgo paulo pulchrior? quæ  
fœmina  
plus cæteris decora, matris è sinu.  
quam non mariti vel rapuit am-  
plexib<sup>9</sup>?-

ubivis at licet tyrannis ingruat:  
hujus tamen quæ cæteris sensit minas  
urbs nostra, cuius potius ornasset de-  
cūs,  
quid prima regni sedes est, et præmia  
defensus olim sæpe princeps debuit.  
Majora benefacta vivus spreverat,  
nec mortuus referre gratiā potest.  
Alter en eodem restat ortus sanguine,  
rex gratiar suis futurus subditis,  
quiq meritis refere vestris debita,  
votisq respondere possit affatim.  
Nec animus illa (credo) vestris ex-  
cidant,

doctus sacerorū præco quæ sparsit  
priūs.

Nunquam fidem fefellit interpres  
dei:

patruū sacerdos fratris ad regnū vocat,  
Glocestriū regnare quia jussit deus  
nec sceptra patris tractat impurus  
nepos,  
aut polluat regni decus lecti probrū  
Richardus hæres fratris unicus fuit:  
huic civiū decrevit et procerū cohors

magnanima, supplex ut rogaret pa-  
trū,

Regni velit decus tueri principis,  
sumeret onus pollutis hæres insulæ.  
facturus est ægrè, scio: regni labor  
deterret ingens, certat invidiæ rapax:  
Ingrata pacem sceptra nequaquā co-  
lunt.

Quantis cietur fluctib<sup>9</sup> fallax decor?  
mihi crede (cives) non potest tantū  
puer

onus tueri: pulsat aures vox sacra,  
Infausta regna levis quib<sup>9</sup> puer præ-  
est.

Fœlix acumen invidū decet thronū,  
ætasq plena, patrā qualem vides,  
Si clara vobis ergo civiū salus,  
aut si juvent optata pacis fœdera;  
tam fausta procerū vota laudetis  
simul.

uno creetur ore rex Glocestrius:  
tantum laborem promptus assumet  
magis,

Si vox fatiget vestra nolentem priūs,  
mens ergo quæ sit vestra, palā dicite  
Altū quid hoc silentiū? plebs cur-  
tacet?

*Prætor.*

Vix forte populus aure dicta concipit.

*Buck.*

affabor illos ergo rursus altiūs,  
Elapsa sunt iniqua (cives) tempa:  
pax alma tandem sorte fœlici viget,  
Nisi suo demens quis invideat bono,  
Aut nescit uti, dū premebat Angliā  
Eduardus atrox sæviens vultu truci,  
Insula quib<sup>9</sup> jactatur usq fluctib<sup>9</sup>?  
Non vita tuta civiū, nunquā bona  
sunt clausa cuiq, dissipatq singula  
luxus, nefandi tum libido principis  
Quæ virgo fuit intacta? Quæ conjux  
labe

carebat injusta? licet quicquid lubet,  
misera fuit cunctis potestas civib<sup>9</sup>

Sed Londinensib<sup>9</sup> longè miserrima,  
illis licet benigna psuasit locus.

Sed unus est, pericula qui tot vindi-  
cet,

Dux ipse regio creatus stemate,  
quem singuli colunt, Glocestriæ de-  
cus :

Regnare quem leges jubebant patriæ,  
haeresq<sup>9</sup> solus Regiæ manet domus.  
furtiva proles matris injustæ, patris  
frustra sibi vendicat thronos adulteri  
Vir nup ista vos docebat optimus  
dum sacra vobis præco fundit dog-  
mata

divina nullus ora dæmnabit pius.  
Hic nobilis cōmota Magnatū cohors  
et magna civiū corona, supplices  
Orare statuunt patruū, ut hæres suū  
capessat imperiū, decus nec patriæ  
falsus nepos corrumpat. Id faciet  
lubens  
si sponte id vos exoptare senserit.  
Clamore mentem publico ergo effun-  
dite  
Y<sup>e</sup> Mayor and Quid hoc? adhuc tacet?  
others going Mirū nimis.  
to y<sup>e</sup> Duke.

*Prætor.*

Unus solebat ore jussus publico  
De rebus alloqui cives magnis suos  
Hinc forsitan responsa quærenti da-  
but  
Effare cives, urbis interpres tuæ.

*Fitzwil. Recor.*

Quàm sorie foelici cadant magis  
omnia  
quàm fratre quondā rege, quis demens  
negat?

Mihi nec est necesse singula psequi  
memoravit hæc dux omniū claris-  
simus.

Estis duorū facile testes temporū.  
Quautū prior premebat ætas, postera  
quam grata lucet, quem latet? cupit

magnanimus heros ergo nunc cognos-  
cere,

regnare num Glocestriū placet ducem :  
Quod singulos statuisse constat or-  
dines,

Regemp proceres Angliæ verū vo-  
cant.

Vir ille quis, quantusve sit, quis ves-  
ciat?

Quo jure poscat hæres imperii decus,  
Admonuit omnes doctus interpres dei  
et arte qui pandit polū, doctor Shaa :  
Edatis ergo voce mentem Rounding the  
publica. Mayor in y<sup>e</sup> eare.

*Dux Buck.*

Est ptinax nimis istud silentiū  
de rebus his (amici) longè maximis  
vos alloqui, non jure queror concitus.  
Amor sed cōmotus, ignotū bonū  
vobis adhuc referre quod cupio lubens.  
Hoc singulis erit salubre civib<sup>9</sup>.  
manifesta mentis signa precor edite  
statim.

*Servus unus et Alter.*

Rex vivat æternū Richardus.

*Prætor.*

Aula levī tota susurrit murmure,  
Cives tacent, spectant retro quæ vox  
fuit  
mirantur, acclamant nihil regnū duci.

*Dux. Buck.*

Vox hercule læta, clamor atq<sup>9</sup> maxi-  
mus,  
dum nemo voce contrā quicquā mur-  
muret.

Vox ergo civiū una cum sit omniū  
pariter mihi cōmites (precor) cras  
jungite

Præcemur una supplices ducem, velit  
Nomen deinde sustinere principis.

*Nobilis.*

Heu quid genas fletu rigas miser,  
dolos  
Weeping behind juvato nefandos plan-  
ye Duke tourn-  
ing his face to-  
wards ye wall.  
læthale. Solus fata mundi qui vides  
tremende pater, insontib<sup>g</sup> miseris ne-  
cem  
averite, tristem sed sequor comes ducē.

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## DUX BUCK. CIVES.

*Buck.*

Let ye Mayor Veneranda civiū co-  
come first ac-  
companned wth  
citizens, then Urbs possidet præ-  
the Duke wth clara Londinū, en  
other nobles: sua  
the assemble jam quisq; sponte con-  
at Bernhardes tulit faustū gradū,  
Castle. et quilibet confluxit

ordo civiū,  
ut dempta sceptra Adulteris nepotib<sup>g</sup>  
Glocestrio gerenda reddant patruo  
Ne regiā mentita proles inquiet.  
Sed tu priū nostri ducem adventus  
mone

Ne tantus anxiū tumultus illico  
pturbet, Illū supplices cives petunt  
quos Angliæ torquent graves casus,  
sui

dignetur aditū subditis fidelibus,  
de rebus illū maximis dum consulunt  
Ingens onus regni labor, nec allicit  
Statim bonos blandū venenū, quos  
favor

vexabit intestinus æternis minis  
En delicatas eligunt fraudes domos,  
et nulla cingunt tela principem satiis,

cautuq; licet, at sermo popularis pre-  
mit.

Sed ista quorsū psequor? Quod si  
piū  
onus coronæ cura coīmedat gravis  
nihilq; suspectū facit illū fides  
at illū metuo deterreat, nepotib<sup>a</sup>  
vivis adhuc, infame regnū patrui.  
honore plenus est: laters dux cupit  
His servant re- a turbidus semotus  
tourneth and invidiæ malis  
secretly report- Aditum negat Pro-  
eth to ye Duke whome he send- tector (o cives  
eth againe. mei)

Tantāq; turba suspicatur, nisi priūs  
Adventus hujus causa quæ sit, audiat.  
Quod magna procerū turba supplex  
consulit

cinctusq; multo cive prætor, nuncia.  
Domesticū torquet malū, quod auril<sup>b</sup>  
tantū suis sollicita mandabit cohors.  
At nos Glocestriū rogemus supplices  
Rogamus [inani] reluctantē prece  
Ut sceptra regni justus hæres occupet  
Sed nunc duob<sup>g</sup> cinctus esse Episcopis,  
apparet in suīna domo princeps prius:  
ah, sola dux divina fœlix cogitat.

*Cives.*

O fraude pugnas pjurax audacia  
colore dum ludet alieno, nil timet  
secura: nescire cæteros putat  
tectum malum, sibiq; blanditur nefas.

DUX BUCK. DUX GLOC. CHORUS  
CIVIUM.*Buck.*

Te civiū profusa flagitat cohors  
excelse præses, ut tua de re gravi  
præsentia alloqui liceret. Afferunt  
ignota regno bona, decus magnū tibi  
Non audet eloqui jüssus pios tamen,  
Id nisi licere voce testaris tua.

## Gloc.

Quicunq̄ mens jussit, licebit dicere  
publica juvat decreta scire civiū.

## Buck.

Diu nimis p̄pessa plebs tyrannidē, .  
lætatur hæc luxisse tandem tempa,  
se pristino quib⁹ timore solveret,  
vitaq̄ grata sit sua securitas.  
De rebus ergo dū coiret publicis  
statumq̄ regni plena civium cohors  
tractaret, hæres unicus, regni decus  
ut vendices, sanxere sacris jussib⁹ :  
nec sceptra prolem fratris impurā  
ferunt,  
injusta quam matris Venus suæ pre-  
mit,  
Nunc ergo turba civiū frequens adest,  
ut voce supplex publica mutū petat,  
ut pristino cives timore liberes,  
regnum et sagaci debitū tractes manu.

## Gloc.

Quām vera cives sanxerint, licet sciā;  
fratris tamen manes veneror olim mei,  
nec in meos ferox nepotes patruus  
demens ero, verbisq̄ nec populus feris  
pulsabit iratus, thronū quod ambiā  
Fratris mei, nec exteræ probris simul  
gentes laceissent, si dolis patruus meis  
Nepotib⁹ regnum scelestus auferā,  
aut sceptra tollam dubia cognati laris  
Potius latebo tutus invidiæ malis,  
nec cæcus animū pulsat ambitus meū.  
satis premunt sceptri propinqui mu-  
nera,  
vos attamen mihi dixisse non piget.  
Cogit potiūs amor referre gratiam  
Nec vos nepotem obsecro colatis nunc  
minūs  
cujus magis privatus imperiū ferā,  
Regnare qui puer licet novit parū  
Laborib⁹ meis adjutus is tamen,  
Regni decus puer satis tuebitur :

Viguisse quod nup magis nemo néga  
tutela postquā tanta regni traditur  
veterata cessat ira, franguntur minæ  
bonoq̄ languent pulsa consilio odia  
partim, Dei sed maximi nutu magis  
Nil sceptaa damnes regis (ô civis  
probe)  
debet mihi nomen placere subditi.

## Buck.

Da pauca rursus alloqui (ô dux in-  
clyte)  
regnare non sinant riepotes subditi :  
summi vetant proceres : vetat vulgus  
rude  
Regnū student purgare adultera labe  
sin justa regni sceptra spernas ptinax.  
At posse flecti nobilem sperant prece,  
qui regio splendore cultu gaudeat.  
de rebus hisce quid ergo statuas,  
audiant.

## Gloc.

Quod invident regnū paternū liberis,  
doleo, fratris qui honoro manes mortui !  
Utinam queant nepotis imperiū pati !  
Sed regere populū nullus invisum po-  
test

Hæc quia video statuisse consensu pari,  
regnumq̄ spuriis aurerunt nepotib⁹  
Cum jura regni solus hæres vendicem  
quod filius relictus unus sum patris,  
cum sit necesse civibus cedere meis :  
Vota sequar : en, regna posco debita :  
votis creari subditorū principem  
Magis reor. Curā Angliæ accipimus,  
simul

Et Galliæ rex gemina regna vendico  
Sanctiūs habænas Angliæ princeps  
regā

Magis pacata civiū quies monet.  
Tum nostra discet fræna victa Gallia :  
hæc Angliæ subacta ditabit genus  
Cujus miser si gloriā non quærerem  
utinam sorores filum rumpant p̄fidæ.

## Chorus.

The Duke and noblemen go in to the Kinge, the Maior and Citizens departe away.  
 Richardus rex, Richardus rex, Richardus rex.  
 Cives.

Quærit colorem triste virtutis scelus  
 pudet sui deformè vultus vitiū.  
 Heu quis secretos nescit ignarus  
 dolos?

Et mille patrui machinas? quis sibi  
 prius  
 Promissa fratris regna fraude non  
 videt?

Dolis petitū publicè regnū negat.  
 Inventa damnat sceptræ facta sanctitas,  
 Qualis negat bis consecrari pontifex.  
 qui sacra tamen ambit colenda forsi-  
 tan.

Talis sua rex sponte compulsus gerit  
 erepta pueris sceptræ. Sed decit  
 magis

Spectare tantas plæbeos tragædias,  
 Quicquid libet, regi licet, nec legibus  
 Semp̄ piis nec vota metitur sua  
 Crebro juvat nescire, quod scias  
 tamen.

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

## DR. SHAWE, CIVIS AMICUS.

## Civis.

Cur sic pigro miser gradu moues  
 stupens,  
 Dubiusq; sese pes incerto tenet?  
 corpus cupis referre progressū licet?  
 Hæret animus, ponisq; nolentem pe-  
 dem

Quid triste consiliū diu torques?  
 modū

Nec invenis? quid civiū vultus fugis  
 Insane? vince quicquid obstitit,  
 expedi

Mentem tuā, teq; restituas tibi.

## Doct. Shaw.

Heu mihi animus semet scelere plenus  
 fugit.  
 vetat quæ scire pectus oneratū malis,  
 mentisq; consciæ pavor, dolor aestuat,  
 animus non potest venenū expellere.  
 Scelerisq; mordet sæva conscientia  
 Quis, quis coëgit dæmon adversus  
 mihi,  
 födare stupro regis Eduardi thoros?  
 heu mihi tuos Eduarde natos prodidi,  
 et ore nuntio nefando adulteros:  
 tuā coronā possidet jussu meo  
 Richardus; hei mihi, voce födavi  
 mea  
 natos tuos: mendatiis sacra miscui  
 et ore scripturas imani pollui.

## Civis.

Cur triste pœnis gravib⁹ infestus  
 graves?  
 nutritus alias colligit dolor faces,  
 renovatq; durū molle sanari malū,  
 Fraenos capit prudens dolor, et ex-  
 tinguitur,  
 vincit dolorem, quisquis eximere  
 cupid,  
 et pſidū sanare conatur malū.

## Doct. Sha.

Psæceps monentem mens fugit, redit  
 statim  
 concepta frustra concilia repetens,  
 sequi  
 cogit scelus priora, virtutem timet,  
 Accedit ipse semet infestus dolor,  
 lapsasq; vires inregrat, nunquā meas  
 cessabit in pœnas scelus, nunquā quies  
 nocturna curis solvit, alit altus sopor.  
 Noctu diem voco, repeto noctem die,  
 semp̄ memet fugio, non possū scelus.

## Civis.

Malū nequis sanare.

*D. Sha.*

Si possim mori.

*Civis.*

At dedecus demi licet magnū potest.

*Dr. Sha.*

Nisi turpis hæret usq; vestigiū labis.

*Civis.*Mors sola maculā demere infanda po-  
test.*Dr. Sha.*

Fœdata nescit vita crimen ponere.

*Civis.*

At pœnitenti sera parcunt Numinæ.

*Dr. Sha.*

Sceleris novi mater prius natu scelus.

*Civis.*

Sanare cessas, qui nimis vulnus times?

*Dr. Sha.*

Sanare non potes facile vulnus grave.

*Civis.*

Nulli parcet quisquis haud parcit sibi.

*Dr. Sha.*

Prius ipse crimen solus accusa tuū.

*Civis.*

Absolve te quem judicas ultus satis.

*Dr. Sha.*

Nemo satis ulcisci scelus dirū potest.

*Civis.*

Crimen nimis judex acerbus vendicas.

*Dr. Sha.*Nisi mordet acre, fœda sordent vul-  
nera.*Civis.*

Dum cogitas severa, nil curas reū.

*Dr. Sha.*Dolor doloris est medela: nescit  
pcere  
cœlū crimen videt nefandū conscia  
tanti fuit dedecoris et tellus vaga.  
Ruina mentis foeda tam me disparem  
fecit mihi, ut memet nil fugiam magis,  
et factus infœlix mei sum pfuga,  
animusq; serū corporis divortiū:  
precatur anxius, necat quisquis jubet  
vivere: quisquis mori jubet vitam  
dedit.tantū potest placere quicquid dis-  
plicet.  
de me viri quid loquuntur futilis?*Civis.*

Te sceleris arguunt nefandi consciū.

*Dr Sha.*Sed quid tumultus civiū istuc conyo-  
lat?*Civis.*Ubi civium regnare jussu cœperat  
princeps Glocestrius: loco primū  
studet  
rex prius ab illo subditis fari suis,  
Ubi voce lex Anglis loqui viva solet.  
Nunc ergo ab aulā comigrat West-  
minsteri.Rex ut prius legū peritis imperet:  
Ne prava mens legū minas adulteret,  
discessit infoelix, pati nec civiū  
vultus potest: huic verba pandā  
principis.*Dux Glocest.*Juvabat Astreæ locatū sedibus,  
et hoc tribunali tremendo Minois,  
auro caput sepire primū fulgido,  
Justaq; cives lage regere patriæ  
Rex providere debet id potissimū

ut urbiū columna lex firmissima  
in curio dominetur æquali potens.  
vestrū domare pectus haud metū de-  
cet,  
quorū superbū claruit titulis genus :  
Non cæca regnat ira vinci nescia  
Nunc ense fessum miles exonerat  
latus :

Omnes amoris vincula jungere juvat,  
contempta nec patrū jacebūt stemata ;  
Vos laudo patrés jure doctos patrio,  
qui continetis legibus rem publica,  
ne jurgiis lacerata mutuis Anglia  
languescat : amplo vos honore pse-  
quar,  
et mente cives gaudeāt lassa licet,  
e sordidis qui nutriuntur artib⁹,  
nec causa vos agitata judici premet,  
nec fera clangor bella pstrepat tubæ :  
Nam concidunt res prosperæ discor-  
diis :

Hinc falsa mens vultu minatur inte-  
gro :

Hinc omne fluxit civitatib⁹ malū.  
Sedabit hos fluctus amor, pietas,  
fides :  
his vinculis fœlix cohoret Angliā,  
quæ nec furor contundet domesticus,  
Nec robur hostiū potest infringere  
Odii recentis pereat omnis memoria.  
Statim mihi Foggū satelles liberet,  
supplex asylo qui metu nostro latet.  
Sit finis iræ, nec minas jactet furor,  
Sumō laborat impetu mens impia  
à subditis vultu benigno conspici.  
Heu quām velim fides vigeret aurea,  
tantūm vetustis nota quondā sœulis,  
aut quæ fucos experta virtus non  
fuit.

Mox sit decorū numen adversū mihi,  
si lingua mentis fallat interpres suæ.  
Noli timere (Fogge) concedas propè  
sociemus animos : pignus hoc fidei  
cape,  
conjunge dextram, et me vicissim de-  
lige.

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

## HOSPES, CIVES.

*Hospes.*

Domesticum narras malū, terū, grave  
Imensa regni moles invidiæ capax  
quantis cietur fluctib⁹ ? victū licet,  
potuisse vinci non sibi credit tamen.  
Graves procellas concitat regni fames,  
Dum cæca quassavit libido principis  
Quot urbiū projecta sunt cadavera ?  
Qualem maris salsi secantem gurgitein  
puppim benignam turbo concussit  
gravis

et volvit horrens concitū flatu fretū,  
dum latera scindit, et geminat minas :  
Talis premit vehemens statim mu-  
tatio.

Affare (quæso) cur freqens huc con-  
volat

populus, notatq proximos oculis  
locos ?

Theatra stupidus specta usq splen-  
dida  
et singulis sternuntur omnia fulgidis,  
regale spendat atq soliū principis.

*Civis.*

Hospes fidelis mihi, coronā cingitur  
Rex Angliæ Richardus : assensu pari  
cujusvis hæres approbatur ordinis.

*Hospes.*

Hoc sparsit olim rumor ambigu⁹.

*Cives.**Locus*

Hic maximis datur comitiis, iminet  
horā.

*Hosp.*

Bona diū pius creator rex : mala,

Si nequior : rex si bonus sit, civiū  
salus :  
rex si malus sit, civitatis pestis est.

*Civis.*

Qui regio natus supbo stemate,  
duos nepotes principes tutor suā  
suscepit in fidem patruus : en Angliæ  
rex ipse conventu creatur maximo.

*Hosp.*

Ubi reguli duo? nefas regere patruū  
hi dum supsiunt.

*Civis.*

Hoc facit regni sitis :  
in arce regni carceris cæci luem  
patiuntur.

*Hosp.*

O scelus!

*Civis.*

Sed principis tamen

*Hosp.*

Magis hoc nefandū.

*Civis.*

Propter imperiū simul.

*Hosp.*

Pietas decet regem, nec impio licet  
parare regnum pretio.

*Civis.*

Semp tamen

imperia constant pretio bene quolibet.

*Hosp.*

Nunquam diu male pta succedunt.

*Civis.*

semel est regere.

Satis

*Hosp.*

Statim labi duplex malū  
fœlicitas brevis labor regni gravis.

*Civis.*

Prout lubet, regendo minuitur labor.

*Hosp.*

Crescit magis odiū.

*Civis.*

Hoc metu restinguitur.

*Hosp.*

Potius fide.

*Civis.*

Quin deme tantos spiritus  
Lacerare dictis principem diris grave  
est,

statimq; suspectos sibi mori jubent.  
Jam parce dictis : tempori decet ob-  
sequi

nuper nimis blande salutat obvios :  
abjicere se cogit mens mali consig,  
regemq; vultus pene servilis docet.

Hinc liberavit Cardinalem vinculis,  
Et Stanleum emisit solutū carcere.  
Hujus timebat filiū Lancastriæ,

Ne sæva patris vindicaret vincula.

At Eliensem præsulem clausū domi  
retinere Buckinghamiū jussit Ducem.  
Sed regis adventū sonat clangor tubæ

Comites, Ducesq; Marchiones, Præ-  
sides,

præire torquibus mirantes cernimus.

*Hosp.*

Effare (civis) nitida quid calcaria  
aurata signant, quæ comes manu gerit.

*Civis.*

Sunt Bellicæ virtutis hæc insignia.

*Hosp.*

Baculū quid.

*Civis.*

Eduardi suit regis pii  
id illius nunc memoria pferant.

*Hosp.*

Sed absq; cuspide gladius, quem fert  
caput  
nudus, quid indicat?

*Civis.*

Clementiā.

*Hosp.*

Clavus, quid?

Aure<sup>9</sup>*Civis.*

Officiū Comestabilis Angliæ  
Equitum magister publico hunc cœtu  
gerit.

*Hosp.*

Enses quid à dextris feruntur priu-  
cipis  
et à sinistris fulgidi duo simul?

*Civis.*

Sunt arma justitiae: scelus cleri  
simul  
Laiciq; puniunt salubri vulnera.

*Hosp.*

Nudi duo feruntur enses cuspide  
nullo.

*Civis.*

[Hiant Codices.]

*Hosp.*

Quidnā loquuntur sceptra?

*Civis.*

Pacē.

*Hosp.*

Quid Globus,  
Cujus sup crux elevatur verticem?

*Civis.*

Monarchiam.

*Hosp.*

Ecce aliis vagina conditū  
et arte suīa fulgidū gladiū gerit  
itemq; magnū.

*Civis.*

Suīa dignitatis est  
honore suīo spatha.

*Hosp.*

Quis locū  
splendore mediū maximo, radiis quasi  
nitidis micans, rubroq; tinctus murice  
tenet.

*Civis.*

Iste facialis est sui ordinis  
primus atq; regis ipse nomine.

*Hosp.*

Virgula quid alba præ se fert ducis?

*Civis.*

Hanc suīus Angliæ Archichamerinus  
gerit.

*Hosp.*

Quid alba Reginæ columba denotat?

*Hosp.*

Notat avis iñocentia nihil nocens.

## THE SHEWE OF THE CORONATION.

Trumpetts  
 Choristers  
 Singing-men  
 Præbendaries  
 Bishopps  
 Cardinall  
 Heralds  
 Aldermen of London  
 Esquires, Knights, Noblemen  
 Gilt spurrs borne by the Earle of Huntingdon  
 St Edward's stafe. Earle of Bedford  
 The point of y<sup>e</sup> sword naked. E. of Northumberland  
 The great mace. Lord Stanly  
 Two naked swordes, E. of Kent. L. Lovell  
 The grete scepter. Duke of Suffolke  
 The ball wth the crosse. E. of Lincolne  
 The sword of estate. E. of Surrey  
 Three togather. The Kings of heralds  
 The Maior of London with a mace  
 On the right hand the gentleman usher  
 on the left hand,  
 The King's crowne. Duke of Norfolke  
 The Kinge under a canopy betwixt two Bishops  
 The Duke of Buckinghā wth a white staffe caringe up the  
 King's traine  
 Noblemen  
 The Queen's scepter  
 The white dove wth a white rod  
 The Queene's crowne  
 The Queene wth a circlet on her head under a Canopie  
 The Lady Margaret bearinge up the Queene's traine  
 A Troupe of Ladies  
 Knights and Esquires  
 Northren Souldiers well armed.

During the solemnity of the Coronation  
 lett this songe followinge be songe wth  
 instruments.

Festū diem colamus assensu pari  
 quo principis caput corona cingitur.

Decora Regni possidet  
 Regis propago nobilis  
 Illustre principis caput  
 fulva corona cingitur.  
 Nunc voce laeti consona  
 cantū canamus principem.  
 Regnū premebat dedicus  
 Libido Regis polluit.

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## TERTIA ACTIO.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. PALMER, Richardus Rex  
 Mr. STRINGER, Dux Buckinghamius  
 D. SHEPARD, Elizabetha Regina  
 D. TITLEY, Filia Eduardi regis major  
 D. PILKINGTON, Ancilla  
 Mr. STANTON, Epis. Eliensis  
 Mr. FOXCROFT, Brakenburius præfector arcis  
 Mr. SNELL, Tyrellus generosus  
 Mr. ROBSON, Ludovicus medicus  
 Mr. GARGRAVE, Anna Regina uxor Richardi  
 Mr. SEDWICK, Nuntius primus  
 D. HILL, Nuntius secundus  
 HOULT, Nuntius tertius  
 Mr. BAYLY, Lovellius heros  
 Mr. ROBINSON, Catesbeius  
 Ds. MORRELL, Nuntius quartus  
 Nuntius quintus  
 Mr. HICKMAN, Henricus comes Richmondiæ  
 Mr. DIGBY, Comes Oxonii  
 Mr. HILL se : Dux Norfolciensis  
 Mr. LINSSELL, Rhesus Thomæ Wallicus  
 Ds. HARRIS, Nuntius  
 Mulier  
 Alia Mulier  
 Anus  
 D. HARRISON, Hungerford }  
 Mr. ROBINSON, Burchier } equestris ordinis  
 Miles }

Mr. HODSON, Stanleius heros  
 Mr. CONSTABLE, Gent. Filius Stanlei Dominus  
     Strange.  
     Centurio  
     Braa servus comitissæ Richmond  
 REDFERNE, Dighton carnifex, a big sloven  
 Mr. DUCKET, Comes Northumbriæ

## MUTES.

The yonge kinge and his brother lyinge dead on a bed.  
 Foure daughters of King Edward.  
 Souldiers unarmed and armed.

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## A R G U M E N T U M.

## FUROR.

Quorsum furor secreta volvis pectora  
 minasq; spiras intimas, nec expeditis  
 faces tuas ? scelus expleas Glocestriū :  
 Glocestrios invise rex olim tuos :  
 et sceptra jactes, prætiu sane necis,  
 dubiosq; regni volve fraterni metus.  
 Decora spectant ora Eboracū stupens  
 miretur excelsū decus vulgus leve.  
 Quorsū moras trahis lenes ? totus miser  
 fias, magisq; sæviat nefas breve.  
 Aude scelus mens quicquid atrox cogitat,  
 Regnūq; verset ultimū Regis scelus.  
 Nondū madebant cæde cognata manu :  
 nondū nepotes suffocantur Regii  
 et frustra poscas neptis incestos thoros :  
 imple scelere domū patris tui : illico  
 discat furor sævire Buckinghamius :  
 macta tyrannū, deme sceptra si potes :  
 sed non potes : pænasq; dignas pferes  
 tanti tumultus. En venit Richmondius,  
 exul venit, promissa regna vendicat,  
 regniq; juratos prius thoros : age,  
 stringantur enses, odia misce, funera  
 dirāq; stragem : impone finem litibus  
 En regnet exul, rex nec auxiliū impetrat,  
 tuaq; cadat (Henrice) Richardus manu.  
 Actum est satis: parcam furor Britanniæ  
 posthac, novasq; jam mihi quæram sedes.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

BRAKENB. ORDINIS EQUESTRIS,  
TIRELLUS.*Brak.*

O rector alme cœlitum et terræ decus,  
quisquis gubernas, parce Brakenburio  
Clemens furorem siste dūri principis,  
poenaq certam libera gravi fidem

Horrere nunquā cessat imperii sitis,  
curis nec usquā solvit aegra ambitio.  
Regni metu Richardus æstuat ferox,  
injusta sceptra possidet trepida manu,  
novasq suspicatur insidias sibi.

Stipante dum magna caterva rex suā  
inviseret Glocestriā, famam occupans  
incerta sortis cogitans ludibria,  
quāmq facili injusta ruit impetu po-

tentia,  
regniq ludibriū nimis statū tremens,  
dum spiritu vescatur ætherio nepos :  
mox ut suo reddat dolori spiritū  
geminus nepos, et sanguine extin-

guant suo  
Regni metu pueri, ferox patruus studet  
Nuper Johannes Greeñus intento  
sacris

Mihi, traditas à rege literas dedit  
Parare tristem Regulis jubet necem,  
Et principib<sup>9</sup> adferre crudeles manus  
quos vinculis præfectus arcis com-

primo.  
Solus potest mactare Brakenburius  
natos tuos Eduarde? solus pdere  
stirpem tuā? mandata regis exequar.  
Lubens tibi Richarde promptus servio.  
Necare stirpem fratris, ah, pietas  
vetat.

Intus jacent squalente miseri carcere,  
Solusq captivis ministrat carnifex.

O principis dirū nefas, tetrū, ferox.  
Inter metū animus spemq dubius vol-  
vitur,  
mentemq distractā tumultus verberat.  
Nunc regis horreo minas : notus mihi  
animus satis vetat timere : conscious  
nihil mihi, qud fata vellicant, sequor.  
Quid in tuū Richarde subditū paras?  
crudele quid spiras? quid atrox  
cogitas?

Pius fui : crux regem pollui  
nunquā manus meas : quid incusas?  
fidem

tuebar : ulcisi bonū iñensū paras.  
Testor deorū numen iñocens eram  
insons eram. Solumne regnū uon  
timet

maculā? quid aula ptinax fugis pudor  
humilemq casā quæris? aulā deserat  
quisquis piē vivet : micans splendor.  
nimis

Sortis beatæ lumen impedit piū,  
Et turpiter collisa mens impingitur  
sin fata me morentur, adveniā lubens  
tibi de tuorū cæde tristis nuntius  
Eduarde, pculsus miser ferro simul  
A rege sed Tirellus huc quid advolat?  
an non perimus? heu metu cor pal-  
pitat

Quā, quā parant pænā gravē fido  
mihi?

Ferrē libenter quicquid est, ruā licet.

*Tyrell.*

Ignava mens, quid jussa regis exequi  
dubitās? inanes et metus fingis tibi?  
Haud leve timebit, tristis quisquis  
cogitat.

Quid principi Tirelle gratari times?  
rex imperat : erit inocens necessitas :

magna anxiū cura Richardū liberas,  
et longa te regis beabunt præmia.  
Principe suo Eborū domus contenta  
erit.

prolesq; regiæ spiritū inimicū expuant  
pro mortuis pugnare quis stultè cupit?  
aut principum demens tueri cogitat  
exangue corpus? quicquid est auden-  
dū erit.

malus minister regis anxius pudor  
Equestris ordinis decus Brakenburi,  
regis parentis adulterū vivit genus?

*Brak.*

Tantū moratur ultimū vitæ diem.

*Tirell.*

Nihil horrescīs tremendā principis?

*Brak.*

Sequar lubens, quocunq; fata me vo-  
cant.

*Tirell.*

An non decet mandata Regis exequi?

*Brak.*

Nunquam decet jubere regem pessima.

*Tirell.*

Fas est eos vivere, quos princeps  
oderit?

*Brak.*

Nefas eos odisse quos omnes amant.

*Tirell.*

Regni metu angi Principem nū æquū  
putas?

*Brak.*

Scelere mederi vulneri scelus reor.

*Tirell.*

Constare regnū illis nequit viventibus.

*Brak.*

Illis mortuis invisum erit.

*Tirell.*

Ars prima sceptri posse te invidiā  
pati.

*Brak.*

Quem sepè casus transit, aliquando  
opprimit.

*Tirell.*

Regnare non vult esse qui invisus  
timet.

*Brak.*

Invisa nunquam imperia retinentur  
diu.

*Tirell.*

Tua īterest vivat puer vel occidat.

*Brak.*

Parū nisi ut occisore me non occidat.

*Tirell.*

Tua ecquid imbelles timet pueros  
mānus?

*Brak.*

Qui castra non timeo, scelus tamen  
horreo.

*Tirell.*

Hanc īmemor regi reponis gratiā.

*Brak.*

Quod in scelere nullā repono gratiā.

*Tirell.*

Nil sœvientis principis iram times?

*Brak.*

Generosa mens terrore nunquā con-  
cidit.

*Tirell.*

At multa rex tibi miniatur horridus

En serus alto jungitur Phœbus salo,

Nudumq; lustrandū sorori deserit  
cœlū? ergo sume regis ad te literas,  
claves ut arcis illico mandes mihi,  
hac nocte regis exequi jussa ut queā.

BRAKENB. TYRELL, JOHAN :  
DIGHTON.

*Brak.*

O cæca regnandi libido, ô scelus  
Regis furentis triste nimis, ô patrui  
Nefanda sceptra, quæ suorū sanguine  
madent. Propinquæ vos manus heu  
destruunt,

ô nobiles pueri, pupillos opprimunt  
Hostemq; dare genus vestrū potest.  
Amissa postquā regna cognovit puer,  
et possidere rapta sceptra patruū :  
Sic fatur infelix lachrymis genas

rigans  
ab imo pectore trahens suspiria,  
Regnū nihil moror : precor vitā mihi  
hanc patruus ne demat. Heu quis  
Caucasus

lachrymis potest, aut decus Indus

pcere?

Nunquā deinde ornare se miserū  
juvat :

Nullo solutæ vestes diffluunt nodo.  
Imago semp errat ante oculos mihi  
tristis gementis principis, nec desinit  
pulsare mœstum animū quærela

Reguli.

Sed hoc refert Tirellus infaustū gradū.

*Tirell.*

Cædis fidele munus intus occupant  
Vastusq; Dighton, et Forestus carnifex.  
Mortem morabor principū dū pferant.

*Brak.*

Uterq; fato cessit inimico puer?

*Tirell.*

Vivunt adhuc, illis tamen necem pa-  
rant.

*Brak.*

Aliter placari regis ira non potest?

*Tirell.*

Regem metus non ira crudelem facit.

*Brak.*

Effare quo rex ore responsū tulit  
quod ense nunquā cæderent meo.

*Tirell.*

Ut ista primū novit, ingenti statim  
stupore torpet, sanguis ora deserit,  
totusq; cineri similis expallet simul  
suspiria imis efflat è pcordiis,  
lævaq; cordi proximū feriens latus,  
regale subitō deserit soliū, furens  
graditur citalis passibus, quassans  
caput,

tacitoq; secum dirus iñungit sinu,  
ubi sanguis è fornace veluti denuo  
proruit adustus, servidis torret genas  
rubetq; totus, puncio velut mari  
iñmersus, aut minio fuisse plitus.  
Oculi scintillant flæmei obtuitu truci  
velutiq; setis horret erectis coma.  
His tanquā Orestes accensus facib⁹

suit

Nam de suorū cæde convellunt pares  
utrumq; furiae: discrepant uno tamen.  
Agitatur umbra matris ille mortuæ :  
gravi nepotū ast ille vivorū metu.  
Et graviter in te exarsit ira turbida,  
responsa rex qua nocte pcepit tua :  
Coram tacendæ functionis assecla  
ingemuit et in hos mœstus erupit  
sonos.

Proh, cui quis ullā sanus adjunget  
fidem?

Ubi gratus animus, quove pietas ex-  
ulat?

Terras relinquens scelere pollutas  
latet  
Viris nec ullis jam licet confidere.  
Quos ego velut gnatos parens enutrio  
si quando tristis urgeat necessitas :  
Hi me pentem deserunt, violent  
fidem,  
meoq; jussu prorsus audebunt nihil.  
Respondet illico principi astans as-  
secla,

At proximo stratus cubili vir jacet  
(audacter istud audio nunc dicere)  
id esset arduū nimis, quod is neget  
unquā subire, placeat modò tibi.  
Quū rex ab illo tū quis esset quæreret,  
me dixit : ad cubile rapitur illico,  
ibi me fratremq; offendit in lectū datos.  
Rex tū jocosè, Tam citò (inquit) vos  
thoro  
componere juvat? tū seorsim me vocat  
panditq; mentis triste consiliū suæ  
de Regulorū celeri et occulta nece.  
Ego quis moneret intuens, qualis simul  
ipse fuerim, lamentata nec regis ferens.  
meā ultro regi tū lubens opem tuli :  
Quocerca primo mane mihi literas  
dedit

ad te notatas, quas mea ferrē manu :  
Jussitq; claves turris excelsæ mihi  
ut traderes, quò Regis exequar  
Fidele mandatū nocte comissū mihi.

*Dighton.*

Uterq; suffocatur exanguis puer.

*Brak.*

Hei mihi, p ārtus horror excurrit va-  
gus.

*Tirell.*

Quo sunt perempti genere læthi par-  
vuli?

*Dighton.*

Cū triste cœlū stella lustraret vaga,  
serasq; gallus cecinit umbras p̄vigil :  
en, dum nepos uterq; lecto sternitur,

dulcesq; somnos caperet geminus puer:  
cubile nos intramus occulto pede,  
fratresq; subito stragulis convolvimus,  
suīmis volutos virib; depressimus,  
Ubi plumeā clauduntur ora culcitra,  
vocemq; prohibit pressa pulvinaria :  
mox suffocantur adempto uterq; spiritu,  
quia perviū spirantibus non est iter,  
En, ambo cæsi lectulo strati jacent.

*Brak.*

Videone corpora Regulorū livida ?  
funestus heu jā cæde puerili thorus  
Quis lachrymas durus malis vultus  
negat?

Hei mihi, perempti fraude patrui  
jacent.  
Quis Colchus hæc? quæ Caspiū tan-  
gens mare  
gens audet? Atq; sedis incertæ Scy-  
tha.

Nunquā tuas Busiris aspersit ferox  
puerilis aras sanguis, aut gregibus suis  
epulanda parva membra Diomedes  
dedit.

*Tirell.*

Bene est : fratri Richardre nunc soliū  
tene  
securus, et decora regni posside,  
Sepelite tetri carceris gradu infimo :  
satis profunda fossa fratres contegat,  
et saxeō mox obruuntur aggere,  
de morte passim sparge rumores  
vagos,  
quod fato sponte trina condulsit soror,  
Périisse subita morte finge regulos.  
Sunt Regis hæc mandata, cura sedulò,  
Jam sume claves [ptinax Brakenburi.]

*Brak.*

O sœva nostri temporis credulitas  
ō regis animus dirus ! ô mens barbara,  
secura turbans jura naturæ ferox !  
Tune inōcentes principes, pueros pios

monstrū Procutes, tune mactasti  
tuos?

ō terra, cœlū, mœstūq regnū Tartari,  
scelus videtis triste? Sustines nefas  
tantū, trisulco horrens Saturnie ful-  
mine

Acheronte toto merge Syderiū caput  
radiate Tytan, pereat et mundo dies,  
Quis quo suo generi hostis infestus  
fuit,  
adeo ut cruentet cæde puerili manus.  
Jam Nero pius es? scelere materno  
madens

nefande Pelops cæde, majus hic nefas  
Sola teneros Medea mactat liberos.  
Jugulare civem semp indignū fuit  
privare luce foemina tetrū nimis:  
at inōcentes, parvulos, infantulos,  
(qui vita quid sit, non p ætatem  
sciunt)

spoliare vita, facinus horrendū nimis.  
Quid parcer aliis qui suos ferox necat?  
qui nocte pueros mulctat atra iñoxios,  
quos sumā charos cura comendat sibi.  
Heu, heu, quib⁹ jactaris Angla flucti-  
bus?

Discede pietas, et locū quærat fides,  
en longa sanguinis sitis regno iminet.

### REGINA, ANCILLA.

*Regina.*

Eheu recenti corda palpitant metu  
gelidus per artus vadit exangues tre-  
mor,

Nocturna sic me visa miserā territant,  
Et dira turbant inquietā somnia  
At tu pater qui clara volvis sydera,  
et igne flamiferū vago regis jubar,  
omen nefandū averte, funestū, tetrū.  
Jam cuncta passim blanda straverat  
quies,

somnusq fessis facilis obrepst genis  
vidi minantem concito cursu heu aprū  
natosq frendens dente laniavit truci

utrosq sævus mactat. Ætheriae po-  
tens  
dominator aulæ, fata si quid filiis  
dirū minantur, in hoc caput crescat  
furor,  
matremq prius jam fulmen irati petat.

*Ancilla.*

Quando vacabit tempus ullū cladibus?  
modūq ponit matris attonitæ dolor?  
Nam triste matri nunciū demens  
taces?

totas an animus gaudet ærumnas suas  
tractare, longos et dolores claudere?  
O regio quondā tumens fastu, potens  
Regina.

*Regina.*

Misera voce quid media stupes?  
exire jussus non reperit viā sonus?  
fusisq turpes lachrymis genæ madent.

*Ancilla.*

Sævit cruento dente frendens aper.

*Reg.*

Adhuc  
quicquāne sceleri restat.

*Ancil.]*

Ah, gnati tui.

*Regina.*

Audire cupio miserias statim meas.

*Ancil.*

Heu ambo scelere suffocantur prin-  
cipes,  
Labefacta mens succumbit: assure:  
hei mihi,  
rursus cadentem misera spiritū leva.  
spirat, revixit, tarda mors miseros  
fugit.

*Regina.*

Regnare nunc scelestæ patræ potes,  
nihil  
timebit imbelles ferox pueros furor,

scelestā vibres sceptra: adhuc unū  
deest  
sceleri tuo, jam sanguinē nostrum  
pete,  
tui furoris misera testis hāud ero.  
Quem defleā infōelix? propinquos?  
liberos?  
anne malis superesse fata quem si-  
nunt  
tantis? Ego meos mater occidi, latus  
Eduarde quando comīte nudavi tuo,  
et tunc asylū deseris dulcis puer.  
Te, te, precor supplex mater genib⁹  
minor,  
qui vindicās flāmās vibras tonans pa-  
ter,  
et hunc vibrentur tela pjurū tua,  
Spolies Olimpū irate fulminibus tuis,  
et impiū cōeli ruina vindicet.

*Ancilla.*

Quin placida cogites, animūq; mitiga,  
mentemq; sana turbidā curis leva.

*Regina.*

O patrui monstrū nefandū, quale nec  
Dirus Procutes novit, aut Colchos  
ferox.

O Cardinalis impii fallax fides,  
cui filiū vesana mandavi meū.  
O filii charissimi, ô liberi,  
quos patrui crudelis ensis eripit,  
suq; nec unū sufficit sceleri nefas.  
vestrumq; matri funus invident mihi.

ACTUS SECUNDUS.

DUX BUCKINGHA: EPISC. ELIENSIS.

*Buck.*

Venerande præsul Eliensis insulæ,  
depone moestitiā: prius liber licet  
nunc ædibus captivus hæreas meis:  
nam te meæ cum crederet fidei ferox

Princeps, parū promitto sæverū fore  
Parem tibi potius amicū possides  
Jam pristinæ vitæ status reminscere  
et non quis es quis fuisti cogita,

*Eliens.*

O me beatū (pace quod dicā tua)  
carcere quōd isto liberū me sentiā  
Sed fata quid non graviter incusem  
mea?  
Quod mentis initiū benevolæ desinit  
virtus sed animi rebus afflictis tui  
solamen est quæ non potentis respi-  
cit  
tam copiā, quām quæ voluntas indigi.

*Buck.*

Gratū est voluntatis tuæ indiciū mihi,  
Adversa quamvis singula videntur  
tibi:  
Cum sic amicè me colis indignū  
tamen,  
conabor, ut quæ voce jactentur mea,  
hæc vera tandū expertus affimes  
fore,  
Nec fata damnes dura, quin potius  
probes,  
tantū nec æstimes malum, te liberū  
Non esse quantū est gaudiū vita frui  
duras tyrannus regni habenas dū  
tenet  
Quin capite quod non plecteris lucrū  
puta:  
vitā dedit, dum non admit audax  
furor.  
Quot cædibus cruentat insanas manus?  
Quot destinavit ad necem mentis  
furor?  
dicere nequeo, nec verba sufficiunt  
mihi:  
dolor tacere jussit. O nullo scelus  
credibile in ævo, quodq; posteritas ne-  
gat.  
Patruus nepotes patris heu regno ex-  
pulit.

Tantū exuit regno? necem miseris  
dedit.

Frænos dolor vix patitur, ulcisci cupit.

*Eliens.*

Præclara suades, inclytū durū genus.  
Hoc patribus percrebuit olim pris-  
tinis,

IMPERIA SCELERE PARTA SOLVUN-  
TUR STATIM.

Tanto medelā vulneri nisi feceris,  
quæret lues secreta regni vulnera.  
Perdere tyrannū laus vel hostem æqua-  
lis est.

*Buck.*

At sceptræ tutus ut regat potiū ve-  
lim  
(cujus furor paucis nocebat forsitan)  
quam sede dimoveri pulsū regia  
Nec talis est, ut in suos sic sæviat:  
Stimulo coëgit ira, quæ nescit modū  
Cujus tamen regno scio prudens ca-

put  
consulere, pax florebit æqua civibus.  
Landandus ergo, cura quem regni  
tenet,  
et cui suorū civiū chara est salus.

*Eliens.*

Superbus eructat animus, nec con-  
tinet  
sese, secretā miscet irā laudibus.  
Sic principes illi cautus odiū concita,  
ut te tamen seqūi puteris nunc magis  
stultū est diu occultare, quod prodas  
statim

Nullā mihi fidem dabis certò scio,  
diversa modò si vellem juvare tibi.  
Testor deū, si non fuissent irrita  
Vota mea et Eduardo quod obtigit

duci  
Stetisset Henrico, stabile regni decus  
Henrice, partes non reliquissem tuas.  
Sed cùm secus tulere fatorū vices,  
sceptræ regi deferant Eduardo, magis

quæ voluerā Henrico remansisse inte-  
gsa:

non sic furore pcitus miser sui,  
ut mortui patronus illudar pius.  
Calcare victorem quis audet invidus?  
Post ego sequens victoris arbitriū  
sagax,  
in gratiā receptus illico sui,  
vivoq; nunquā fefelli tibi: tu fidem  
Eduarde liberis precabor, et tuis  
decora regni sceptra: longas Angliæ  
tractent habenas regis orti stemæ.  
At quæ deus contexuit, retexere  
non est, meū: sed qui fuit regni  
modò

protector, is nunc regio fulget throno.  
Cohibeo me: quin sacra præsulem  
vocant  
senem magis, non studia regni: jam  
meis  
doctus malis satis: at preces decent  
modò.

*Buck.*

De rege fatus obmutescit: audio  
lubens, sagax de rege quidnā cogitat.  
Quin perge pater, egressa verba ne  
premas,

animiq; tutus vota psequere tui.  
Hinc non modo periculi nihil, sed  
gratius  
votis tuis mox coīmodu eveniet tibi.  
Consultor eris in rebus incertis mihi:  
Quod cogitabā, a rege cùm precib⁹  
meis  
imperio tuā domi nære custodiā.  
Alterius esset fortè carcer tibi magis  
molestus, hic te liberū potiū puta.

*Eliens.*

Factis parem habeo gratiā (dux in-  
clyte)  
at non placet tractare gesta principiū  
Hic sæpe blanda tecta fronte fraud  
latet

Quæ dicta sunt bene, sæpe torquent  
non bene,  
curamq; fabula suadet Aësopi Phrigis.  
Legem tulit princeps talem feris leo  
passim necis pænā minatur horridus,  
Cornuta silvas bellua nisi deserat  
tantū tumens vesana fronte bestia.  
Jussus tremens regis, parat miserā  
fugā.

Fortè properanti vulpes occurrit sibi,  
causāq; mirabundus exquirit fugæ.  
Sylvam fugio : Leonis (inquit) horreo  
mandata : Ridet vulpes, affatur ferā,  
Falsò times demens, nihil de te Leo  
tantū tumet frons tibi, gerit cornū  
nihil  
Satis (inquit) hoc inermis et novi  
fera,  
Sin esse cornu dixerit frendens Leo,  
quid tum perempta pulchrā sane dis-  
puto :  
Subridet, omnia sorte felici cadent.

*Buck.*

Nihil time, leo nil nocebit rugiens,  
aper ne dente vulnus infliget tibi.  
Nil audiet princeps eorum, quæ tu  
mihi  
Narras secretus.

*Eliens.*

Hercole aures si suas  
hic sermo pulset, ipse nec sumat  
male :  
Nil tū timerem, forsitan grates daret.  
Sin mala (quod auguror) potiūs  
affectio  
interpres esset, veritatis nec penditur :  
utriq; verba grande conflarent malū.

*Buck.*

Hoc quicquid est audire mens avida  
cupit.

culpam lubens præstabo quamlibet,  
haud time  
tantū meis morem geras votis pater.

*Eliens.*

Nihii herclè dico, sceptra quando  
possidet  
Protector, hæc quo jure princeps ven-  
dicat,  
Præcarer at suplex tamen, quod pa-  
triæ  
salus requirit, cujus ille frena jam  
moderatur, et pars ego fidelis extiti,  
dotes ad illas addat ut clemens deus  
(his licet abundat, laude nec nostra in-  
diget  
Quod in tuo numen benignū fusius  
spasserit honore, dotibus abundat  
magis  
regnq; tractet melius habenas sui.  
Cohibebo me : hæc tacere me decet  
magis.

*Buck.*

Miror quid hæret, voce quid media  
stupet?  
Quin seriò cum patre tremulo collo-  
quor?  
Venerande pater, animū quid incertū  
tenes?  
seseq; vox egressa continet statim  
dum fundis interupta, concludis nihil  
et crebrò spiras. Qua fide regem  
colas  
neq; scio, nec tuus amor in nos quis  
fuit  
nostras quòd ornas præco virtutes  
(licet  
in me reperio laudibus dignū nihil)  
id me magis nunc mentis incertū  
tenet  
sed tuā odio ardere mentem suspicor  
vel amore ductus ista cæco concipis,  
vel obstat ut audias vanus timor,  
vel impedit pudor senem parū decens,

Effare : honorem pignoro dubio tibi  
tuti recessus, surdus audiā.

*Eliens.*

Quid est  
Promissa cernis, dux nimis fastu  
tumet,  
avidus honores haurit, odit principem  
secretus huic aperire mentem quid  
times ?  
aut regis exitiū paras, vel dū faces  
accendas irarū duci, tuā fugā.  
Captivus ex quo Regis arbitrio tuus  
fueram (liceat hac voce pace uti tua)  
Quanquā molesti carceris sentio nihil,  
libris levabam pectus attonitū malis,  
sententiā dedici revolvens optimā,  
quod nemo liber nascitur solū sibi  
Victurus, at partem parentes vendi-  
cant,

partem propinqui, maxime sed patria  
debet parens communis allicere piū-  
dem mente volvo, debitū patriæ  
juvat  
præstare, cujus (heu) statū dum cogito;  
quantū micabat sumna regū gloria,  
tantū tyrannus nunc jugo premit  
gravi :

Regni ruinā scepta promittunt sua.  
Sed magna miseris non deest spes  
civibus  
dum corpus aspicio tuū, pulchrū de-  
cus,  
ignis acumen, vimq dicendi parem,  
sumas opes raramq virtutem ducis,  
præ ceteris cui chara patriæ salus  
patriæ labanti gratulor, cui contigit  
heros mederi quis malis tantis potest  
qui regni habenas tractet æquali  
manu,  
quas nunc tirannis opprimet Gloces-  
tria.  
Retineat ille nomen antiquū, novū  
parum placet, quod jure scepta non  
tenet.

Nec in video regnum, pios si non  
honor  
Mores simul mutasset effrænis ducis,  
novamq mentem nomen acciperet  
novū,

O gravia passū nobile imperiū Anglie  
graviora passurū, tyrannus si imperet  
Imanis usq scelera quid psequar ?  
Agnosco qualem stravit ad regnū viā  
En optimatū cæde foedavit manus,  
obstare votis quos putabat improbis.  
O sacra regnandi sitis, quò animos  
trahis  
mortaliū ? scelestus at pgit furor,  
quantuq libuit audet, sceleris laud  
modū  
ponit, patravit majus et fide scelus.  
Ætasne credit ulla, matrem filius  
quòd damnet insanus probri solus  
suā ?

Impius inurit criminis falsi notā,  
fratresq geminos spurios falso vocat,  
nec non nepotes impia notat labe,  
stirpemq fratris damnat ambiguā sui.  
Hoc est familie nobile tueri decus.  
Sed cur queror ? nū sceleris hic finis  
fuit ?

gradus mali fuit, hactenus non stat  
nefas

Jam regna fratris possidens non timet  
audire majora : miser heu implet  
manus  
funere suorū patruus, insontes necans;  
Erumpat ergo vis corrusca fulminis :  
an parcer aliis qui suos mactat ferox ?  
sperare quis meliora nunc demens  
potest ?

Majora monstra triste præsagit nefas.  
Nunc ergo moveat temporū tandem  
status.

Per numen æternū, p Anglorū decus;  
titulis superbū si genus charū tibi,  
succurre miseris, rumpe fatorū moras,  
capesse regnū, sede pulsū deprime  
tyrannū, ademptū vindica regni decus.  
Nec justa dubiū causa terreat nimis,

defende cives, chara sit patriæ salus  
Comes laboris haud deesse jam potest :

plebs tota defectū rebellis murmurat:  
magis subibunt barbari Turcæ regnū,  
quam rex suo impius crurore luderet.  
Quanto magis nunc te crearet principem,

in quo genus refulget excelsū? meis  
quiesce votis, Angliæ oblatū thronum  
Nec respuas, prodesse multis dū potes,  
nec te labor deterreat, si quem putas  
inesse; sed sit arduū: minime tamen  
pro pace patriæ deserendū publica,  
Quod si recusas ptinax, nec te sinas  
vinci precibus: adjuro p verū deū,  
p maximi ducis fidem, sancto simul  
quondam p astrictā fidem Georgio  
insignis ascitus eques ordinis Garterii  
quando fuisti primū, ut in nostrū  
caput

sermonis hujus culpa grassetur nihil.  
Hoc publicis imploro precib⁹ civiū  
Sin alterius optanda scepta dexteræ  
quæris: throno Lancastriæ pulsū ge-

nus  
addas paterno, aut filiū Eduardi patris  
throno superbo nobilis jungas viri.  
Sic impiū tyrannus exitiū feret,  
et cladibus defessa gens ponet modū,  
habes meā de rebus his sententiā.

Cur sic tacet? miror: metuo multū  
mihi:

suspiriū ducit: fideimne decipit?

*Buck.*

Video timore distrahi pectus pater.<sup>m</sup>  
doloris ansā (doleo) quod tacens dedi.  
tu macte sis virtute: non fallā fidem.  
O magne coeli rector, et mundi ar-  
biter,

quantū tibi devincta gens est Anglica?  
qui fluctuantem sæpiū regni statu  
Clemens deus manu benigna protegis?  
Jam statue tandem gravibus ærumnis  
modū,

clementer animi spiritū inspira pater,  
ut principem quæramus auspiciis tuis,  
qui justa tractet sceptra regali manu,  
statimq̄ rebus collocet lassis opem  
Reverende sedis præsul Eliensiū,  
specimen dedisti mentis erga me tuæ  
clarā satis amoremq̄ testor patriæ  
par culpa nostri, quare nil time dolos  
de rege mentis sensa prorsus eloquar,  
vires cur illi adjutor adjunxi meas.  
retinere postquā non potest fati colos  
Eduardus ejus nominis quartus, mori  
sed fata cogunt: liberis parū suis  
fui benevolus, ille quod meritis parū  
dignū referret præmiū, generis mei  
titulos nec altos æstimavit invidus  
Ergo minus orbos tū colebā liberos  
patris inimici. Vulgo jactatur vetus  
dictū facilē regnū labi, cujus tenet  
rex puer habenas: Cœpta tū comes  
tua

Richarde faveo, judicavi tū virū  
fuisse clementem, atq̄ nunc video ferū  
hac fraude plurimū allicit mentes  
pias,

ut publico Protector assensu Angliæ  
renunciatus esset, et regis simul,  
accensa sic honore mens fuit novo,  
ut cū secundū possidet regni locū,  
tantūm placere scepta cœperunt  
statim.

Regni decora poscit ad tempus sibi  
teneros nepos dum complet annos de-  
bilis.

Dubitare postquā nos videt, regni  
fidem

nec fallimus, spurious nepotes tū pro-  
bat  
patruus scelestus: credimus tandem  
sibi,

statimq̄ nostri fræna regni tradimus.  
damnavit hæredem ducis Clarentiæ.  
crimen paternū, jura avita p̄didit  
Regni thronū, Richarde sic paras tibi  
ruisq̄ tandem, quō furor traxit tuus  
regnare liceat (ut lubet) jam nemine

æquū est metuere, nullus est hostis  
ferox,  
obstare sceptris nemo jam potest tuis.  
At quis minister funeris tanti fuit?  
Tu, tu tyrannus natus ad patriæ luem,  
tu prole matrem sævus orbaris sua,  
nec abstines à cæde cognita miser,  
teneros nepotes patruus injustus necas.  
Quorū necis cū fama penetrasset meas.  
aures, trementes horror occupat vagus  
artus, venas deserit hiantes intimus  
cruor, soluta membra diffluunt.  
Nobis salubre pollicemur inscii,  
incerta dū sit propriæ domus salus  
Mihi damnat injustū frequens injuria.  
Avita si ad justus hæres prædia  
sumiq; vendico munus comestabulis.  
graviter repulsa læsus ingratā tuli.  
Nunquid dabit nova, qui suū nunquā  
dedit.

At si dedisset, non tamen gratis daret.  
Ope namq; nostra possidet imperii  
decus.

Agnosco culpā, quū mea carens ope  
Nunquā feroci sceptra gestasset manu.  
Fratriis redundant in meū crimen caput,  
manuq; patriæ vulnus infixi meæ.  
Hoc expiabo si medelā fecero;  
medebo ergo, sicq; decrevi priūs,  
justā querelā durus ubi tū respuit  
Non amplius me contineo: dicā ordine  
quodcunq; mente absconditū tacita  
latet,

Cum regis animū scelere plenū cernerē  
in odium amor im̄utatur, ulcisci paro,  
Quem sū passus ejus aspectū statim  
tuli molestè, ferre nec vultū queo.  
Aulā relinquo regiā, domū peto,  
dum cæpi iter, mea facile tunc dex-  
tera  
erepta posse sceptra transferri puto,  
regnare postquā populus iratus jubet.  
Quo mihi placebā ludicro titulo diu,  
et justus hæres domus Lancastriæ  
mihi falsò videor, ambiens regni  
thronū.

Hæc cogitanti subitb me rogat obvia  
Richmondiaæ comitissa, redditū filio  
precarer exuli: si rex benignus an-  
nuat,  
tum regis Eduardi relictæ filiæ  
natū suū despondet ad castos thoros:  
dotem nihil moratur, una dos erit  
Regis favor, nec amplius mater petit.  
Hic nostra pereunt regna: tū mihi  
exciderat animo filio primū suo  
matriq; jus patrē regni: somniū  
thronus fuit, regnūq; frustra vendico.  
Contemno primū vota Comitissæ pia.  
Mens altius dum cogitat matris preces,  
tum spiritu impulsā sacro matrem,  
bonū  
sensisse regni nesciā im̄ensū puto,  
Infensa si domus thronos jungit pios,  
quæ sceptra jure dubia vendicat suo:  
æterna fieret civib⁹ tranquillitas,  
solidamq; pacis alliget rectæ fidem,  
hæresq; dubiæ certus esset Angliæ.

*Eliens.*

O recta patriæ spes, salus, solatiū  
respicere cœpit mitis afflictos deus.  
O sancta lecti jura legitimi, Anglia,  
tibi gratulor, lætare, solamen venit.

*Buck.*

Nunc tata quib⁹ arcana tuti pandim⁹  
Matris priūs mentem decet cognos-  
cere.

*Eliens.*

Jam nostra votis cœpta succedent  
satis  
Servus fidelis ecce Comitissæ venit,  
ut nos licet lentus juvas miseros deus!  
Brai potentis servū Comitissæ, tuæ  
domine salutis gratus esto nuntius.  
Jactata pacis appulit portū ratis:  
mox natus horæ sceptra gestabat  
manu,  
si jure jurando suā astringet fidem  
face velit sibi jugali jungere  
quæ nata major regis Eduardi fuit.

Nati ergo faustos mater ambiet  
thronos,  
ut sede pellatur sua rex impius.

*Bra.*

Tam læta domine, nuncius ferā  
lubens.  
quamcunq; vobis atq; prestabo fidem.

*Buck.*

De rege tandem memet ulciscar  
probè :  
de sede malè parta triumphabit parū.  
Nunc sævus infensū inveniet aper sibi  
fortem leonem, qui unguib; tantū valet  
quantū ille dente : jā scelere cumula  
scelus :

Crudelis imple cæde funestas manus :  
adhus iniquè jura detineas mihi :  
dominare tumidus, spiritus altos gere :  
sequitur superbos ultiꝝ à tergo deus,  
Reddes coactus, sponte quæ negas  
mihi :

Nuper superbis Eboraci fastu tumens,  
Cinctus corona, vestibus claris nitens  
spectanda præbet ora stupidis civibus,  
diadema pariter cinxit uxoris caput,  
celebratq; plebs honore divino levis :  
portendit excelsus ruinā spiritus.

*Eliens.*

Tu tu tyrannū morte mulctabis ferox  
si liber essem, vinculis nudus tuis,  
meaq; septus insula tota satis,  
nihil furentis horreā regis minas :  
nunc ergo liceat pace discedā tua.

*Buck.*

Dispersa perdit turba vires debilis,  
unita fortius minatur hostibus manus;  
morare paulūm, milites dū colligo :  
defendet armatus tuā miles viā.

### LODOVICUS MEDICUS.

Comitissa mater læta Braii nuntia  
postquā sui nati de nuptiis acceperat,  
ut regis Eduardi priori filiæ  
si sacra lecti iura sponderet comes  
Richmondius, speraret amissū thronū,  
adire reginā jubet celeri gradu,  
tentare mentem sponte quasi pulsā  
mea :

ut qui peritus arte medicorū fui,  
foedera medelis sacra miscerem meis,  
Lectumq; promissū comitis Rich-  
mondi.

Nunc ergo Lodovice, jussus exequi  
decet fideles, vince matrem, ne thoros  
comiti negaret conjugales filiæ.

### EPŪS ELIENSIS FUGIENS.

Deserere nolens cogor hospitiū ducis  
turbata magnū consilia suadent metū.  
Nunc ergo consulā mihi celeri fuga.  
Quām nunc manus miser hostiū sævas

tremo ?

sed cautus incedā, insulā petā meā,  
sulcabo salsa nave mox et æquora,  
hopesq; tutus bella spectabo procul.  
Te, te potens mundi arbiter supplex  
precor,  
ab hoste servū protegas sævo tuū.

### LODOVICUS, REGINA.

*Lod.*

Regina servans conjugis casta fide  
lectū jugalem, siste misera lachrimas,  
adesse spera jam malis finem tuis.  
Parumper aure verba facilis percipe  
vacato nostris precib;: inveni modū  
quo trux tyrannus debitas poenas luat,  
tractentq; rursus sceptra felici manu  
tui nepotes, rege dejecto truci :  
procerū sibi, plebisq; concitat odiū

Richardus, invisū eximere regno student.

Jam vulgus insano crebescit murmure,  
quām ferre possunt gravius imponi  
jugū,  
an sceptra speremus benigna principis?

neci nepotes patrius infantes dedit.  
Querela civiū frequens pulsat Jovem  
amare nequint, quem execrantur  
publicē

servile collo populus excuteret jugū  
si notus hæres esse imperii sibi.

Richmondiæ (nunc exul) Henricus  
comes

hæres familiæ certus est Lancastriæ:  
huic filiæ sociare si thalamos jubes,  
nullus de regni jure hæses disputat.

*Regina.*

Quod pepulit aures nuntiū lœtū meas?  
quid audio? nū misera mens est credula?

hæc facile credunt quod minis miseri volunt.

Sed quod volunt, fortuna contumax vetat.

Prona est timori semper in pejus fides.

Regnat tyrannus, exul Henricus  
comes,  
est vulgus anceps, dubius et populi favor

Quæ filiæ facilis patet meæ via  
ad sceptra?

*Lodov.*

Voto tremulus obstabit timor.  
Confide causæ, civiū pugnat salus:  
prudens familiæ consulas mater tuæ:  
cædis recentis immemor sobolis jæces  
cur sic inultæ te sinis? stimulet dolor  
cædis tuorū, et conjugis chari probrū.

*Regina.*

Spem pollicetur animus invitam trahens.

Dotare thalamo filiæ Elizabeth velim:

sed spernet illæ forsan Henrici parens  
illam petas; scrutare nū maneat vetus  
domus simultas, exulis gnati potest  
Flecti malis, ut fieret ex misero potens.

*Lodov.*

Regina, peragam jussa.

*Reg.*

Respiret deus  
consilia læta, perge non dubio gradu.

DUX BUCK. AD MILITAS.

Ultrice dextra, milites, sævus cadat'  
comunis hostis ille, tum quisquis  
comes

fuerit tyranni, jaceat et pene comes.  
Quid ira posset, durus expromat dolor

Utinā crux capitis invisi deo  
libare possim! multa mactatur Jovi  
opima magis arasve tinxit victima  
quam rex iniquus [aut tirannus impius].

Violenta nemo imperia continet diu,  
sperare tanti sceleris quis demens po-

test  
regnū salubre, vel fidem tutā dui?  
vobis sceleræ mentis exponā dolū.  
Bellū parari dū videt, mox literas  
mittit benignas, spondet agros, nil  
negat

sensi dolū, morā traho, veniā peto.  
Ægre repulsā passus imperat statim  
venire? adhuc recuso; sed veniā ta-  
men,  
Veniam, Richarde, sed malo tandem  
tuo

Et ulti adero inimicus infensus tibi  
miseris Britannis pacis autor publicæ.  
Fugiens asylū Marchio Dorcestrius  
vim militū magnā Eboraci colligit.  
Ducem sequuntur Devonensis Curt-  
næū.

viresque fratris adjuvat sacrū caput  
Episcopi Exetrensis: infesto agmine  
Gilfordus impiū tyrannū eques petit,  
frequensq; Cantii caterva militū.  
Mactetur hostis, bella poscunt, im-  
pias

dirus suorū carnifex poenas luat.

Ergo tyrannū patriæ pestem suæ  
trucidate, cū sit grata civibus hostia,  
præsidia cum sint tanta, quæ partes  
student

nostras tueri, et patriæ vitā dare,  
omnesq; dux ferā lubens angustias,  
ut hostis pereat vester ferox Nero.  
Quid desidemus? arma cur cessant  
pia?

cedendo vinci ut perfidos hostes putes  
stultè nimis votisq; pulsando Jovem  
vibrentur enses, copias jungi decet;  
ad arma ruite, vos ferox hostis manet:  
pugnate validi, vir viro inferat manus  
tollantur altè signa, bellū tuba canat,  
et excitetur classico miles truci.

### ACTUS TERTIUS.

#### RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.

O sæva fata semper, ô sortem as-  
perā  
cum sævit et cum parcit ex æquo  
malā

Fortuna fallax rebus humanis nimis  
insultat, agili cuncta pvertens rota.  
Quos modò locavit parte suprema,

modò  
ad ima eosdem trudit et calcat pede.  
Subitio labantis ecce fortunæ impetu

quis non potentem cernit eversā  
domū?

Heu gnatus, heu primò unicus periit  
meus  
(ô dura fata, et lugubrem sortem  
nimis)

qui clara patris regna sperat mortui.  
Ut illè magni parvus armenti comes,  
primisq; vixdum cornibus frontem  
gerens

service subito celsus, et capite arduus  
gregem paternū dicit, et pecori im-  
perat.

O suave pignus, ô decus domus  
Regalis, ô Britanniæ fumus tuæ,  
O patris heu spes vana, cui demens  
ego

laudes Achillis bellicas, et Nestoris  
annos precabar, luce privavit deus.  
Nunquā potenti sceptra gestabis manu  
felix, Britanno jura nec populo dabis,  
victasq; gentes sub tuū mittes jugum.  
Non Franca subiges terga, non Scotos  
trahes

in tua rebelles imperia, sine gloria  
jacebis alto clausus in tumulo miser.  
Porro exul hærens finib; Britanniæ  
dirū parat bellū Comes Richmondius,  
viresq; cogit sceptra rapturus mea.

Domi cruentem populus en nostrū  
petit,  
incendit animos ptinax nimiū furor,  
sceleris ministros armat in nostrā  
necem

Quidā minantem virib; Richmondiū  
juvare; quida firma præsidia arcibus  
locare; quidā clanculū armatos domi  
servare, quidā subditos; fidem ut suā  
fallant, rogare precibus infensi student  
Nescire velim, cuncta simulavi lubens  
dum cæca potui cœpta, concilia dolos  
sentire, militūq; vires jungere.

Hujus furoris cū ducem Bucking-  
hamiū  
caput esse scirem, et totius fontem  
mali

Vel marte aperto trahere, vel preci-  
bus piē  
allicere cepi, ne fidem muttat suā,  
Dedi benignas ad ducem magis literas,  
Felix ad aulā convolet celeri gradu :  
Sentit dolos dux, texuit causas moræ  
stomachiq; se dolore rudit premi,  
Omnem statim miorā jubebā rumpere.  
Venturū ad hostem patriæ sese negat.  
Et milites cogens suos dux pessimus,  
in me nefanda bella demens coīmovit.  
Quid facio ? amicus qui mihi suīmus  
fuit

auferre regna quærit : odit maximē  
qui maximē colebat : ô scelus impiū !  
et dux profundo devovende Tartaro.  
At plebs velut procella ventis tur-  
bida,  
agmine scelesto principem neci petit :  
Solus Richardus causa cantatur mali  
Quid nunc agendū restat ? aut quem  
consulā ?  
Infecta facta reddere haud quivis po-  
test.

Si populus odit, pereo ? sed populi  
favor  
servetur, isto macula tolletur modo,  
qua nomen indui scelestus heu meū ;  
ut in Britannos si quid erumpat malū  
damnent nihil, jam mitis, humanus,  
pius,  
et iiberalis civibus meis ero,  
et scelere vindicabo nomen impio.  
Centū sacrificiis alta surgent mœnia,  
curis soluti ut precibus incumbant  
piis :

Legesq; patriæ utiles ferā meæ  
fortasse nostras populus in ptes ruet,  
pietate falsa ductus : auri montibus,  
blandisq; verbis ducitur vulgus leve.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

*Nuntius.*

Adfero ducem fugisse Buckinghamiū,  
magnæq; quid nunc dissipantur copiæ.

*Rich. Rex.*

Quæ causa subitò terga vertendi suit ?

*Nuntius.*

Ubi Wallicorū numerat ingentē manu,  
qua sylva sese porrigit Danica, viā  
pandit superbus, et Sabrinā nobile  
superare flumen properat, agmini suo  
ut Courtneorū jungat agmen ; at  
minas  
dum spirat horrens impio dux ag-  
mine,  
at non genus mortale curant Numina ?  
dum milites vicina spectant flumina  
altasq; ripas non datur adhuc tangere,  
subitò gravis terrā ruina cœli verberat  
divesq; pluviis laxat imbres humidus  
Auster, et agros altū tegit frequens  
aqua.

En piscis ignotas in auras tollitur,  
Lectis jacentes arboribus hærent, agris  
eversa, tecta : vagit in cunis puer  
passim per agros, montibus natant  
fere,  
terrā diebus obruunt aquæ decem  
Stupet miles, cū Courtneorū copiis  
jungere pfusus agmen haud fluvius  
sinit.

At Wallicorū turba nulla præmio  
invita serviens duci, carens simul  
misera cibariis, statim illū deserunt :  
Nullis minis gens Cambria adduci  
potest  
aut precibus, ut maneat simul belli  
comes,  
aut pergit ultra. Præda nudus hos-  
tibus  
suis relictus, cepit infoelix fugam.

*Rex Rich.*

Fœlix ad aures nuntius nostras venit  
prius labantem fausta tollunt numina.  
Portus ad omnes miles undiq; sepiat,  
dux exteras ne erumpat ad gentes.  
Comes

Richmondius quidnā parat, quærat  
simul :  
nun coēpta linquat, an minetur am-  
plius.

Princeps honorem testor, illū qui mihi  
captū reducet, præmiū dignū feret.  
Si servus ille fuerit emittā manu :  
sin liber, illū mille ditabo libris.  
Classis Britannū armata sulcabit mare,  
ne perfidus premat Angliā Rich-  
mondius.

Aude scelera, ne crescat malū :  
exprimere jus est ense, quod nequeant  
preces.

Quicunqz sceleris socius in nostras  
manus  
veniet, piabit sanguine inceptū nefas.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARDUS.

*Nuntius.*

Captus tenetur vinculis Bucking-  
hamius.

*Rex Rich.*

Sacris colamus prosperā votis diem.  
O mihi propitios, sed tamen lento  
dies [al. deos] !  
hostis quibz captus dolis sit, explica !

*Nuntius.*

Ubi Cambrio dux milite orbatū vidit,  
obstupuit illico, atque sorte tā gravi  
pculsus, animū pene despondit suū  
consilii egenus, sed sibi fidit tamen,  
Banisteri tremens ad ædes clā fugit,  
cui dux amore eximio prius favebat,  
et semp auxit dignitate plurimū :  
hujus latēre clā studebat ædibus,  
donec cohortem reparet, et belli  
ruinas  
nudusve mare fugeret secans Britannū,

Comitique sese jungeret Richmondio.  
At male dœrū si quis inquis duci  
fuerit, paratū non potest fugere malū.  
Servus Banister, seu vitæ timens suæ,  
tuisve ductus præmiis, Salopiæ  
Proconsul, tum Mitton proditum  
ducem.

Is militū stipante progit agmine,  
servi præhendit ab ædibz sui haud  
procul,  
dum fata sylvis dira solus cogitat,  
tibique vincitū fidus adducit virū.

*Richardus.*

Si non fides me sacra regno contin-  
ent,  
tentabo mea stabilire sceptra san-  
guine,  
et regna duro sævus imperio regā  
Nunc ergo dux pœnas gravissimas  
luat.

Obrumpat ensis noxiū tristis caput,  
nullamque pene carnifex reddat moro.  
Regnare nescit, odia qui timet nimis.  
Non tua mihi Stanleie dubia, fides  
fuit.

Comes sitit Richmondius honores  
meos.

Gener tuus sibi sceptra despondet  
mea.

uxor suo comitissa quærerit filio  
Victrice dextra rapta sceptra tradere.  
rapidis volabis gressibus Lancastriā :  
illā intimis reclude mox penetralibus,  
pateat nec nullū foeminæ servoru iter,  
ad filiū nullas mater det literas,  
ne patriæ demens luem tristem paret,  
et sceptra mihi mulier rebellis auferat,  
At Strangeū præstantem honore filiū  
fidei tuae mecū relinques præsidem :  
testabitur puer patris constantiā  
Natura mentem foeminæ prona malo  
dedit, dolisque pectus instruxit, negat  
vires, malū ut tantū queat vindicare.

*Dux Buckinghamius.*

O blandientis lubricū sortis decus !  
 ô tristis horrendi nimis belli casus !  
 heu, heu fatis mortale luditur genus.  
 Quisquāne sibi spondere tā firmū  
 potest  
 quod non statim metuenda convellat  
 dies !  
 Cujus refusit nomen Anglis inclytū  
 modb, pallidos nunc ad lacus trudor  
 miser.  
 Quid (heu) juvat jactare magnos  
 spiritus ?  
 Fallacis aulæ fulgor (heu) quos per-  
 didit ?  
 Heu blanda nimiū dona fortunæ !  
 mare  
 non sic aquis refluentibus turget, aut  
 undis  
 turbatus ab imis pontus Euxinus  
 tumet,  
 ut cæca casus heu fortuna magnatū  
 vocat.  
 Funestus heu dirusq Richardi favor  
 quid illa deplorem miser tempora,  
 quibus  
 fretus meo consilio aper frendens, sibi  
 regnū cruento dente raptū comparat ?  
 En, hujus ictu nunc atroci corruo.  
 Natale solū, illustre decus ô Angliæ,  
 horrenda quæ te fata nunc manent ?  
 ferox  
 postquā jugo tyrannus oppressū tenet  
 heu, heu, miser Stygeas ad undas de-  
 primor,  
 Crudelis et collo securis iñinet.

## ACTUS QUARTUS.

RICARD. REX, NUNTIUS, LOVELL :  
 HEROS, CATESBEIUS.

*Richardus.*

Quid me potens fortuna fallaci nimis  
 blandita vultu graviū ut ruerem, edita

de rupe tollis ! finis alterius mali  
 gradus est futuri : dira conspirat  
 manus  
 in me rebellis, torqueor metu miser.  
 disrumpor æstuante curarū salo.  
 Richmondiensis ille pfidus comes  
 in transmarinis ambit (heu) regnū  
 locis :  
 In cujus arma jurat turba ciuī  
 inimica : mox hujus mali tanti metu  
 famulos cruenta morte multavi meos.  
 at fama vexat turgidū pectus magis :  
 thalamos jugales filie Richmondio  
 Comili studet regina mater jungere.  
 O triste facinus, hostis in nostra  
 potens  
 regnabit aula, meq fatis destinat.

*Nunt.*

Richmondiensis incubat ponto comes.

*Rex.*

O flenda fata ! Gesta quæ sunt, ex-  
 plica.

*Nunt.*

Ubi ter, quatuor, implesset October  
 dies,  
 Oculis profundū mane spectantes  
 fretū,  
 Vagas carinas vidimus appellere.  
 Portū petunt Dorcestriū, quem Polū  
 vocant. Dubia nos turba spectantes  
 diu  
 manemus illic. Nave tum prætoria  
 comitem ferocem novimus Rich-  
 mondiae

Auxilia forsan alia sperantes manent  
 aliquot diebus : ut nos celsas vident  
 ripas tenentes, littus appellant simul  
 Num simus hostes, miles an charus  
 duci  
 quærunt : vasros nos fingimus vultu  
 dolos  
 ibi milites locasse Buckinghamum,  
 ut comitis adventū maneret exulis,

dubiūq; mox ad castra deducant ducis  
Junctæ facilè possent phalanges vin-  
cere.

Rex maximo sepultus obruitur metu.  
Hi blanda verba suspicantes, carbasa  
complente vento laxa comittunt mari,  
velisq; pansi advolant Britanniā.

*Rex.*

Cur ludis inconstans nimis miserū  
dea?  
nup locatū me levas suīma rota,  
auraq; molli prosperos affers dies :  
illico supinū lubrico affligis solo.  
Quām varia? quām maligna? quām  
levis dea?

*Lovell.*

Cur vexat animū cura vesanū gravius?  
ubi prisca virtus? pellat ignavos  
metus  
excelsus animus: [fortis haud novit  
metum.]  
Mullo periculo nobilis virtus labat.  
Quorsū ducis manes tremiscis mortui?  
quorsū rebelles cæteros? an non ja-  
cent  
terra sepulti? pulverem demens times?  
Promissus hymen, et fides Scotis data  
illos fideles pacis officio tenent.  
Mandata legati duci Britanno  
tua deferunt, agros sibi rebellū  
promittis, armis sceptra si juvet tua.  
Quem non movebunt ampla promittā  
præmi

desine timere: quod satis tutū est  
times.

*Cates.*

Si præmiis dux pertinax ductus tuis  
non exeitetur aliud inceptū manet.  
Richmondio disjunge promissos thoros  
neptis tuae: Lancastriis si non opem  
ferat domus Eborū (fremat licet ferox)  
frustra minatur: differa connubiū

Richmondii, nec filiae Eduardi faces  
celebrent jugales, si frui voto vellis.

*Rex.*

Rapietur illico, finietq; nuptias  
districtus ensis, Tartaro nubet priūs.

*Lovell.*

At est asyli grande violati nefas :  
meliora cogita : ista non prodest tuo  
medicina morbo : culpa non sanat  
reos,  
nec est aperto scelere pugnandū  
scelus.  
Et nuper allactus tibi populus fuit  
quem plurimis dudu modis colere  
studes.  
statim scelere pculsus inani, oderit.

*Cates.*

Quod impetrari mollibus precibus  
potest,  
non est minis duris parandū, voce vel  
sæva tyranni neq; frigido metu.

*Rex.*

Tædasne demens patiar invisas mihi  
meoq; sceptro contrahi? nunquā ac-  
cidet.

Sclesta nostrū firmat impietas thronū  
audebo quodvis: scelere vincendū  
scelus:  
violare jura facilè regnanti licet.  
In rebus aliis usq; pietatem colas.  
Stringatur ensis: Regna tutatur crux.

*Lovell.*

Regina tenera mollibus verbis potest  
utrinq; torqueri facilè, mox deferant  
jussus tuos legati ad illā, ut filias  
suas in aulā adduci mater sinat.

*Cates.*

Si socia thalami fortè moriatur tui,  
neptem statim vince ducendā tibi,  
illoq; pacto fracta spes comitis erit.

*Rex.*

Placet, quod inquis ! potius quā  
regnū ruat,  
tentanda cuncta : triste consiliū tamen  
dum vivit uxor : hanc decet lætho  
dari.

*Lovell.*

Frequentet illā rumor esse mortuā.

*Rex.*

Cum salva fuerit illa, quid rumor po-  
test.

*Lovell.*

Fortasse longa oppressa curarū tabe  
morietur : utq mors sit illi certior,  
illico suborna qui susurret clanculū  
fecunda quid non sit, fore infestā tibi.  
Arcenda thalamis sterilis uxor tuis est.  
Aulā beare sobole fœlici decet  
Regem : doloris sœva ppetua lues  
matura timidæ fata fœminæ dabit.

*Rex.*

Mactabo potius, ense læthali, priùs  
tollam veneno, quā mea pestis throni  
cladesq fuerit : vosq quos semp colo  
faciles animi, fida Magnatū manus,  
adite templū, tum meis verbis piē  
matrem salutantes, colere me dicite,  
vitæq sordes esse mutatas meæ  
contendo, quævis opprimat silentiū.  
Populi favorem nequeo nancisci priùs  
quam fratris ut complectar olim filias,  
quorū duos miser fratres neci dedi,  
natumq Marchionem honore prose-  
quar.

amplos agros promitte, magnas et  
opes,  
si gratus Anglia exul illico venerit.

**RICHARDUS REX SOLUS.**

Animū tumultus volvit attonitus, rupit  
regni metus, quiescere nec usquā  
potest,

sanare nunc malū queo ~~solū~~ face,,  
neptem jugali si maritus ~~jungere~~  
Uxor sed obstat : scelera novimus  
prius

quid conjugem cessas veneno tollere ?  
aude anime, nū peccata formidas tuā ?  
serò pudet : peracta pars sceleris mei  
olim fuit maxima : piū esse quid  
juvat ?

post tanta miserū facinora, nihil facis.  
Parat animus nefanda, parva nec pla-  
cent.

Regnū tuemur : omnis in ferro salus.

**LOVELL : REGINA ELIZAB. REX  
RICHARDUS.**

*Lovell.*

O socia thalami regis olim, fœmina  
illustris, ad te nos legatos principis  
fecere jussus, ut soluta sacro carcere  
aulā sequaris splendidam mater po-  
tens.

Nec mœveat antè Regis imensū scelus,  
quem tantopere vitæ scelestæ pœnitit :  
matura sancte suadet ætas vivere  
Vitæ cupid mens lapsa spurcā ponere,  
serumq cepit vitii fastidiū.

Dum vincere cupis, arma delectant  
magis

nescit modū sibi strictus ensis ponere :  
at placida victori magis pax expedit,  
quem civiū quivis tumultus territat  
Partā prius ne perderet iterū gloriā,  
a plebe rex quæsivit ardenter coli.

Hoc efficere prius nequit princeps  
pius,

nisi te tuasq filias sancte colat,  
et splendidis illas locaret nuptiis,  
cujus necavit filios heu turpiter,  
En concidit dolore confessus gravi,  
fletu rigantur ora sceleris vindice :  
vitæ tantum corrigendæ defuit.  
honos tuarū, filiusq marchio

Dorcettus heros, qui p̄ oras nunc  
vagus  
incognitas perrat exul. Si domū  
reversus, arma deserat Richmondii,  
florebit alto clarus imperio statim  
illustris heros, sibi patebunt omnia  
fulgentis aulæ dona: nil frustra petet.  
Nunc ergo quæras lumen aulæ splen-  
didū,

In gratiā, Regina cum principe redi  
nec regis animū sperne tam charū tibi:  
sed dulce pignus filias animi tui  
mittas ad aulā, adhuc nec obscurō  
horreant  
loco, pius quas diligit rex unice.  
Quid mœsta terram conticescis in-  
tuens?  
errore quid pectus vago versas tuū?

*Regina.*

Ergo filiorū sanguine madentes  
manus?  
non liberos crudelis occidit fratri?  
nostrosq; conspersit thoras falsa labe?  
an non potest matri scelestus parcere,  
infame generi vulnus infixit suo  
Sævire ferrū cessat, ubi regnat furor?  
Quisquamne putet ullū deesse nequitæ  
modū?  
Sævire cum ratione num quisquā po-  
test?  
Strictus tuetur ensis, invitatis tuis  
quicquid tenere te scias, quicquid  
scelus  
peperit, tuetur majus admissū scelus.  
Haud dulcis aula, cruento quæ meo  
fluit.  
Quas nuptias meorū meorū sanguine?  
An filiarū nuptias celebret? prius,  
reddat sepulcrū filiorū, plangere  
funera meorū mater efflagito prius,  
suis debetur atq; mortuis honor.

*Lovell.*

Sepulta quid renovas odia? pectus  
premet

æterna vesanū ira? patratū liceat  
scelus expiare: quid juvat gemitu  
ad eo  
opplere cœlū? vel lamentis æthera  
pulsare? toties vulneri quid heu  
manus  
adfers? medelā nec pati potes mali?  
Si quisq; quoties peccat, illico Jupiter  
iratus ignes vindices jaculabitur:  
orbis jacebit squalido turpis situ  
et tanta damna sobole turpis situ  
et tanta damna sobole repararet sua  
nunquā Venus cunctis petita viris?  
adhuc  
ferrūne terret.

*Reg.*

*Cujus ictu concidi.*

*Lovell.*

At melius infligens mededetur vulneri.

*Reg.*

Ad arma nova perrumpit ira sæpius.

*Lovell.*

Despecta magis irascitur clementia.

*Reg.*

Veteratus at nescit furor clementiā.

*Lovell.*

Quid arma metuis, ira quando extin-  
guitur?

*Reg.*

Haud sanguinis saties sitim, nisi ex-  
pleas.

*Lovell.*

At in cruento quod est necesse sufficit.

*Reg.*

At triste furioso necesse quod libet?

*Lovell.*

At ira vana luditur sine viribus,  
ceptiq; mox timerarii nimis pudet.  
Quod si furore pectus attonitus times,  
Et regis horres impias adhuc minas :  
hæc sola spes relicta : pugnandū  
prece :  
Luctantibus nihil valebis virib;ur,  
Sed fortius comota mens ebulliet,  
nullamq; vim patitur sibi resistere.

*Reg.*

Heu mihi mulier, heu, heu, quid in-  
fœlix agā ?  
animus vacillans fluctuat, timet omnia,  
sperare rursus jussit omissus thronus,  
Tradamne regi filias ? egone meas  
honore privabo ? aula filias decet.  
At quid facis ? cui credis ? insontes  
tuos  
mactavit, an parcit sorori ? Jus idem  
utriq; regni. Cujus heu thoro meas  
Rex filias comendat, has qui turpiter  
matre editas mentitus est adultera ?

*Lovell.*

Errore quorsū pectus uris anxiū ?  
Sin vita regis sancta nil psuadeat,  
Sed hujus animū adhuc ferocem som-  
nias  
quantū tibi iratus minetur, cogita,  
Hujus benigna vota si contempseris.

*Reg.*

An morte quicquā minatur amplius ?

*Lovell.*

Exosa vitā filias num destrues ?

*Reg.*

O filiæ charissimæ, heu, heu, filiæ.  
dotare vos thalamis beatis rex parat,  
abite, vos fortuna quò miseras jubet,  
et supplices ad genua patrui sternite

dedisce regnū infausta proles princi-  
pis,  
privata vos decent magis : regnū  
nocet :  
facre juvet, quicquid necessitas jubet.  
Omnia timore plena : metuendū ta-  
men  
palam nihil : nunquā preces spernit  
leo  
timidæ ferae, nec supplices temnit  
sonos.  
Si sors beabit fausta, jussit en parens  
vos ire : sin crudele fatū pderet,  
Ulciscar ipse morte eadem me simul,  
meiq; poenas mater incepti fera.  
Adsis fidelis particeps mentis meæ :  
celeri gradu oras Galliæ mox advola,  
gnatoq; Marchioni redditū suadeas,  
dubium nil rerū exitū pavesceret,  
nec horreat minas cruenti principis.  
Sceleris sui regem nefandi poenitet,  
deflet cruenta miser nepotū funera,  
sibiq; larga pollicetur præmia,  
magnosq; honores, atq; liberā malis  
vitam : ergo præceps vela pandat  
prospera,  
charamq; rursus patriā reddat sibi.

*Rex. Rich.*

Geminas video sorores : ô faustū  
diem.  
Compone vultum, amplectar illas  
arctius.  
Neptes amandæ, quām libens vos os-  
cultur.  
vestræ miserandam doleo fortunæ  
vicem,  
itaq; sacro ægrè carcere inclusas tuli.  
Quapropter hunc mutabo luctū flebi-  
lem  
in gaudiū, atq; veste præclara induā,  
vobisq; magnatū parabo nuptias.  
Jam gaudet animus ; pace sperata  
fruor.  
Has nuptias uxoris invisū caput

perturbat. Anna huc confert tristem  
gradū :  
Concepta ménte scelera vultu contegā,  
ægrāq verbis molliā mentem piis.

REGINA ANNA, RICHARD. REX,  
NUNTIUS.

*Reg. Anna.*

Heu quantis curarū fluctibus æstuo ?  
Quid mihi horrendi præsagit animus  
mali ?

In lugubres rumpamne suspiria voces ?  
et quærulis ferā corusca sydera planc-  
tis ?

Quid misera faciam ? fata deplorā  
mea ?

En, rumor pcrebuit vitā oblatā mīhi,  
et garrula volavit fama funeris mei :  
ergo vivæ mihi sepulcrū quæritur,  
Et nostra lachrymis viva decoro  
funera,

cogorq jussa mihi nunc psolvere.  
Cur mihi meus minatur ingratus ne-  
cem ?

nihilq nostros amores crudelis æsti-  
mat ?

Cardinalis antistes mihi gravis pater  
fletu geni⁹ madentib⁹ nunciat.

Rex (inquit) jamdudū saturavit amorē,  
nec dabit amplexus, aut oscula figet  
ducia :

Te sterilem esse, Regali nec aptā  
thoro.

Talem regiæ conjugem poscunt faces,  
Qualis liberorū possit procreare magnū  
decus,  
qui tenera patris sceptræ gestabit  
manu.

Variis animus curarū fluctib⁹ æstuat,  
rumorq vexat scelestus augur fati  
mei.

Quid faciam misera ? en quærunt neci  
Nostræq vite ultimos claudere dies,  
vitæq rupta fila eripere sororibus.

Illustrē Britanniæ decus, rector po-  
tens,  
quid misera merui ? quid ad mortē  
trahor :

En mortem pstreput garrulæ voces,  
et ad sepulcrū funesta turba vocat.  
Si non placet thalamis fides tuis  
data,  
aut si tuū demens honorem læsi, in-  
vida

aut manibus pudica moriar tuis,  
et scelestæ tuus fodiat ensis viscera,  
nec populi millies suis vulnerent vo-  
cibus,  
et sordidis regina civibus occidam.

*Rex. Rich.*

Nunquā miser charæ pararem con-  
jugi  
mortem, castasq tuo crōre manus  
spargerem.

Nec te minæ pturbent, cū futilis  
erroris esse populus magister solet :  
nec principi plebs novit garrula par-  
cere.

Jam siste lachrymas, teq cura mol-  
liūs.

En nos graves premunt curæ Brit-  
anniæ,  
motusq turbidos cives rebelles con-  
citāt ;

Hos maximū decet ducem compes-  
cere :  
post, mutuis simul fruemur amplexi-  
bus.

*Nuntius.*

Fugit manus Comes Richmondius  
tuas.

*Rich.*

Effare, carcerem cur evasit tetrū ?

*Nunt.*

Postquā sinus complente laxos vince-  
rent

Impulsa vento vela fluctus turbidos,

littusq; puppis tangeret Britannicū,  
mandata monstramus duci statim tua.  
Hujus dolor premebat artus languidos

nec rebus ullis æger animus sufficit,  
Hinc jussa rerū cura Thesaurario  
soli fuit, Petru vocant Landosiū :  
Huic mox agros promittimus re-  
belliū,

fortuna vel benigna quicquid addidit,  
si patriæ restituat exulem suæ  
Richmondiū, comitesq; cæteros fugæ.  
Promissa vincunt amplia thesaurariū,  
Anglisq; tanti gaudet autor muneris,  
quò se tueri possit Anglorū potens  
viribus, et hostis frangat iras invidi.  
Mox concito quærerit gradū comitē  
velox

at sensit astus callidos comes priūs,  
furtoq; se subduxit ille Parisiis.  
Tum dura quos fortuna jungit trans-  
fugas

comites sequuntur : at dolet Lando-  
sius  
prædam sibi erectam esse sed serò  
dolet

Cæleri cupit vi prævertere elapsū  
licet,  
terramq; calcantes pede ruunt concito  
hastas vibrantes extra equites, si

queant  
tardare fugientem : tamen redeunt  
statim

illisq; tantus cessit incassū labor.  
Nam Rege fretus Gallico tutus satis,  
implorat adversā tuis sceptris opem.  
Nec finis hic mali : solutus carcere  
Oxonii fugit comes Callisiis.  
Comitiq; jungit supplici supplex comes.

*Rex.*

'O nuntium infestium ! ô nitida pal-  
latia,  
passura graviorem exitū Oedipodæ  
domo !

VOL. IV.

O luce splendens principis falsa de-  
cūs !

O sors acerba ! ô fata Regnis in-  
vida !

Sed parce diis demens scelere quos  
irritas.

Opaca regna Ditis, et cæcū Chaos.  
exangue vulgus, numen abstruxi Jo-  
vis,

et quicquid arcet, huc novos spargite  
dolos.

Vestrás manus Richmondiū vocat  
nefas,  
ut spiritus illico scelestos expuat,  
nisi graviores expetat pœnas dolor.

NUNTIUS, REX.

*Nuntius.*

Regina florens Anna dudū mortua  
est.

*Rex.*

O dira fata ! sæva nimis ô numina !  
res possident mortaliū certi nihil ;  
Consors unica vitæ, et chara conjux,  
vale.

Crudele tristis indica exitii genus.

*Nunt.*

Postquā lugubris sedisset moesta diu,  
suspicio gravibus mista cū singulti-  
bus

heu sæpe fundit : sæpe falsis lachry-  
mis  
diris querelis conjugem ingratū pre-  
mit.

Tandem inquietam capit attonitus  
furor,

nuncq; huc et illuc currit erranti gradu,  
tanquā tumultū patiens in se turbidū :  
Statimq; quærerit (voces infractæ sono)  
Quæ cor revellit dextera crudelis  
mēū ?

An non est maritus, inquit ? heu  
fidele cor

valde est ineptū munus ingrato viro.  
Postea pupillæ prorsus occultæ latent,  
et solū aperta pallidè albugo micat :  
vomitiones inde crebras extulit,  
animæq; in altū sæpe deliquiū cadit :  
Artus p; omnes frigidus sudor meat  
orisq; subitò nitidus evanuit color :  
frons flava marcat, livida ardent tem-  
pora

et palpebrarū omnes defluunt pili  
Cæruliu turpi labia liquecunt situ,  
et lingua (visu horribile) specie lurida  
prominet hiante ex ore solito gran-  
dior,  
unguesq; nunc haud amplius clari-  
nitent,  
sed quasi veneno perliti pereunt :  
cadit  
tandem misera luctata fatis fœmina.

Rex.

Nunc fausta neptis ambio connubia,  
neptisq; fallam frustra promissos  
thoros.  
Sed neptis huc dubio venit gradu  
mea,  
tentare procus hujus instituā thoros.

REX, FILIA EDUARDI MAJOR.

Rex.

O regia de stirpe derivans genus,  
et digna sceptris virgo : postquā  
(proh dolor)  
rapuere fata conjugem tam tristia :  
quæ sit magis mihi juncta Regali  
face,  
quām genere quæ regis superbo nas-  
citur?  
Sociemus animos, et thori sponde  
fidem,  
accipe maritū. Quid truci vultu siles?

Filia.

Egōne, ô nefandum scelus, expiandū  
rogis  
nullis ! egōne manus misera conjux  
meas  
rubente mortuorū sanguine imbuā ?  
Olimpus uxori deerit antè suæ,  
Luang gubernabit diem, noctemq; sol :  
Prius Aētna gelidas emittet ardens  
aquas,

Nilusq; vagus ignitas laminas vomet.  
Egōne silebo parvulos misera invidos  
tibi nepotes, at mihi charos fratres  
crudelitèr tua pemptos dextera ?  
Sceloste patrue ? prius ab extremo  
sinu

Hespera Tethys lucidū attollet diem :  
Lepus fugabit invidū prius canem.  
Punit nefandū quamvis abditū scelus  
Jupiter, et astutos sinit nunquā dolos.  
Humeros premebant saxa Sisiphi  
lubrica,  
sævus Procutes asperā pœna luit,  
quoniam suos vim necarunt hospites.  
Non hospites tu, sed nepotes (hōu)  
tuos  
nuper relictis fasciis miser necas.

Rich.

Agedum effrenatas virgo voces amove,  
ne ob unū scelus corpora pereant duo.  
Cruore soliū fateor acquiri mæū  
et inoccențiū morte : sic fatis placet.  
Cecidere fratres ? doleo; facti pœnitent  
Sunt mortui ? factū prius nequit infici  
Num flebo mortuos ? lachrymæ nil  
valent.  
Quid vis facerem ? an fratrū geminā  
necem  
hac dextera effuso rependā sanguine ?  
faciā ? paratis ensibus pectus dabo :  
et si placet magis, moriar ulnis tuis  
ignes, aquas, terram, aut minacem  
Caucasū

petā, petam Tartara, vel umbrosū nemus  
atræ Stygis ; nullū laborem desero  
si gratus essem tibi. [virago regia]

*Filia.*

Sit amor, sit odiū, sit ira, vel sit fides ;  
non curo : placet odisse, quicquid cogitas.

Tuus priūs penetrabit ensis pectora,  
libido quām cognata corpus polluat.  
O Jupiter sævo peritus fulmine.  
Cur non trisulca mundus ignescit face ?

Cur non hiulca terra devorat illico ?  
Imane portentū ferocis principis,  
terrore superans Gorgoneū genus.

*Rich.*

Pessima, tace : solū silet in armis  
fides.

nihilne valet amor ? nihil thorus movet  
regius ? acerbæ neq; lacyrymæ valent ?  
est imperandi principi duplex via,  
Amor et metus : utrumq; regibus utile.  
Cogere.

*Filia.*

Si cogas mori sequor lubens.

*Rich.*

Moriere.

*Filia.*

Grata mors erit magis mihi  
et præstat ærumnis mori oppressā  
statim,  
quam luce curis obsitā frui diu.

*Rich.*

Moriere demens.

*Filia.*

Nil minaris amplius ?  
mallem mori virgo, tyranno quā viro  
incesta vivere, diis, hominibusq; invida.

*Rich.*

Hem quid agis infelix ? thorus spernet tuos.  
Regina vivas, sis mea, miseros sile  
fratres.

*Filia.*

Miser non est quisquis mori sciet ;

*Rich.*

Anne lubens ? en nullus est ferro metus,  
strictusq; nescit ensis unquā parcere.

*Filia.*

Neronis umbræ, atq; furiae Cleopatrac  
truces resurgite, similem finem date  
his nuptiis, qualem tulit Oedipodæ  
domus.

Nec sufficit fratres necasses tuos principes ?

Et nobili foedare cæde dexterā ?  
quin et integrā stuprare quæras virginē  
maritus ? ô mores, nefanda ô tempora !

at sæva priūs evadat ales viscera :  
in me feras priūs tuas atrox nemus  
emitte, vel quod triste monstrum nutritias,  
quām casta thalamos virgo sequor  
adulteros.

*Rich.*

Discessit, et nostros fugit demens  
thorus  
negilit amores stulta virgo regios.  
Nunc ista differam ; minæ forsitan  
rabidæ puellæ, patriæ dū consulō.

NUNTIUS, REX.

*Nunt.*

Gerebat altos nup animos insolens

Richmondius, celso superbus vertice  
tumebat: at cecidit miser tandem:  
sui  
serò pudet coepti, atq; fraguntur minæ.

*Rex.*

O grata lux, quæ scepta confirmat  
mea!  
Jam solida certe pacis emergit fides.  
at cuncta narras: nam spes miseros  
alit.

*Nunt.*

Adhuc juventæ flore vix primo viget  
rex Galliæ, nec prima depinxit genas  
barba, nec scepta puerilis manus  
satis tuetur; quin tenera tutoribus  
curanda datur ætas, virilis pòst vigor  
dum regna discat: hos frequens pulsat  
comes  
votis iniquis, rebus et fessis opem  
implorat ardens, nec preces frustra  
sinit  
perire. Dum multos fatigat anxius  
multo labore, nec pati potest moras  
mens lassa, planctus atq; frustravi suos  
ægrè tulit tam sæpe; dū longā pati  
cogit repulsā multiplex procerū favor:  
desperat animus, optat exul vivere  
potiùs, inanis et laboris poenitet.

*Rex.*

Festū diem celebrare jam lætos decet,  
ô mihi dies albo lapillo nobilis!  
Jam sors beatis mitior rebus fluit.  
Quot modò procellas concitat frustra  
Comes.  
et quàm graves nuper minatur exitus?  
Quin in suū redibit authorem scelus.  
Jam frustra placido classis incumbit  
mari,  
Richmondios jam falsò redditus excu-  
bat,  
ergo rates hærere nunc ponto veta,  
milesq; portū quisquis adversā cavet,  
deponat arma, finis hic malorū erit.

Tutò licet regnare: jam cessit timor,  
nisi quid timendū non sit, id timeas  
tamen.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

NUNTIUS, MULIER, MULIER, ANUS.

*Nunt.*

Quis me p auras turbo raptat conci-  
tus?  
fuge, fuge, civis, hæret à tergo Comes:  
minatur horrendū furor Richmondius:  
portū pedite Milfordiū imani premit.  
totamq; calcat proditā sibi Walliā:  
furens comes toti minatur Angliæ.

*Mulier.*

Quo, quo fugis charā marite conju-  
gem?  
frustraq; tot perire patieris preces  
uxoris; en fletu genæ multo fluunt  
miserere; sin fugere lares dulces juvat;  
det simul conjux itineris pūn onus.

*Alia Mul.*

Heare let divers Te p deorū numen et  
mutes run over datam fidem  
y<sup>e</sup> stage from divers places thori, p annos filii  
for feare. teneros precor,  
ne deseratas imititis ah  
tristem domū.

*Anus.*

Matris tuæ solamen ô fili mane.  
Sin hostibus domū relinques p̄fuga,  
scrutetur ensis nota quondam filio  
ubera; tuo mater peribo vulnere.

HENRICUS COMES, RHESUS THOMÆ  
WALLICUS.

*Hen. Com.*

Optata tandem tecta cerno patriæ,  
miserisq; nosco maximū exulibus bonū.

Ô chara salve terra, sed salve diu,  
frendentis apri dente lacerata impio.  
Da (patria) veniam, bella si geram  
pia,  
da quæso veniā : causa cōmovit tua ;  
dirumq; principis nefas bellū vocat.  
Rex est peremptus : occupat regnū

Nero :

cum rege fratre parvulus periit puer.  
Solū tuentur templa reginā sacra.  
Regū crux ulti adveni pius :  
pœnas dabit Richardus Henrico :  
dedit,  
si nostra clemens vota concedat Deus.  
Rhesū Thomæ de stirpe video Wal-  
lica.

*Rhes. Thom.*

O clare princeps regia stirpe edite,  
honore præcellens Comes Rich-  
mondiæ,  
heros Britannæ gentis auxiliū unicū :  
Optatus Anglis civibus venis tuis.

*Henricus.*

Post multa vota, et temporis longas  
moras.  
natale semper mente complector solū :  
servile collo strenuus excutiam jugo.

*Rhes.*

Tu patriæ nunc columen, et verū ca-  
put :  
tu solus affers rebus afflictis opem :  
Et rege tanto lœta gaudet Anglia.

*Hen.*

Non quem fatentur ore principem suo,  
hunc corde semp intimo cives colunt.

*Rhes.*

Deus trisulca qui quatit flāma polos,  
et in profunda pfidos Proserpinæ  
detrudit antra, me premat vivū nigra  
tellure, si data fidem fallā tibi.

Si signa campis Cambriæ ponere  
jubes,  
in Wällicū agrū messor impius, ruam.  
Quoscunq; velles disjici muros, citò  
hac aries actus saxa disperget manu :  
Nec miles ullus in meis castris erit  
quin te sequetur.

*Hen.*

Rhese, grata est mihi fides  
Si cœpta Numen prosperet mea,  
spondeo  
te præsidem toti futurū Walliæ.

BURCHER : HUNGERFORD : MILES.

*Hungerf.*

Splendens equestri clare Burcher or-  
dine,  
lætus scelestas hostis effugi manus :  
agmenq; lubens Duci Brakenburio  
p noctis umbras abstulī densas miser.

*Burch.*

Quot per recessus labimur Hunger-  
ford vagi  
huc usque nostro terga vertentes duci ?  
At ô quieta noctis almæ tempora,  
tuq; miseris præbens opem Phœbi so-  
ror,  
adhuc tuere : differas Titan diem,  
donec tyrañi tuti ab armis, inclyti  
tentoria Henrici comitis attingimus.

*Miles.*

Let heare also      Fœlix tuas fugio p um  
divers mutes,      bras cœca nox  
armed soul-      mactetur ense quisquis  
diers, run over      the stage one      obstabit mihi.  
the stage one      after another  
after another      to ye Earle of      Richmōnd.

*Hen. Rex. [Comes.]*

Quis hic locus, quæ regio quæ regni  
plaga ?  
ubi sū ? ruit nox : heu ubi satellites

Inimica cuncta : fraude quis vacat  
    locus  
quem quod rogabo ? tuta sit fides,  
    vide,  
nativus artus liquit internos calor,  
rigore frigent membra : vix loquor  
    metu :  
tremesco solus, cura mentem conco-  
    quit.  
Hos vitricus luctus dedit meus mihi  
Stanleus : illū tantæ quæ tent moræ ?  
Dum varia sortis cogito ludibria,  
dumbiamq; solus civiū volvo fidem,  
exercitum præire jussi : tum moras  
damnare tantas vitrici cœpi mei.  
Postquā metus cor, spesq; dubiū ver-  
berat,  
et quicquid obstat mente dum volvo  
    satis :  
densas per umbras lapsus aspectū  
    fugit  
exercitus, suo errat orbatus duce :  
sum nudus hostib<sup>g</sup> relict<sup>g</sup> perfuga.

*Com. Oxon.*

Ingens premebat cura sollicitos (comes  
illustris) animos horror excussit gravis,  
dux milites quòd absens deseris,  
dum nocte cæca sumā montiū juga  
vincunt, nec ullus jussa privatus facit.  
Mox triste pectus mœror invasit  
    gravis :  
nunc voce miles frustra compellat  
    ducem :  
nunc civiū timemus incertā fidem,  
lætiq; sero fruimur aspectu, licet  
animus adhuc turbatur excusso metu.

*Henri.*

Quorsū times, pellatur ignavus me-  
    tus :  
solū juvat secreta sæpe volvere.

*Hunger.*

Sævi tyranni eruptus insidiis miser

supplex tuo vivere sub imperio, comes  
illustris, atq; signa cupio sequi.

*Henri.*

Propago clara, equitūq; generosū ge-  
    nus ;  
jam vos sequetur digna factis gloria.  
me grata delectat voluntas civiū,  
vestramq; tantā lætus amplector fidem.  
At quas tyrannus cogias ducit, doce.

*Hunger.*

Pauci sequuntur sponte signa militis,  
et cogit arma jungere Richardi me-  
    tus :  
sese magis dubius metuit exercitus,  
suis nil armis miles audet credere.

*Henri.*

Tu transferas ad castra milites sua.

*HENRICUS COMES, STANLEUS  
HEROS.**Henri.*

Nisi vota fallunt, vitricus venit meus,  
domus suæ Stanleius eximiū decus.  
verumne video corpus ? an fallor tua  
deceptus umbra ? Spiritus vires ca-  
    pit :

exultat anlmus, et vacat pectus metu.

*Stan.*

Et nostra dulce membra recreat gau-  
    diū :  
generū juvat videre : complexus mihi  
redde expetitos. Sospitem qui te  
    dedit,  
det tua vicissim cœpta pficiat deus ;

*Henri.*

Dabit, tuo si liceat auxilio frui.

*Stan.*

Utinā liceret quæ velim.

*Henr.*

quid non licebit.

*Stanl.*Sæpe quod cupis tamen  
non absq; magno pfici potest damno.*Henr.*

Quidnam times, dū patriā juvis tuā?

*Stanl.*

Quod vita chara filii fuit mei.

*Henr.*

Serat Richardus obsidem fidei tuæ.

*Stanl.*

Ne te juvarem, pignori datū tenet.

*Henr.*O subdolū scelus, ô tyrannū bar-  
barū!amore quos fidos parū credit sibi,  
barū fidem crudelis exprimit metus.*Stanl.*Irā coērce, pectus et nobile doma-  
palā juvare si nequeo, furtim tamen  
subsidia nunquā nostra deerunt tibi.*Henr.*Discescit: heu, me lenta vitrici fides  
pturbat: hujus quanta spes sulsit  
mihi?Frustra at quærelis pectus uritur  
anxiū,  
vanisq; juvat implere coelū quæstibus:  
quin triste præcipitare consiliū decet.

DUX NORFOLCIENS: RICH: REX.

*Dux Norf.*Armatus expectet suū miles ducein  
bellū ciebunt æra, nec moras sinent.

Quidni potes?

Richardus huc dubio venit princeps  
gradu:  
secreta solus volvit, et curæ premunt.  
Quæ subita vultus causa turbavit  
tuos?quid ora pallent? mente quid dubia  
stupes.*Richard.*Norfolciæ charū caput, dux nobilis,  
cujus fuit mihi semp illustris fides;  
falso celabo nihil fronte pfidus.  
Horrenda noctis visa terrent prox-  
imæ.Postquā sepulta nox quietem suaserat,  
altusq; teneris somnus obrepst genis:  
subitō premebant dira furiarū cohors,  
sævög; laceravit impetu corpus tre-  
mens,  
et foeda rabidis præda sū dæmonibus:  
somnosq; tandem magnus excussit  
tremor,  
et pulsat artus horridus nostros me-  
tus.Heu! quid truces minantur umbræ  
Tartari?*Dux Norf.*Quid somnia tremis? noctes et vanas  
minas?  
quid falsa torrent mentis et ludibria?  
Jam strictus ensis optimū auguriū  
canit:  
aude satis, nec vota formides tua.  
Tibi rebelles spolia tot cives dabunt,  
vincitæ fatebuntur manus victoriā.*Richard.*Nil pectus ullus verberat tremulū me-  
tus,  
ignava nec quassat tumultus corpora  
audere didicimus priūs: telis locos  
hostes vicinos jam premunt, bellū vo-  
cant:  
acies in armis nostra ex adversis sta-  
bit.

## Dux Norf.

Quid agimus? hem quid cæca fata cogitant?  
quidnā parat suspecta civiū fides?  
Inventa nup scripta me talia monent:

NORFOLCIENSIS INCLYTE  
NIL CŒPERIS AUDACIUS:  
NAM VENDITUS REX PRETIO  
RICHARDUS HEROS PERDITUR.

At nulla nostram macula damnabit  
fidem:  
Richardi nunquam signa vivus de-  
seram.

## ORATIO RICHARDI AD MILITES.

Comites fideles, milites et subditi  
Crudele quamvis facinus, et dirū  
scelus

olim patravi: lachrymis culpā piis  
satis piavi, sceleris et pœnas dedi:  
satis dolore crimen ultus sum suo.  
vos tanta moveat ergo pœnitentia.  
Partū tueri melius est quā quærere.  
Pugnate fortes, regna parta viribus  
vestris studete fortiter defendere.  
Non est opus cruore multo: Walli-  
cus

oppugnant hostis, regna vendicat im-  
pudens.

Illum sequuntur pfidæ Anglorū manus  
sicarii nequā, genusq; prodigū,  
vestræq; flamma patriæ gens Gallica.  
at civiū me credidit manibus deus,  
quorū fides spectata mihi semp fuit:  
quorū paravi viribus regni decus  
orisq; nisi decipiār interpres, truces  
victoriā vultus ferunt, [dandum mihi]  
oculi diris necem minantur hostibus.  
Vicistis, inquā, vicit Anglorū manus:  
suo video cruore manantes agros:  
simulq; Gallos, Cambrios simul leves  
mox foeda victos strages absumet  
mea?

Sed fata quid moror? cur his vocibus  
vos irruentes teneo? mihi veniā date:  
Nunc quanta clemens ultro concedit  
deus?

Si vincat ille, vos manent diræ cruce.  
ferrū, catheræ, et duro collo serv-  
itus:

et nostra membra quærerit ensis hostiū  
me nil morabor: cura sit vestri salus:  
consulte vobis, liberis, uxoribus:  
prospicite patriæ: hæc opem vestrā  
petit:

estote fortes; victus hostes occidat,  
dubiūq; martis exitum nemo horreat.  
Nobis triumphi signa dantur maxima:  
Non vos latet, sumā ducis prudentia  
niti sālutem militū: nullos habet  
En vultus: Henrici minas frustra  
times

et robur invictū ducis Richmondii.  
Infesta quare signa campis fulgeant:  
cursu citato miles infestus ruat,  
et hostis hostem vulneret ferus ferū  
vos, vos triumphus (nobiles socii).ma-  
nent:

Hac namq; dextra spiritū ejus haureā,  
qui causa bellorū fuit civiliū.  
Aut moriar hodie, aut parabo gloriā.

NUNTIUS, REX RICHARD: DUX  
NORFOL.

## Nunt.

Magnanime princeps, jussa pfeci tua.  
Respondet ore Stanleius duro nimis,  
si filiū mactes suū plures habet.

## Rex Rich.

Detractat ergo pfidus jussus meos  
ingratus hostis, et scelestus proditor?  
Mactabo gnatū, vota psolvā statim  
te digna patre. Tam diu cur filius  
vivit scelesti patris? ô patiens nimis,  
ô segnis ira post nefas tantū mea!

Tu jussa page : mitte qui velox mihi  
ejus pempti referat abscissū caput.

*Dux Norf.*

Animū doma nec impius vexat pater:  
jam bella poscunt, tempus aliud petit:  
Signis vicina signa fulgent hostiū.

*Rex Rich.*

Parcamne gnato inultus impii patris?

*Dux Norf.*

Post bella gnatus patris expiet scelus.

*Rex Rich.*

Ergo nefandi patris invisam prolem  
in castra ducite. Marte confecto  
statim  
capite paterni criminis poenas dabit.

ORATIO HENRICI COMITIS AD  
MILITES.

O sceleris ultrix, signa quæ sequeris  
mea  
Britanna gens, vanos metus nil som-  
nies,  
Sin ulla justūs bella curet Jupiter,  
nobis favebit regis excusso jugo,  
quos liberam videre patriā juvat.  
En rapta fraude sceptra jure posci-  
mus.

Quæ causa belli melior afferri potest  
quam patriæ? Hostis regiæ stirpis  
lues

ergo tyrannus morte crudeli cadat.  
Scelere Richardus impios vicit Scy-  
thas:

Te (Nero) vicit cæde matris nobilem.  
Suos nepotes ense mactat impio:  
matris probro nihil pepercit filius:  
stuprare neptem audet libido patrui.  
Sic fratri exhibes honores manibus?  
Cesset timor, et infestus hostem vul-  
neres:

nil arma metuas tanta: media ducem  
linquent arena. Quos sequi cogit  
metus,

parū ducem tuerunt inimici suū.  
At sint fideles, nec suū spernāt ducem:  
pugnent acriter, et millibus multis  
ruant:

non copiarū numerus, at virtus ducis  
victoriā potitur, et laudem feret.

Hujus timebis arma, qui scelus timet  
nullū? nepotes morte confecit suos.

Asyla rupta, frater occisus, stupro  
tentata neptis, falsa cui deniq̄ filies.

Quid non patravit patriæ pestis suæ  
adversus hostem corpus ense cingite.

In bella ruite, agmenq̄ strenuè rum-  
pite,

tollantur altè signa. [quisquis occidat]

Bello fidelis phidus, pius impios,  
placidus tyrannū, mitis imitem petis

Quòd si liceret (salvo honore prin-  
cipis)

ad genua vestra volverer supplex,  
petens

ut verus hæres Anglii Henricus  
throni

vincat Ricardū, sceptra qui furto  
tenet,

Sin vincat ille, vester Henricus vagus  
patria exulabit, aut luet poenas graves:

et vos pudebit colla victori dare.  
Petatur ultro dū parat vires modò.

Heare ye battall Aut perdat, aut peribit,  
is joyned. hoc certū est mihi.

Upon his retourne, lett gunns goe  
of, and trumpets sound, wth all  
stir of Souldiers wth out ye hall,  
untill such time as ye lord Stanly  
be one ye stage ready to speake.

STANLEUS AD MILITES.

Properate, solvite patriā tyrannide  
infesta ferte signa, pugna dū calet,  
ut verus hæres regna teneat Angliæ.

Pugnabit adversus scelus virtus pia  
Pugnate tantum, vestra ye battell.  
cum victoria.

Si vincitis, patria tyranno libera  
medios in hostes ruite passu concito.

Let heare bee the like noyse made as  
before, as soone as ye Lord Stanley  
hath spoken, who followeth the  
rest to the feild. After a little  
space, let the L. Northumberland  
come with his band from ye feild,  
att whose speach let the noyse  
cease.

### ORATIO COMITIS NORTHUMBRIÆ AD MILITES.

Northumbriorū illustre nil damnes  
genus,  
nostramve lunā (miles) ignavā putes,  
quod tella fugiens hostiū terga dedi  
Immane regis execror tan- ye Battell.  
dem scelus :

horro suorū sanguine mandentes ma-  
nus.

Suasit vetustas fatidica regi fore  
victoriā, manus prius si conserat  
Mutata quām sit luna. Luna nos  
sumus :

Mox ergo lunā (milites) mutavimus,  
tyrannus ut dignas scelere pœnas  
luat.

Let hear be the like noyse as before,  
and after a while let a captaine run  
after a souldier or two, wth a sword  
drawne driveinge them againe to  
the feild, and say as followeth.

### Centurio.

Ignave miles, quo fugis? nisi redis  
meo peribis ense.

After the like noise againe, let soul-  
diers run from ye feild, over the

stage one after the another, fling-  
inge of their harnesse, and att  
length let some come haltinge and  
wounded. After this let Henerye,  
Earle of Richmoud come tryumph-  
ing, haveing ye body of K. Richard  
dead on a horse : Catesby and Rat-  
liffe and others bound.

### Nuntius.

Sedata lis est. Juditiū Mavors tulit,  
Iacet Ricardus, at Duci similis jacet.  
Postquā feroce mutuō sese acies vi-  
dent,

et signū ad arma classicū cecinit tuba :  
sævus paratū miles in bellū ruit.  
fugiente tandem milite, comitem vi-  
dens,

equo Richardus admisso in illū ruit,  
Catulis Nemæus ut furens raptis leo  
per arva passim rugiens sævus volat.  
Vexilla Comitis forte Brandonus  
tulit,

Cruore cujus hastam tepefacit suā.  
Hinc se Richardo Chæneiūs armis  
valens

offert : Richardus hic viribus unā  
cadit.

ventū est ad hostem : quem validè  
solū petit,

In Comite solo comorabatur ferox  
Contrā, potenti dextra sese Comes  
defendit : æquo Marte pugnatur diu,  
donec tot hostes convolent illō simul,  
ut ille multis vulneribus fossus cadat.  
O laude bellica inclytū verè ducem,  
Si sæva Gallus arma sensisset tua,  
vel pñdus fallen datam Scotus fidem.  
Sed sceleris ultiō cœlitū potens pater  
est serb vitā, sed satis ultus tuā.

### Oratio Henrici Comitis.

Rector potens Olympi, et astrorū  
decus,  
terrestriū qui pastor es fideliū,

et principū cuius est potestas cordiū :  
 tu lāeta Regibus trophaea collocas :  
 Nitida caput cingis corona regiū,  
 Solus deorū falsa vincis numina,  
 hostesq; generi affligis invidos suo :  
 Ingens honor debetur et gratia tibi,  
 qui splendidū triumphū indulseras.  
 Cedit tuis armata jussibus cohors,  
 Si straga quis sāviret Astyages ferox  
 Phrygiove Pelops rege natus Tan-  
 talo.  
 expectet ille Cyrū, et ultorem tre-  
 mat.

Henricus audebat Richardū pellere.  
 At tu nitentis ô gubernator poli  
 Quem terra colit et vasta mundi fab-  
 rica,

dum corpus aura vescitur, nec ultimū  
 diem claudunt fati sorores invidæ,  
 teneros levis dum nutrit artus spiritus,  
 te laude perpetua canemus, debitas  
 tibi afferemus gratias, potens deus :  
 Tu belluā meis domandā viribus  
 mitis dabis, heu civibus pestem suis.  
 At vos graves passi dolores milites,  
 curate mox infecta membris vulnera,  
 crudele ne quò serpat ulcus longiūs.  
 Reliqui sepulcra mortuis mites date.  
 Et inferis debetur excellens honor.

STRAUNGE HEROS PUE, HEN.  
 COMES, STANLEIUS.

*Straunge.*

Non semp æquor fluctibus rabidis  
 tumet.

Non semp imbre Jupiter pulsat mare.  
 Non semp acres Aëolus ventos ciet.  
 Nec semp humiles cæca calcat sors  
 viros.  
 Aliquando fluctus sternitur rabidi  
 maris.  
 Illico caput radiatus et Titan micat,  
 Pressosq; tollet æqua sors tandem  
 viros,  
 rex olim exul Gallicis et Britonū  
 latens in otis, vixor en potens suo  
 regno potitur. Regis ô charū caput  
 salve, tuoq; lāetus in solio sede,  
 multos in annos Angliæ verū decus.  
 felix deinceps subditis vivas tuis,  
 fideiq; captivos tuæ hos clemens cape.

*Henricus Comes.*

O Stanleiorū chara progenies mihi.  
 O Straunge nobilis, en libens te con-  
 spicor :  
 quos mihi dedisti, reddo captivos tibi.

*Stanl.*

Rediisse charū patri salvū filiū  
 crudelis elapsū tyranni dexterā,  
 exultat animus lāetus, ô fili, mihi  
 pericula post tam dira quod sospes  
 venis.

*Hen. Rex.*

Regno mihiq; gratulor : regno, gravi  
 quòd sit tyranno liberū : porro mihi,  
 quod sceptra regni tracto regalia mei.  
 Quare supremo regna qui deitit deo  
 laudes canamus ore supplices pio.

Let a noble man putt ou ye Crowne upon kinge Henries head att the end of his oration, and ye Song sungē wch is in ye end of the booke. After an Epilogue is to bee made, wherein lett bee declared the happy uniteinge of both houses, of whome the Queenes majestie came, and is undoubted heyre, wishinge her a prosperous raigne.

## EPILOGUS.

Extincta vidistis Regulorū corpora,  
horrenda magnatū furentem funera :  
funesta vidistis potentū prælia  
et digna quæ cepit tyrannus præmia.  
Henricus illustris Comes Richmondius  
turbata pacavit Richardi sanguine,  
Antistitis comotus Eliensiū  
sermone fœlici, sagaci pectore  
et gloriōsi marte Buckinghamii,  
tum Margaretæ matris impulsu suæ,  
illustre quæ nostrū hoc Collegiū  
Christoq. fundavit dicatū sumptibus :  
Quæ multa regalis reliquit dexteræ  
nunquam laudatæ satis mentis suæ  
præclara cunctis signa quondā sæculis.  
Hic stirpe regali satus Lancastriæ  
acepit uxorem creatam sanguine  
Eboracensi : sic duarū fœdere  
finiunt æterna domorū jurgia.  
Hinc portus, hic Anglis quietis perditis  
finisq. funestæ fuit discordiæ.  
Hinc illa manavit propago nobilis  
hæresq. certus, qui Britanni Cardinem  
regni gubernas jure vexit jam suo,  
Henricus Henrici parentis filius.  
Qui verus afflictæ patronus patriæ,  
tum singulis unū reliquit comodis  
præstantius multò, licet quām plurimis,  
Cum tam potentem proceraet principem.  
Elizabetā, patre dignā filiā,  
canosq. vencentem seniles virginem.  
Quæ regna tot Phœbi phractis cursibus  
comissa rexit pace fœlix Anglia.  
quam dextra supremi tonantis protegat  
illus et vitam tegendo protrahet.

FINIS.

KING JOHN.

EDITIONS.

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—o—

*The Troublesome Raigne of Iohn King of England, with the discouerie of King Richard Gordelions Base Sonne (vulgaly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge) : also the death of King Iohn at Swinestead Abbey. As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citiie of London. Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, and aire to be solde at his shop, on the backe-side of the Royall Exchange. 1591. 4°.*

THIS play was reprinted in 1611, from which edition it has been republished by Nichols in his "Six Old Plays," 1779. The copy of the original 4° of 1591 in the Capel collection is the only one with which I am acquainted.

On the title of the reprint of 1611 the bookseller placed the initials W. Sh., ostensibly for the purpose of creating a belief that the play was Shakespeare's.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

—o—

*You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow  
Haue entertaind the Scythian Tamburlaine,  
And giuen applause unto an Infidel:  
Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)  
A warlike Christian and your Countreyman.  
For Christs true faith indur'd he many a storne,  
And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,  
Vntill base treason (by a damned wight)  
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,  
Accept of it. (sweete Gentles) in good sort  
And thinke it was preparde for your disport.*



## *The Troublesome Raigne of King John.*

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Enter *K. John*, Queene *Elinor*, his Mother, *William Marshall*, Earle of *Pembroke*, the Earles of *Essex* and of *Salisbury*.

*Q. El.* **B**ARONS of England, and my noble Lords;

Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs  
Victorius Richard scourge of Infidels,  
And clad this Land in stole of dismall hieu :  
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,  
That from this wombe hath sprung a second hope,  
A King that may in rule and vertue both  
Succeede his brother in his Emperie.

*K. John.* My gracious mother Queene, and Barons all;

Though farre vnworthie of so high a place,  
As is the Throne of mightie England's King ;  
Yet Iohn your Lord, contented vncontent,  
Will (as he may) sustaine the heauie yoke  
Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.  
My Lord of Pembroke and Lord Salsbury,  
Admit the Lord Shattilion to our presence ;

That we may know what Philip King of Fraunce  
(By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.

*Q. El.* Dare lay my hand that Elinor can gesse  
Whereto this weightie Embassade doth tend:  
If of my Nephew Arthur and his claime,  
Then say, my Sonne, I haue not mist my aime.

Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles.

*John.* My Lord Chattilion, welcome into England!  
How fares our Brother Philip King of Fraunce?

*Chat.* His Highnesse at my comming was in  
health,  
And wild me to salute your Maiestie,  
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

*John.* And spare not man, wee are preparede to heare.

*Chat.* Philip, by the grace of God most Christian  
K. of France, hauing taken into his guardain and  
protection Arthur Duke of Brittaine sonne & heire to  
Jeffrey thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of  
the said Arthur, the Kingdom of England, with the  
Lordship of Ireland, Poiters, Aniow, Torain, Main:  
and I attend thine aunswere.

*John.* A small request: belike he makes account,  
That England, Ireland, Poiters, Aniow, Torain, Main,  
Are nothing for a King to giue at once:  
I wonder what be meanes to leaue for me.  
Tell Philip, he may keepe his Lords at home,  
With greater honour than to send them thus  
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,  
Or if they did, would yeeld but small returne.

*Chat.* Is this thine answere?

*John.* It is, and too good an answer for so proud a  
message.

*Chat.* Then King of England, in my Masters  
name,

And in Prince Arthur Duke of Britaines name,  
I doo defie thee as an Enemie,  
And wish thee to prepare for bloodie warres.

*Q. EL.* My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)  
Command me to my Nephew, tell the boy,  
That I Queene Elianor (his Grandmother)  
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes  
Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so :  
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame -  
That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,  
So she may bring her selfe to rule a realme.  
Next, wish him to forsake the King of Fraunce,  
And come to me and to his Uncle here,  
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

*Chat.* This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue.

*John. Pembroke,* conuey him safely to the sea,  
But not in hast: for as we are aduisde,  
We meane to be in Fraunce as soone as he,  
To fortifie such townes as we possesse  
In Aniou, Torain, and in Normandy. [Exit Chatt.

Enter the Shriue and whispers the Earle of *Salisbury*  
in the eare.

*Sals.* Please it your maiestie, heere is the Shriue of Northamptonshire, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your maiestie, beseeching your Highnes for speciall cause to heare them.

*John.* Will them come neere, and while wee heare the cause,  
Goe *Salisbury* and make prouision,  
We meane with speede to pass the Sea to Fraunce.

[Exit *Sals.*  
Say Shriue, what are these men, what haue they done ?  
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale ?

*Shriue.* Please it your maiesty, these two brethren

vnnaturally falling at odds about their father's liuing, haue broken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs without cause of Law, or order of Justice, vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous manner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your Highnes : and here I Thomas Nidigate shrieue of Northamptonshire do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

*John.* My Lord of Essex, will the offenders to stand foorth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

*Essex.* Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discouer your grieves, & doubt not but you shall haue iustice.

*Phil.* Please it your Majestie the wrong is mine : yet wil I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth to vnrippe the shamefull slander of my parents, the dishonour of my selfe, & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly.

*Rob.* Then, by my Prince his leauue, shall Robert speake,

And tell your maiestie what right I haue  
To offer wrong, as he accounteth wrong.  
My father (not vnknowen vnto your Grace)  
Receiud his spurres of Knighthood in the Field,  
At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,  
When as the walls of Acon gaue him way :  
His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbery.  
What by succession from his Ancestors,  
And warlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,  
His liuing did amount too at his death  
Two thousand markes reuenew euery yeare :  
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,  
As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge.

*Phil.* If first-borne sonne be heire indubitate  
By certaine right of Englands auncient Lawe,  
How should myselfe make any other doubt,  
But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge.

*John.* Fond Youth, to trouble these our Princely  
eares,

Or make a question in so plaine a case :

Speake, is this man thine elder Brother borne ?

*Rob.* Please it your Grace with patience for to  
heare,

I not denie but he mine Elder is,

Mine elder Brother too : yet in such sort,

As he can make no title to the land.

*John.* A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,  
Thy Brother, and thine elder, and no heire :  
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.

*Rob.* I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,  
Base borne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge.  
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,  
My father in his life did count him so :  
And here my Mother stands to prooue him so :  
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre  
Both to my Mothers shame, and his reproach,  
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.  
Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enioy  
The liuing that belongs to Fauconbridge.  
And let him not possesse anothers right.

*John.* Prooue this, the land is thine by Englands  
law.

*Q. El.* Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers  
shame,  
The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,  
All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes,  
But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.

*Mother.* My gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend  
Dame,

That see the teares distilling from mine eyes,  
And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart :  
For honour and regard of womanhood,  
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.  
Let not these eares heere receiue the hissing sound

Of such a viper, who with poysoned words  
Doth masserate the bowells of my soule.

*John.* Ladie, stand vp, be patient for a while :  
And fellow, say, whose bastard is thy brother ?

*Phil.* Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now,  
But for the honour of so braue a Man,  
Whom he accuseth with adulterie :  
Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,  
To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

*Rob.* Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I  
Charge thee before this royll presence here  
To be a Bastard to King Richards selfe,  
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maiestie.  
Thus bluntly, and—

*Elianor.* Yong man, thou needst not be ashamed  
of thy kin,  
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy proofe.

*Rob.* The proofe so plaine, the argument so  
strong,

As that your Highnesse and these noble Lords,  
And all (sauie those that haue no eyes to see)  
Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King.  
First, when my Father was Embassadour  
In Germanie vnto the Emperour,  
The king lay often at my father's house :  
And all the Realme suspected what befell :  
And at my fathers back-returne agen  
My Mother was deliuered, as tis sed.  
Sixe weekes before the account my father made.  
But more than this : looke but on Philips face,  
His features, actions, and his lineaments,  
And all this Princely presence shall confesse,  
He is no other but King Richards Sonne,  
Then gracious Lord, rest he King Richards Sonne,  
And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,  
That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.

*John.* Is this thy proofe and all thou hast to say ?

*Rob.* I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.

*John.* First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire  
My Brother often lodged in his house :  
And what of that? base groome to slander him,  
That honoured his Embassador so much,  
In absence of the man to cheere the wife ?  
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.

*Q. El.* Thou saist she teemde sixe weeks before  
her time,

Why good Sir Squire, are you so cunning growen,  
To make account of womens reckonings ?  
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes :  
Many mischaunces hap in such affaires,  
To make a woman come before her time.

*John.* And where thou saist, he looketh like the King,  
In action, feature and proportion :  
Therein I hold with thee, for in my life  
I neuer saw so liuely counterfeit  
Of Richard Cordonion, as in him.

*Robert.* Then good my Lord, be you indiffrent Judge,  
And let me haue my liuing and my right.

*Q. El.* Nay, heare you Sir, you runne away too  
fast :

Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem ?*  
Or haue read in. Harke ye good sir,  
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwise.  
She lay with Sir Robert your father, and thought vpon  
King Richard my Sonne, and so your Brother was  
formed in this fashion.

*Rob.* Madame, you wrong me thus to iest it out,  
I craue my right : King Iohn, as thou art King,  
So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.

*John.* Why (foolish boy) thy proofes are fruolous,  
Nor canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.  
But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime :  
This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand  
Irreuuocable, as I am King of England.

For thou knowst not, weeble aske of them that know,  
His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife :  
And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

*Rob.* My Lord, herein I challenge you of wrong,  
To giue away my right, and put the doome  
Unto themselues. Can there be likelihood  
That she will loose ?

Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe ?

It may not be my Lord. Why should it be ?

*John.* Lords, keepe him back, & let him heare the  
doome.

Essex, first aske the Mother thrice who was his Sire ?

*Essex.* Ladie Margaret, Widow of Fauconbridge,  
Who was Father to thy Sonne Philip ?

*Mother.* Please it your Maiestie, Sir Robert Faucon-  
bridge.

*Rob.* This is right, aske my felow there if I be a  
thiefe.

*John.* Aske Philip whose Sonne he is.

*Essex.* Philip, who was thy father ?

*Phil.* Mas my Lord, and that's a question : and  
you had not taken some paines with her before,  
I should haue desired you to aske my Mother.

*John.* Say, who was thy father ?

*Phil.* Faith (my Lord) to answere you, sure he is  
my father that was neerest my mother when I was  
gotten, & him I thinke to be Sir Robert Faucon-  
bridge.

*John.* Essex, for fashions sake demaund agen,  
And so an ende to this contention.

*Rob.* Was euer man thus wrongd as Robert is ?

*Essex.* Philip speake I say, who was thy Father ?

*John.* Young man how now, what art thou in a  
traunce ?

*Elianor.* Philip awake, the man is in a dreame.

*Phil.* *Philippus atauis ædite Regibus.*

What saist thou Philip, sprung of auncient Kings ?

*Quo me rapit tempestas ?*

What winde of honour blowes this furie forth ?

Or whence proeede these fumes of Maiestie ?

Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound ,

That Philip is the Sonne vnto a King :

The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees ,

Whistle in consort I am Richards Sonne :

The bubling murmur of the waters fall ,

Records *Philippus Regius filius* :

Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings ,

Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth :

Birds , bubbles , leaues , and mountaines , Eccho , all

Ring in mine eares , that I am Richards Sonne .

Fond man , ah whither art thou carried ?

How are thy thoughts ywrapt in honors heauen ?

Forgetfull what thou art , and whence thou camst .

Thy Fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts ,

These thoughts are farre vnfiting Fauconbridge :

And well they may ; for why this mounting minde

Doth soare too high to stoupe to Fauconbridge .

Why how now ? knowest thou where thou art ?

And knowest thou who expects thine answere here ?

Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine

Goe loose thy land , and say thy selfe base borne ?

No , keepe thy land , though Richard were thy Sire ,

What ere thou thinkst , say thou art Fauconbridge .

*John.* Speake man , be sodaine , who thy Father was .

*Phil.* Please it your maiestie , Sir Robert Philip , that Fauconbridge cleaves to thy iawes :

It will not out , I cannot for my life

Say I am Sonne vnto a Fauconbridge .

Let land and liuing goe , tis Honors fire

That makes me sweare King Richard was my Sire .

Base to a King addes title of more State ,

Than knights begotten , though legitimate .

Please it your Grace , I am King Richards Sonne .

*Rob.* Robert reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,  
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.

*Mother.* What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my sonne?

*Phil.* Philip cannot repent, for he hath done.

*John.* Then Philip blame not me, thy selfe hath lost  
By wilfulness, thy liuing and thy land.

Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbridge,  
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.

*Q. El.* Why how now Philip, giue away thine owne?

*Phil.* Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your nephew,  
The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath :  
And with this prouerb gin the world anew,  
Help hands, I haue no lands, Honor is my desire ;  
Let Philip liue to shew himselfe worthie so great a Sire.

*Elinor.* Philip, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde :

But cheere the boy, I will not see thee wante  
As long as Elinor hath foote of land ;  
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,  
And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,  
Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde.

*John.* Philip kneele down, that thou maist throughly know

How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,  
Rise vp Sir Richard Plantaginet King Richards Sonne.

*Phil.* Graunt heauens that Philiponce may shew himself

Worthie the honour of Plantaginet,  
Or basest glorie of a Bastards name.

*John.* Now Gentlemen, we will away to France,  
To checke the pride of Arthur and his mates :  
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,  
And toward the maine charges of my warres,

Ile ceaze the lasie Abbey lubbers lands  
 Into my hands to pay my men of warre.  
 The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselues  
 With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.  
 Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,  
 And march we forward mightiely to Fraunce.

[Exeunt. Manet Philip and his Mother.

*Phil.* Madame, I beseech you deigne me so much  
 leisure as the hearing of a matter I long to impart  
 to you.

*Mother.* Whats the matter Philip? I thinke your  
 sute in secret, tends to some money matter, which  
 you suppose burns in the bottom of my chest.

*Phil.* No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or  
 borrow,  
 But such a sute, as might some other grant,  
 I would not now haue troubled you withall.

*Mother.* A Gods name let vs heare it.

*Phil.* Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,  
 How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,  
 In that report hath rumord vp and downe,  
 I am a bastard, and no Fauconbridge.  
 This grosse attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,  
 Maintaining combat to abridge mine ease,  
 That field and towne, and company alone,  
 What so I doo, or wheresoere I am,  
 I cannot chase the slander from my thoughts.  
 If it be true, resolute me of my Sire,  
 For pardon Madam, if I thinke amisse.  
 Be Philip Philip, and no Fauconbridge,  
 His Father doubtles was as braue a man.  
 To you on knees, as sometimes Phaeton,  
 Mistrusting silly Merop for his Sire,  
 Strayning a little bashfull modestie,  
 I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

*Mother.* Yet more adoo to haste me to my graue,

And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse ?  
 Must I accuse myself to close with you ?  
 Slaunder myself, to quiet your affects ?  
 Thou mooust me Philip with this idle talke,  
 Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.

*Phil.* Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,  
 For strong conceipt drijues dutie hence awhile :  
 Your husband Fauconbridge was Father to that sonne,  
 That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,  
 The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,  
 And holds my right, as lineall in descent  
 From him whose forme was figured in his face,  
 Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,  
 To make the one so like as like may be,  
 And in the other print no character  
 To challenge any marke of true descent ?  
 My brothers minde is base, and too too dull.  
 To mount where Philip lodgeth his affects,  
 And his external graces that you view,  
 (Though I report it) counterpoise not mine :  
 His constitution plaine debilitie,  
 Requires the chayre, and mine the seate of steele.  
 Nay, what is he, or what am I to him ?  
 When any one that knoweth how to carpe,  
 Will scarcely iudge vs both one Countrey borne.  
 This Madame, this, hath droue me from my selfe :  
 And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,  
 As cursed Nero with his mother did,  
 So I with you, if you resolute me not.

*Mother.* Let mothers teares quench out thy angers  
 fire,  
 And vrge no further what thou dost require.

*Phil.* Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,  
 Or else she dies : Ile not infringe my vow,

*Mother.* Vnhappy taske : must I recount my shame,  
 Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die ?  
 Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,

Or take from him a while his hearings vse.  
 Why wish I so, vnhappy as I am?  
 The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,  
 I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.

*Phil.* Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.

*Mother.* And longing dye, to shrowd thy Mothers shame.

*Phil.* Come Madame come, you neede not be so loth.

The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.  
 Ist not a slacknes in me, worthie blame,  
 To be so olde, and cannot write my name.  
 Good Mother resolute me.

*Mother.* Then Philip heare thy fortune, and my griefe,

My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,  
 My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,  
 All maimd and staind by youths vnruyl sway.

And when thou knowest from whence thou art extaught,

Or if thou knewest what sutes, what threates, what feares,

To mooue by loue, or massacre by death.

To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.

The mightines of him that courted me,

Who tempred terror with his wanton talke,

That something may extenuate the guilt.

But let it not aduantage me so much :

Vpbraid me rather with the Romane Dame.

That shed her blood to wash away her shame.

Why stand I to expostulate the crime

With *pro & contra*, now the deede is don ?

When to conclude two words may tell the tale,

That Philips Father was a Princes Son,

Rich Englands rule, worlds onely terror hee,

For honours losse left me with childe of thee : .

Whose Sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,  
For faire King Richard was thy noble Father.

*Phil.* Then Robin Fauconbridge I wish thee ioy,  
My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy.  
Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,  
There's something owing to Plantaginet.  
I marrie Sir, let me alone for game,  
Ile act some wonders now I know my name.  
By blessed Marie Ile not sell that pride  
For Englands wealth, and all the world beside.  
Sit fast the proudest of my Fathers foes,  
Away good Mother, there the comfort goes. [Exeunt.

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewis*, *Limoges*,  
*Constance*, and her sonne *Arthur*.

*King.* Now gin we broach the title of thy claime,  
Young Arthur in the Albion Territories,  
Scaring proud Angiers with a puissant siedge :  
Braue Austria, cause of Cordelions death,  
Is also come to aide thee in thy warres ;  
And all our Forces ioyne for Arthurs right.  
And, but for causes of great consequence,  
Pleading delay till newes from England come,  
Twice should not Titan hide him in the West,  
To coole the set-locks of his wearie teame,  
Till I had with an vnresisted shock  
Controld the mannage of proud Angiers walls,  
Or made a forfeit of my fame to Chaunce.

*Cons.* May that be Iohn in conscience or in feare  
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,  
Will send such calme conditions backe to Fraunce,  
As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres :  
If so, forbearance is a deed well done.

*Arth.* Ah Mother, possession of a Crowne is  
much,  
And Iohn as I haue heard reported of.

For present vantage would aduenture farre.  
 The world can witnes, in his Brothers time,  
 He tooke vpon him rule, and almost raigne :  
 Then must it follow as a doubtfull poynt,  
 That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his Nephew.  
 I rather thinke the menace of the world  
 Sounds in his eares, as threats of no esteeme,  
 And sooner would he scorne Europaes power,  
 Than loose the smallest title he enioys ;  
 For questionles he is an Englishman.

*Lewis.* Why are the English peereles in compare ?  
 Braue caualiers as ere that Island bred,  
 Haue liude and dide, and darde, and done inough,  
 Yet neuer gracde their countrey for the cause :  
 England is England, yeelding good and bad,  
 And Iohn of England is as other Iohns.  
 Trust me yong Arthur, if thou need my reede,  
 Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede.

*Lym.* The Englishman hath little cause I trow,  
 To spend good speaches on so proud a foe.  
 Why Arthur heres his spoyle that now is gon,  
 Who when he liud outrou'de his brother Iohn :  
 But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,  
 Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch.  
 But newes comes now, heers the Embassadour.

Enter *Chattilion.*

*K. Phil.* And in good time, welcome my Lord  
 Chattilion :

What newes ? will Iohn accord to our commaund ?

*Chat.* Be I not briefe to tell your Highnes all,  
 He will approach to interrupt my tale :  
 For one selfe bottome brought vs both to Fraunce.  
 He on his part will trie the chaunce of warre,  
 And if his words inferre assured truth,  
 Will loose himselfe, and all his followers,

Ere yeeld vnto the least of your demaunds,  
The Mother Queene she taketh on amaine  
Gainst Ladie Constance, counting her the cause  
That doth effect this claime to Albion,  
Coniuring Arthur with a Grandames care,  
To leaue his mother : willing him submit  
His state to Iohn, and her protection,  
Who (as shee saith) are studious for his good.  
More circumstance the season intercepts :  
This is the summe, which briefly I haue showne

*K. Phil.* This bitter wind must nip somebodies spring !

Sodaine and briefe, who so, 'tis haruest weather.  
But say Chattilion, what persons of accompt are with  
him?

*Chat.* Of England, Earle Pembroke and Salsbury,  
The onely noted men of any name.  
Next to them, a Bastard of the Kings deceast,  
A hardy wildehead, tough and venturous,  
With many other men of high resolute.  
Then is there with them Elinor mother queene,  
And Blanch her Neece, daughter to the King of  
Spaine:  
These are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture.

Enter *John* & his followers, *Queene*, *Bastard*,  
*Earles*, &c.

*K. Phil.* Me seemeth Iohn, an ouer-daring spirit  
Effects some frenzie in thy rash approach,  
Treading my Confines with thy armed Troupes.  
I rather lookt for some submisse reply  
Touching the claime thy Nephew Arthur makes  
To that which thou vniustly dost vsurpe.

*K. John.* For that Chattilion can discharge you all,  
I list not pleade my Title with my tongue.  
Nor came I hether with intent of wrong

To Fraunce or thee, or ony right of thine ;  
 But in defence and purchase of my right,  
 The Towne of Angiers : which thou doost begirt  
 In the behalfe of ladie Constance Sonne,  
 Wheretoo nor he nor she can lay iust claime.

*Cons.* Yes (false intruder) if that iust be iust,  
 And headstrong vsurpation put apart,  
 Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,  
 Without ambiguous shadow of dissent,  
 Is soveraigne to the substance thou withholdst.

*Q. El.* Misgouernd gossip, staine to this resort,  
 Occasion of these vndecided iarres,  
 I say (that know) to check thy vaine suppose,  
 Thy sonne hath naught to doo with that he claymes.  
 For proof whereof, I can inferre a Will,  
 That barres the way he vrgeth by dissent.

*Cons.* A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,  
 Wherein the Diuell is an ouerseer,  
 And proud dame Elinor sole Executresse :  
 More wills than so, on perill of my soule,  
 Were neuer made to hinder Arthurs right.

*Arth.* But say there was, as sure there can be  
 none,  
 The Law intends such testaments as voyd,  
 Where right dissent can no way be impeacht.

*Q. El.* Peace Arthur peace, thy mother makes  
 thee wings  
 To soar with perill after Icarus,  
 And trust me yongling for the Fathers sake,  
 I pitie much the hazard of thy youth.

*Cons.* Beshrew you els how pittiful you are,  
 Readie to weepe to heare him aske his owne ;  
 Sorrow betide such Grandames and such grieve,  
 That minister a poyson for pure loue.  
 But who so blinde, as cannot see this beame,  
 That you forsooth would keepe your cousin downe,  
 For feare his Mother should be vsde too well ?

I theres the grieve, confusion catch the braine,  
That hammers shiftes to stop a Princes raigne.

*Q. El.* Impatient, frantike, common slanderer,  
Immodest Dame, vnnurtvred quarreller,  
I tell thee I, not enuie to thy Son,  
But iustice makes me speake as I haue don.

*K. Phil.* But heres no proof that showes your son  
a King.

*K. John.* What wants, my sword shal more at large  
set down.

*Lewis.* But that may breake before the truth be  
knowne.

*Bast.* Then this may hold till all his right be  
showne.

*Lym.* Good words sir sauce, your betters are in  
place.

*Bast.* Not you sir droughtie, with your Lions case.

*Blanch.* Ah ioy betide his soule, to whom that spoile  
belong'd:

Ah Richard, how thy glorie here is wrong'd.

*Lym.* Me thinkes that Richards pride & Richards  
fall,

Should be a president t'affright you all.

*Bast.* What words are these? how doo my sinews  
shake?

My Fathers foe clad in my Fathers spoyle,  
A thousand furies kindle with reuenge,  
This hart that choller keepes a consistorie,  
Searing my inwards with a brand of hate:  
How doth Alecto whisper in mine eares?  
Delay not Philip, kill the villaine straight,  
Disrobe him of the matchles mo: iment  
Thy Fathers triumph ore the Sauages,  
Base heardgroome, coward, peasant, worse than a  
threshing slave,

What makst thou with the Trophie of a King?

Shamst thou not coystrell, loathsome dunghill swad,

To grace thy carkasse with an ornament  
 Too precious for a monarchs couerture?  
 Scarce can I temper due obedience  
 Unto the presence of my Soueraigne,  
 From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:  
 But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowne,  
 For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,  
 Twice will I not reuiew the Mornings rise,  
 Till I have torne that Trophe from thy back,  
 And split thy heart for wearing it so long.  
 Philip hath sworne, and if it be not done,  
 Let not the world repute me Richards Sonne.

*Lym.* Nay soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so  
 soone,  
 Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win:  
 And take this lesson at thy foeman's hand,  
 Pawne not thy life to get thy Fathers skin.

*Blanch.* Well may the world speake of his knightly  
 valor,  
 That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

*Bast.* Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with  
 mee,  
 If shortly I present it not to thee.

*K. Phil.* Lordings forbeare, for time is comming  
 fast,

That deedes may trie what words cannot determine,  
 And to the purpose for the cause you come.  
 Me seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,  
 Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,  
 But so and so, because it shall be so.

So wrong shall be subornd by trust of strength  
 A Tyrants practize to inuest himselfe,  
 Where weake resistance giueth wrong the way.  
 To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,  
 I, in the right of Arthur, Geoffreys Sonne,  
 Am come before this Citie of Angiers,  
 To barre all other false supported clayme,

From whence, or howsoere the error springs.  
And in his quarrell on my Princely word,  
Ile fight it out vnto the latest man.

*John.* Know King of Fraunce, I will not be com-  
maunded,

By any power or Prince in Christendome,  
To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,  
More than to answere, that mine owne is mine,  
But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,  
And heare them offer me allegiance,  
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

*K. Phil.* Summon them, I will not beleue it till  
I see it,

and when I see it, Ile soone change it.

[They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare  
vpon the walls.

*K. John.* You men of Angiers, and as I take it my  
loyall Subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls:  
to dispute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull  
therein, which I am perswaded you are not. In few  
words, our Brothers Sonne, backt with the King of  
Fraunce, haue beleagred your Towne vpon a false  
pretended title to the same: in defence whereof I  
your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you  
from the Usurper, to free your intended seritude,  
and vtterly to supplant the foemen, to my right &  
your rest. Say then, who keepe you the town for?

*Citizen.* For our lawfull King.

*John.* I was no lesse perswaded: then in Gods  
name open your gates, and let me enter.

*Citizen.* And it please your Highness we comptroll  
not your title, neither will we rashly admit your  
entrance: if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience  
we keepe it to your vse, if not King, our rashness to  
be impeached for yeelding, without more considerate  
trall: wee answere not as men lawles, but to the  
behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

*John.* I shall not come in then?

*Citizen.* No my Lord, till we know more.

*K. Phil.* Then heare me speake in the behalfe of Arthur, Sonne of Geffrey, elder Brother to Iohn, his title manifest, without contradiction, to the Crown and Kingdome of England, with Angiers, and diuers Townes on this side the sea; will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in my word, to intertwaine you with all fauors, as beseemeth a King to his subiects, or a friend to his wel willers: or stand to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the sword.

*Citizen.* We answere as before, till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remain firme subiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne, as desirous to know the truth, as loath to subscribe before we knowe: More than this we cannot say, & more than this we dare not doo.

*K. Phil.* Then Iohn I defie thee, in the name and behalfe of Arthur Plantaginet, thy King and cousin, whose right and patrimonie thou detainest, as I doubt not, ere the day ende, in a set battel make thee confesse; whereunto, with a zeale to right, I challenge thee.

*K. John.* I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throat.

*Excursions.* The Bastard chaseth *Lymoges* the Austrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

*Bast.* And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy steps,

And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest.  
Morpheus leaue here thy silent Eban caue,  
Besiege his thoughts with dismal fantasies,

And ghastly obiects of pale threatening *mors.*  
 Affright him every minute with stearne lookes,  
 Let shadowe temper terror in his thoughts,  
 And let the terror make the coward mad,  
 And in his madnes let his feare pursute,  
 And so in frenzie let the peasant die.  
 Here is the ransome that allayes his rage,  
 The first freehold that Richard left his sonne :  
 With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,  
 As Hectors statue did the fainting Greekes. [Exit.

Enter the Kings Herolds with trumpets to the wals  
 of Angiers : they summon the Towne.

*Eng. Herolds.* Iohn by the grace of God King of  
 England, Lord of Ireland, Aniou, Toraine, &c. de-  
 maundeth once againe of you his subiects of Angiers,  
 if you will quietly surrender vp the Towne into his  
 hands?

*Fr. Herold.* Philip by the grace of God King of  
 Fraunce, demaundeth in the behalfe of Arthur Duke  
 of Britaine, if you will surrender vp the Towne into  
 his hands, to the vse of the said Arthur.

*Citizens.* Herrolds goe tell the two victorious  
 Princes, that we the poore inhabitants of Angiers,  
 require a parle of their Maiesties.

*Herolds.* We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queen *Elianor, Blanch, Bastard,*  
*Lymoges, Lewis, Castilean, Pembroke, Salis-*  
*bury, Constance, and Arthur Duke of Brittaine.*

*John.* Herold, what answer doo the Townsmen  
 send?

*Philip.* Will Angiers yield to Philip King of  
 Fraunce?

*Eng. Her.* The Townsmen on the wals accept your  
 Grace.

*Fr. Her.* And craue a parley of your Maiesty.

*John.* You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes  
Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes  
Haue made vpon the coward frawdfull French ?  
And haue you wisely pondred therewithall  
Your gaine in yeelding to the English King ?

*Phil.* Their losse in yeelding to the English King.  
But Iohn, they saw from out their highest Towers  
The Cheualiers of *France* and crossebow-shot  
Make lanes of slaughterd bodies through thine hoast,  
And are resolu'd to yeeld to Arthurs right.

*John.* Why Philip, though thou brauest it fore the  
wals,

Thy conscience knowes that Iohn hath wonne the field.

*Phil.* What ere my conscience knows, thy armie  
feeles

That Philip had the better of the day.

*Bast.* Philip indeede hath got the Lyons case,  
Which here he holds to Lymoges disgrace.  
Base Duke to flye and leaue such spoyles behind :  
But this thou knewst of force to make mee stay.  
It farde with thee as with the marriner,  
Spyng the hugie Whale, whose monstrous bulke  
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the winde,  
That throwes out empty vessels, so to stay  
His furie, while the ship doth saile away,  
Philip, tis thine : and fore this Princely presence,  
Madame, I humbly lay it at your feete,  
Being the first aduenture I atchieu'd,  
And first exployt your Grace did me enioyne :  
Yet many more I long to be enioynd.

*Blanch.* Philip I take it, and I thee command  
To weare the same as earst thy Father did :  
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,  
T'incourage thee to follow Richards fame.

*Arth.* Ye Citizens of Angiers are ye mute ?  
Arthur or Iohn, say which shall be your King ?

*Citizen.* We care not which, if once we knew the right,

But till we know, we will not yeeld our right.

*Bast.* Might Philip counsell two so mightie kings, As are the Kings of England and of Fraunce, He would aduise your Graces to vnite And knit your forces against these Citizens, Pulling their battered wals about their ears. The Towne once wonne, then striue about the claime, For they are minded to delude you both.

*Citizen.* Kings, Princes, Lords, & Knights assenbled here,

The Cittizens of Angiers all by me Entreat your Maiestie to heare them speake : And as you like the motion they shall make, So to account and follow their aduice.

*John. Phil.* Speake on, we giue thee leauue.

*Citizen.* Then thus : whereas the yong and lusty knight

Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths : The motion cannot chuse but please the good, And such as loue the quiet of the State. But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit ? Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends, And fill the world with brawles and mutinies : But vnto peace your forces should be knit To liue in Princely league and amitie : Doo this, the gates of Angiers shall giue way, And stand quite open to your harts content. To make this peace a lasting bond of loue, Remains one onely honorable meanes, Which by your pardon I shall here display. Lewis the Dolphin and the heire of Fraunce, A man of noted valor through the world, Is yet vnmarried : let him take to wife The beauteous daughter of the King of Spaine, Neece to K. Iohn, the louely Ladie Blanch,

Begotten on his Sister Elianor.

With her in marriage will her vnkle giue  
 Castles and Towers, as fitteth such a match.  
 The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,  
 They may so deale with Arthur Duke of Britaine,  
 Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,  
 As he shall stand contented euerie way.  
 Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)  
 Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.  
 And as vpon conditions you agree,  
 So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

*Arth.* A proper peace, if such a motion hold ;  
 These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,  
 And they shall share my lands to make them friends.

*Q. El.* Sonne Iohn, follow this motion, as thou  
 louest thy mother.

Make league with Philip, yeeld to any thing :  
 Lewis shall haue my Neece, and then be sure  
 Arthur shall haue small succour out of Fraunce.

*Iohn.* Brother of Fraunce, you heare the Citizens :  
 Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.

*Cons.* Why Iohn, what canst thou giue vnto thy  
 Neece,

Thou hast no foote of land but Arthurs right.

*Lewis.* Byr lady Citizens, I like your choyce,  
 A louely damsele is the Ladie Blanche,  
 Worthie the heire of Europe for her pheere.

*Cons.* What Kings, why stand you gazing in a  
 trance ?

Why how now Lords ? accursed Cittizens  
 To fill and tickle their ambicious ears,  
 With hope of gaine, that springs from Arthurs losse.  
 Some dismall Planet at thy birth-day raign'd,  
 For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.

*K. Phil.* Ladie, and Duke of Brittaine, know you both,  
 The King of Fraunce respects his honor more,  
 Than to betray his friends and fauourers,

Princesse of Spaine, could you affect my Sonne,  
If we vpon conditions could agree?

*Bast.* Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman;  
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue mooode the match.  
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,  
That Lady Blanch should bring me wealth inough,  
And make me heire of store of English land.

*Q. El.* Peace Philip, I will looke thee out a  
wife,

We must with policie compound this strife.

*Bast.* If Lewis get her, well, I say no more :  
But let the froeliche Frenchman take no scorne,  
If Philip front him with an English horne.

*John.* Ladie, what answere make you to the King  
of Fraunce?

Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?

*Blanch.* I thanke the King that likes of me so  
well,  
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince :  
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,  
Least beeing too too forward in the cause,  
It may be blemish to my modestie.

*Q. El.* Sonne Iohn, and worthie Philip K. of  
Fraunce,

Doo you confer a while about the Dower,  
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,  
That she shall yeeld as soone as you haue done.

*Cons.* I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,  
Why flye I not vpon the Beldames face,  
And with my nayles pull foorth her hatefull eyes.

*Arth.* Sweet Mother cease these hastie madding  
fits;

For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.  
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,  
I could affoord it to appease these broyles.  
But (mother) let vs wisely winke at all,  
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

*Phil.* Brother of England, what dowrie wilt thou giue.

Vnto my Sonne in mariage with thy Neece?

*John.* First Philip knowes her dowrie out of Spaine, To be so great as to content a King: But more to mend and amplifie the same, I giue in money thirty thousand markes, For land I leauie it to thine owne demaund.

*Phil.* Then I demand Volquesson, Torain, Main, Poiters and Aniou, these fие Provinces, Which thou as King of England holdst in Fraunce: Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.

*Bast.* No less than fие such Provinces at once?

*John.* Mother what shall I doo? my brother got these lands

With much effusion of our English bloud: And shall I giue it all away at once?

*Q. Elin.* Iohn giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,

And keepe the residue sans ieopardie.

*John.* Philip, bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece, And here in mariage I doo giue with her From me and my Successors English Kings, Volquesson, Poiters, Anjou, Torain, Main, And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne. Now Citizens, how like you of this match?

*Citiz.* We ioye to see so sweete a peace begun.

*Lewis.* Lewis with Blanch shall euer liue content, But now King Iohn, what say you to the Duke? Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.

*Phil.* K. Iohn, be good vnto thy Nephew here, And giue him somewhat that shall please thee best.

*John.* Arthur, although thou troublest Englands peace

Yet here I giue thee Brittaine for thine owne, Together with the Earledome of Richmont, And this rich Citie of Angiers withall.

*Q. El.* And if thou seeke to please thine Uncle John,

Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee.

*John.* Now euery thing is sorted to this end,  
Lets in, and there prepare the mariage rytes,  
Which in S. Maries Chappell presently  
Shal be performed ere this presence part.

[*Exeunt. Manent Constance & Arthur.*

*Arth.* Madam good cheere, these drouping languishments,

Adde no redresse to salue our awkward haps,  
If heauens haue concluded these euent,  
To small auaile is bitter pensiuenes :  
Seasons will change, and so our present griefe  
May change with them, and all to our relieve.

*Cons.* Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene  
To looke into the bottome of these cares.  
But I, who see the poyse that weigheth downe  
Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes  
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount,  
What ioye, what ease, what rest can lode in me,  
With whom all hope and hap doe disagree?

*Art.* Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solemne  
shows,

Rather then helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.

*Cons.* If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint,  
That from a wounded soule implores reuenge :  
Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,  
This cursed Countrey, where the traytors breath,  
Whose periurie (as proud Briareus,)  
Beleaguers all the Skie with mis-belief.  
He promist Arthur, and he sware it too,  
To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride :  
But now black-spotted Periure as he is,  
He takes a truce with Elnors damned brat,  
And marries Lewis to her iouely Neece,  
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift

Betweene these louers : ill betide the match.  
 And as they shoulder thee from out thy owne,  
 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares :  
 So heavens crosse them with a thrifles course,  
 Is all the bloud yspilt on either part,  
 Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,  
 Grown to a loue-game and a Bridall feast ?  
 And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes ?  
 Poore helples boy, hopeles and helpeles too,  
 To whom misfortune seemes no yoke at all.  
 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps  
 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,  
 Why lookst thou pale ? the colour flyes thy face :  
 I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,  
 And make it moodie with my doles discourse,  
 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,  
 We must obscure this mone with melodie,  
 Least worser wrack ensue our malecontent. [Exeunt.

Enter the King of *England*, the King of *France*,  
*Arthur*, *Bastard*, *Lewis*, *Lymoges*, *Constance*,  
*Blanche*, *Chattileion*, *Pembroke*, *Salisburie*, and  
*Elianor*.

*John*. This is the day, the long desired day,  
 Wherein the Realmes of England and of Fraunce  
 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.  
 Thrice happie is the bridegroome and the bride,  
 From whose sweete bridal such a concord springs,  
 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

*Cons*. Vngodly peace made by anothers warre.

*Phil*. Vnhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge,  
 Rouze thee Plantaginet, liue not to see  
 The butcher of the great Plantaginet.  
 Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,  
 Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale  
 That carries me in furie to a deede

Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.  
 A boone (O Kings) a boone doth Philip beg  
 Prostrate vpon his knee : which knee shall cleave  
 Unto the superficies of the earth,  
 Till Fraunce and England grant this glorious boone.

*John.* Speake Philip, England grants thee thy request.

*Phil.* And Fraunce confirmes what ere is in his power.

*Bast.* Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,  
 Too base a ransome for my fathers life.  
 Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke  
 That braues it in dishonor of my Sire.  
 Your words are past, nor can you now reuerset  
 The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,  
 Whereat me thinks I see his sinnewes shake :  
 This is the boon (dread Lords) which granted once  
 Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ;  
 Since I shall liue and die in Richards right.

*Lym.* Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King,  
 To interrupt these holy nuptiall rytes  
 With brawles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace ;  
 Let it suffice, I scorne to ioyne in fight,  
 With one so farre vnequall to myselfe.

*Bast.* A fine excuse, Kings if you wil be Kings,  
 Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.

*John.* Philip, we cannot force the Duke to fight,  
 Beeing a subiect vnto neither Realme :  
 But tell me Austria, if an English Duke  
 Should dare thee thus, wouldest thou accept the chal-  
 lenge ?

*Lym.* Els let the world account the Austrich Duke  
 The greatest coward liuing on the Earth.

*John.* Then cheere thee Philip, Iohn will keepe his  
 word,  
 Kneele downe, in sight of Philip King of Fraunce,  
 And all these Princely Lords assembled here,

I gird thee with the sword of Normandie,  
 And of that Land I doo inuest thee Duke :  
 So shalt thou be in liuing and in land  
 Nothing inferiour vnto Austria.

*Lym.* K. Iohn, I tell thee flatly to thy face,  
 Thou wrongst mine honour : and that thou maist see  
 How much I scorne thy new made Duke and thee,  
 I flatly say, I will not be compeld :  
 And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,  
 Ile finde a time to match you for this geere. [Exit.]

*John.* Stay Philip, let him goe, the honors thine.

*Bast.* I cannot liue unles his life be mine.

*Q. El.* Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyd my  
 soule,  
 And made me thinke my Richard liues in thee.

*K. Phil.* Lordlings lets in, and spend the wedding  
 day

In maskes and triumphs, letting quarreles cease.

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*.

*Car.* Stay King of France, I charge thee ioin not  
 hands

With him that stands accurst of God and men.

Know Iohn, that I Pandulph, Cardinall of Millaine,  
 and Legate from the Sea of Rome, demaund of thee  
 in the name of our holy Father the Pope Innocent,  
 why dost (contrarie to the lawes of our holy mother  
 the Church, and our holye Father the Pope) disturbe  
 the quiet of the Church, and disannul the election of  
 Stephen Langhton, whom his holines hath elected  
 Archbishop of Canterbury : this in his Holines name  
 I demaund of thee ?

*John.* And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister  
 to doo to demaund of me, how I employ mine own ?  
 Know Sir Priest, as I honour the Church and holy  
 Churchmen, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest

Prelate in the world. Tell thy Maister so from me, and say, Iohn of England said it, that neuer an Italian Priest of them all, shal either haue tythe, tole, or polling penie out of England; but as I am King, so will I raigne next vnder God, supreame head both ouer spiritual and temrall: and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse.

*K. Phil.* What King Iohn, know you what you say, thus to blasphemie against our holy father the Pope?

*John.* Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Christendome suffer themselues to be abusde by a Prelates slauery, my minde is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee King in England, let him winne it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleage to mine inheritance.

*Car.* Iohn, this is thine answer?

*John.* What then?

*Car.* Then I Pandulph of Padoa, Legate from the Apostolike See, do in the name of Saint Peter and his successor our holy Father Pope Innocent, pronounce thee accursed, discharging euery one of thy subiectes of all dutie and fealtie that they doo owe to thee, and pardon and forgiuenes of sinne to those or them what-euer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or murder thee: This I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.

*John.* So sir, the more the Fox is curst the better a fares: if God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope and his shaelings curse and spare not.

*Car.* Furthermore, I charge thee Philip King of France, and al the Kings and Princes of Christendome, to make war vpon this miscreant: and whereas thou hast made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doo in the name of our foresaid father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath, as vnlawfull, beeing made with an heretike; how saist thou Philip, doost thou obey?

*John.* Brother of Fraunce, what say you to the Cardinall?

*Phil.* I say, I am sorrie for your Majestie, requesting you to submit your selfe to the Church of Rome.

*John.* And what say you to our league, if I doo not submit?

*Phil.* What should I say? I must obey the Pope.

*John.* Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

*Phil.* The Legate hath absolu'de me of mine oath: Then yeeld to Rome, or I defie thee heere.

*John.* Why Philip, I defie the Pope and thee, False as thou art, and periured King of Fraunce, Unworthie man to be accompted King.

Giu'st thou thy sword into a Prelates hands?

Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes, and Friers Haue taken somewhat to maintaine my warres,

Now will I take no more but all they haue.

Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells, And in despight Ile send them to the Pope.

Mother come you with me, and for the rest That will not follow Iohn in this attempt, Confusion light vpon their damned soules.

Come Lords, fight for your King, that fighteth for your good.

*Phil.* And are they gone? Pandulph thy selfe shalt see

How Fraunce will fight for Rome and Romish rytes.

Nobles to armes, let him not passe the seas,

Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead The K. of England to the gates of Rome.

Arthur bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see What Philip K. of Fraunce will doo for thee.

*Blanche.* And will your Grace vpon your wedding day.

Forsake your Bride, and follow dreadfull drums? Nay, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee.

*Lewis.* Sweete hearte content thee, and we shall agree.

*Phil.* Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the way,

Drums shal be musicque to this wedding day.

[Exeunt.

*Excursions.* The *Bastard* pursues *Austria*, and kils him.

*Bast.* Thus hath K. Richards sonne performde his vowes.

And offred Austria's bloud for sacrifice  
Unto his fathers euerliuing soule.

Braue Cordelion, now my heart doth say,

I haue deserude, though not to be thy heire,

Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,

A name as pleasing to thy Philips heart,

As to be cald the Duke of Normandie.

Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle:

And as my father triumpht in thy spoyles,

And trode thine Ensignes vnderneath his feete,

So doo I tread vpon thy cursed selfe,

And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food.

[Exit.

*Excursions.* *Arthur, Constance, Lewis*, having taken Q. *Elianor* prisoner.

*Cons.* Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering arme

Dispearst the foes to true succession,

Proud, and disturder of thy Countreyes peace,

Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,

And on thy head will now auenged be

For all the mischieves hatched in thy braine.

Q. *El.* Contemptuous Dame, vnreuerent Dutches thou,

To braue so great a Queene as Elianor,

Base scolde, hast thou forgot, that I was wife  
 And mother to three mightie English Kings?  
 I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir Boy,  
 To set your Grandmother at libertie,  
 And yeeld to Iohn your Uncle and your King.

*Cons.* 'Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it.  
*Elianor.* Nor yet thy threates proud dame shal  
 daunt my mind.

*Arth.* Sweete Grandame, and good Mother, leaue  
 these braules.

*Elianor.* Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.

*Cons.* My time is now to triumph in thy fall.

And thou shalt know that Constance will triumph.

*Arth.* Good mother, weigh it is Queene Elianor.  
 Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe.

Sweete Grandame, beare with what my Mother says,  
 Your highnes shal be vsed honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Lewis my Lord, Duke Arthur, and the rest,  
 To armes in hast, K. Iohn relies his men,  
 And ginnes the sight afresh: and sweares withall  
 To lose his life, or set his Mother free.

*Lewis.* Arthur away, tis time to looke about.

*Elianor.* Why how now dame, what is your courage  
 coold?

*Cons.* No Elianor my courage gathers strength,  
 And hopes to lead both Iohn and thee as slaves:  
 And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. [Exeunt.  
 [Excursions. *Elianor* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur*  
 is taken prisoner. *Exeunt.* Sound Victorie.

Enter *Iohn*, *Elianor*, and *Arthur* prisoner, *Bastard*,  
*Pembroke*, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

*Iohn.* Thus right triumphs, and Iohn triumphs in  
 right:

Arthur thou seest, Fraunce cannot bolster thee :  
 Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.  
 But if at last Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe  
 Into the gardance of thine Unckle Iohn,  
 Thou shalt be vsed as becomes a Prince.

*Arth.* Unckle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,  
 To beare captivitie with patience.  
 Might hath preuayld, not right, for I am King  
 Of England, though thou weare the Diadem.

*Q. El.* Sonne Iohn, soone shall wee teach him to  
 forget

These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.

*Iohn.* Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,  
 I would he liude not to remember it.

But leauing this, we will to England now,  
 And take some order with our Popelings there,  
 That swell with pride and fat of lay mens lands.  
 Philip, I make thee chiefe in this affaire,  
 Ransack the Abbeys, Cloysters, Priories,  
 Conuert their coyne vnto my souldiers vse :  
 And whatsoere he be within my Land,  
 That goes to Rome for iustice and for law,  
 While he may haue his right within the Realme,  
 Let him be iudge a traitor to the state,  
 And suffer as an enemie to England.

Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,  
 As Regent of our Prouinces in Fraunce,  
 While we to England take a speedie course,  
 And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.  
 Hubert de Burgh take Arthur here to thee,  
 Be he thy prisoner : Hubert keepe him safe,  
 For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes Crowne.  
 But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse :  
 Then Hubert, as thou shortly hearst from me,  
 So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.

*Hub.* Frolick yong Prince, though I your keeper be,  
 Yet shall your keeper liue at your commaund.

*Arth.* As please my God, so shall become of me.

*Q. El.* My Sonne, to England, I will see thee shipt,  
And pray to God to send thee safe ashore.

*Bast.* Now warres are done, I long to be at home,  
To diue into the Monkes and Abbots bags,  
To make some sport among the smooth skin Nunnes,  
And keepe some reuell with the fanzen Friers.

*John.* To England Lords, each looke vnto your  
charge,  
And arme yourselves against the Romane pride.

[Exeunt.]

Enter the King of France, *Lewes* his sonne, Cardinall  
*Pandolph*, Legate, and *Constance*.

*Phil.* What, euery man attacht with this mishap?  
Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of Fraunce?  
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde,  
To lowre it for a checke or two of Chaunce.  
Had Lymoges escapt the bastards spight,  
A little sorrow might haue serude our losse.  
Braue Austria, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.

*Card.* His sowle is safe and free from Purgatorie,  
Our holy Father hath dispenst his sinnes,  
The blessed Saints haue heard our Orisons,  
And all are Mediators for his soule,  
And in the right of these most holy warres,  
His Holinese free pardon doth pronounce  
To all that follow you againt English heretiques,  
Who stand accursed in our mother Church.

Enter *Constance* alone.

*Phil.* To aggrauate the measure of our grieve,  
All malecontent comes Constance for her Sonne.  
Be breefe good madame, for your face imports  
A tragick tale behinde thatts yet vntolde,  
Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,

Deepe sorrow throbbeth misbefalne euent,  
Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end  
A full Catastrophe of sad lament.

*Cons.* My tongue is tunde to storie forth mishap :  
When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale ?  
Must Constance speake ? let teares preuent her talke :  
Must I discourse ? let Dido sigh and say,  
She weepes againe to heare the wracke of Troy :  
Two words will serue, and then my tale is done :  
Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne.

*Lewis.* Häue patience Madame, this is chaunce of  
warre :  
He may be ransomde, we reuenge his wrong.  
*Cons.* Be it ner so soone, I shall not liue so long.  
*Phil.* Despaire not yet, come Constance, goe with  
me,  
These clouds will fleet, the day will cleare againe.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Card.* Now Lewes, thy fortune buds with happie  
spring,  
Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.  
Arthur is safe, let Iohn alone with him,  
Thy title next is fairst to Englands crowne :  
Now stirre thy Father to begin with Iohn,  
The Pope sayes I, and so is Albion thine.

*Lewes.* Thankes my Lord Legat for your good  
conceipt,  
'Tis best we follow now the game is faire,  
My Father wants to worke him your good words.  
*Card.* A few will serue to forward him in this,  
Those shal not want ; but lets about it then. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Philip* leading a Frier, charging him show  
where the Abbots golde lay.

*Phil.* Come on you fat Franciscan, dallie no longer,  
but shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

*Frier.* *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer such an iniurie?

Sweete S. Withold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

And heare vs for S. Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.

*In nomine Domini*, make I my homilie,

Gentle gentilitie grieue not the cleargie.

*Phil.* Grey-gownd good face, coniure ye,  
nere trust me for a groate

If this waste girdle hang thee not  
that girdeth in thy coate.

Now balde and barefoote Bungie birds,  
when vp the gallowes climing,

Say Philip he had words inough,  
to put you downe with ryming,

*Frier.* O pardon, *O parce*, S. Frauncis for mercie,  
Shall shield thee from nightspels, and dreaming of  
diuells,

If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,  
With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying,

From black Purgatorie, a penance right sorie:

Frier Thomas will warne you,

It shall neuer harme you.

*Phil.* Come leaue off your rabble,  
Sirs, hang vp this lozell.

*2 Frier.* For charitie I beg his life,  
Saint Francis chiefest Frier,

The best in all our couent Sir,

to keepe a Winters fier.

O strangle not the good olde man,  
My hostesse oldest guest,

And I will bring you by and by

Vnto the Priors chest.

*Phil.* I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the Frier is at  
libertie,

If not, as I am honest man, I hang you both for com-  
panie.

*Frier.* Come hether, this is the chest, though simple to behold,  
That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in gold.

My selfe will warrant full so much, I know the Abbots store,  
Ile pawne my life there is no lesse, to haue what ere is more.

*Phil.* I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy share shall come,  
But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay the sum.

Breake vp the Coffer, Frier.

*Frier.* Oh I am vndun, faire Alice the Nun  
Hath tooke vp her rest in the Abbots chest.

*Sancte benedicite,* pardon my simplicitie.  
Fie Alice, confession will not salue this transgression.

*Phil.* What haue wee here, a holy Nun? so keepe mee God in health,  
A smooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the Abbots wealth.

Is this the Nonries chastitie?  
Beshrew me but I thinke  
They go as oft to Venery as niggards to their drinke,

Why paltry Frier and Pandar too, ye shamelesse shauen crowne,

Is this the chest that held a hoord,  
at least a thousand pound?

And is the hoord a holy whore?  
Well, be the hangman nimble,

Hee'le take the paine to paye you home,  
and teach you to dissemble.

*Nunne.* O spare the Frier Anthony,  
a beggar neuer was  
To sing a Dirige solemnly,  
or read a morning masse.

If money be the meanes of this,  
 I know an ancient Nunne,  
 That hath a hoord these seuen yeares,  
 did neuer see the sunne ;  
 And that is yours, and what is ours,  
 so fauour now be shown,  
 You shall commaund as commonly,  
 as if it were your owne.

*Frier.* Your honour excepted.

*Nunne.* I Thomas, I meane so.

*Phil.* From all saue from Friers.

*Nunne.* Good sir, doo not think so.

*Phil.* I thinke and see so :

why how camst thou here ?

*Frier.* To hide here from lay men.

*Nunne.* Tis true sir, for feare.

*Phil.* For fear of the laytie : a pitifull dred  
 When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers  
 bed.

But now for your ransome my Cloyster-bred Conney,  
 To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much  
 money.

*Nunne.* Faire sir, within this presse, of plate &  
 money is

The valew of a thousand markes, and other things  
 by gis.

Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours sir, now you  
 know it.

*Phil.* Come on sir Frier, pick the locke, this geere  
 dooth cotton hansome,

That couetousnes so cunningly must pay y<sup>e</sup> letchers  
 ransom.

What is in the hoord ?

*Frier.* Frier Laurence my Lord, now holy water  
 help vs,

Some witch or some diuell is sent to delude vs :

*Haud credo Laurentius,* that thou shouldst be pend thus

In the presse of a Nun we are all vndone,  
And brought to discredence if thou be Frier Laurence.

*Frier.* *Amor vincit omnia*, so Cato affirmeth,  
And therefore a Frier whose fancie soone burneth,  
Because he is mortall and made of mould,  
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he  
should.

*Phil.* How goes this geere? the Friers chest filde  
with a sausen Nunne.

The Nunne again lockes Friar vp,  
to keep him from the Sun.

Belike the press is Purgatorie,  
or penance passing grieuous:

The Friers chest a hel for Nunnes!  
how doo these dolts deceive us?

Is this the labour of their liues, to feede and liue at  
ease?

To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please?

Ile mend the fault or fault my ayme,  
if I do misse amending,

Tis better burn the Cloisters down,  
than leaue them for offending.

But holy you, to you I speake,  
to you religious diuell,

Is this the presse that holds the summe,  
to quite you for your euill?

*Nunne.* I crie *Peccavi, parce me*,  
good Sir I was beguild.

*Frier.* Absolue Sir for charitie,  
she would bee reconcilde.

*Phil.* And so I shall, sirs binde them fast,  
this is their absolution,

go hang them vp for hurting them,  
haste them to execution.

*Fr. Lawrence.* *O tempus edax rerum*,  
Giue children bookees they teare them.  
*O vanitas vanitatis*, in this waning *ætatis*.

At threescore wel-neere, to goe to this geere,  
 To my conscience a clog, to dye like a dog.  
*Exaudi me Domine, si uis me parce*  
*Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam.*  
 To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,  
 A hundred pounds sterlinc, for my liues sparing.

Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people.

*Peter.* Hoe, who is here? S. Frauncis be your speed,  
 Come in my flock, and follow me,  
 your fortunes I will reed.  
 Come hether boy, goe get thee home,  
 and clime not ouer hie,  
 For from aloft thy fortune stands, in hazard thou shalt  
 die.

*Boy.* God be with you Peter, I pray you come to  
 our house a Sunday.

*Peter.* My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my  
 boy,  
 For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to  
 dwell,  
 But thou shalt scape them all, and doo full well.

*Boy.* I thanke you Peter, theres a cheese for your  
 labor: my sister prayes ye to come home, & tell her  
 how many husbands she shall haue, and shee'l giue  
 you a rib of bacon.

*Peter.* My masters, stay at the towns end for me.  
 Ile come to you all anon: I must dispatch some  
 busines with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes.

*Phil.* How now, a Prophet! Sir prophet whence  
 are ye?

*Peter.* I am of the world and in the world, but liue  
 not as others, by the world: what I am I know, and  
 what thou wilt be I know. If thou knowest me now,  
 be answered: if not, enquire no more what I am.

*Phil.* Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue,

that deludes the people with blinde prophecies : you are him I looke for, you shall away with me : bring away all the rabble, and you Frier Laurence, remember your raunsome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest come on. Sir Prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a Prophets rewarde. [Exeunt.

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

*Hub.* My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt ; I perceiue by your heauie countenances, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of some other executioner : onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briefe, leaue me, and be readie to attend the aduenture : stay within that entry, and when you hear me crie, God save the King, issue sodainly foorth, lay handes on Arthur, set him in his chayre, wherein (once fast bound) leaue him with me to finish the rest.

*Attendants.* We goe, though loath. [Exeunt.

*Hub.* My Lord, will it please your Honour to take the benefite of the faire euening ?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*.

*Arth.* Gramercie Hubert for thy care of me,  
In or to whom restraint is newly knowen,  
The ioy of walking is small benefit,  
Yet will I take thy offer with small thankes,  
I would not loose the pleasure of the eye.  
But tell me curteous Keeper if you can,  
How long the King will haue me tarrie here.

*Hub.* I know not Prince, but as I gesse, not long.  
God send you freedome, and God sauе the King.

[They issue forth.

*Arth.* Why now sirs, what may this outrage meane?  
 O help me Hubert, gentle Keeper helpe ;  
 God send this sodaine mutinous approach  
 Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltless life.

*Hub.* So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.

*Arth.* Then Arthur yeeld, death frowneth in thy face,  
 What meaneth this ? Good Hubert plead the case.

*Hub.* Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,  
 Harmfull and harsh, hells horror to be heard :  
 A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.  
 I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.

*Arth.* What, must I die ?

*Hub.* No newes of death, but tidings of more hate,  
 A wrathfull doome, and must vnluckie fate :  
 Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,  
 Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.

*Arth.* Alas, thou wrongst my youth with words of  
 feare,  
 Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare :  
 What is it man if needes be don,  
 Act it, and end it, that the paine were gon.

*Hub.* I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,  
 Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.  
 My heart, my head, and all my powers beside,  
 To aide the office haue at once denide.  
 Peruse this Letter, lines of treble woe,  
 Reade ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert, these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest  
 our quiet in minde, and the estate of our person,  
 that presently vpon the receipt of our commaund,  
 thou put out the eies of Arthur Plantaginet.

*Arth.* Ah monstrous damned man ! his very breath  
 infects the elements.

Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,  
 Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.

Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens  
 Of great iniustice, that the miscreant  
 Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong.  
 Ah Hubert ! makes he thee his instrument,  
 To sound the tromp that causeth hell triumph ?  
 Heaven weepes, the Saints do shed celestiall teares,  
 They feare thy fall, and cyte thee with remorse,  
 They knock thy conscience, moouing pitie there,  
 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell  
 Hell, Hubert, trust me all the plagues of hell  
 Hangs on performance of this damned deede.  
 This seale, the warrant of the bodies blisse,  
 Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule :  
 Subscribe not Hubert, giue not Gods part away,  
 I speake not only for eyes priuiledge,  
 The chiefe exterior that I would enjoy :  
 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,  
 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes vaine lack :  
 A cause internall, and eternall too.  
 Aduise thee Hubert, for the case is hard,  
 To loose saluation for a Kings reward.

*Hub.* My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land  
 Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

*Arth.* Yet God commands whose power reacheth  
 further,  
 That no commaund should stand in force to murther.

*Hub.* But that same Essence hath ordained a law,  
 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

*Arth.* I pleade, not guiltie, treasonlesse and free.

*Hub.* But that appeale, my Lord, concernes not  
 me.

*Arth.* Why thou art he that maist omit the perill.

*Hub.* I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

*Arth.* His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong.

*Hub.* Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

*Arth.* Why that's to thee if thou as they proceede,  
 Conclude their iudgement with so vile a deede.

*Hub.* Why then no execution can be lawfull,  
If Judges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.

*Arth.* Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and  
time,

The offender is conuicted of the crime.

*Hub.* My Lord, my Lord, this long expostula-  
tion,

Heapes vp more grieve, than promise of redresse ;  
For this I know, and so resolute I end,  
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.  
I must not reason why he is your foe,  
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.

*Arth.* Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy  
soule

With wrongfull persecution done this day.  
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet  
I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent :  
Send foorth the terror of your Moouers frowne,  
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers  
That rob me of your faire reflecting view :  
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee)  
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guylt,  
And let the black tormenters of deepe Tartary  
Upbraide them with this damned enterprise,  
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.  
Delay not Hubert, my orisons are ended,  
Begin I pray thee, reave me of my sight :  
But to performe a tragedie indeede,  
Conclude the period with a mortal stab.  
Constance farewell, tormenter come away,  
Make my dispatch the Tyrants feasting day.

*Hub.* I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist :  
Faint did I say ? fear was it that I named :  
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me free :  
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,  
That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,  
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart.

Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,  
 Cheere thee young Lord, thou shalt not loose an  
 eye,

Though I should purchase it with losse of life.

Ile to the King, and say his will is done,

And of the langor tell him thou art dead,

Goe in with me, for Hubert was not borne

To blinde those lampes that nature pollisht so.

*Arth.* Hubert, if euer Arthur be in state,

Looke for amends of this receiued gift,

I tooke my eyesight by thy curtesie,

Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.

But now procrastination may offend

The issue that thy kindness vndertakes :

Depart we, Hubert, to preuent the worst. [Exeunt.

Enter *K. John, Essex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.*

*John.* Now warlike followers, resteth ought vndone

That may impeach vs of fond ouersight?

The French haue felt the temper of our swords,

Cold terror keepes possession in their sowles,

Checking their ouerdaring arrogance

For buckling with so great an ouermatch,

The Arche proud titled Priest of Italy,

That calls himselfe grand Vicar vnder God,

Is busied now with trentall obsequies,

Masse and months minde, dirge and I know not what,

To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory,

That haue miscarried in these bloody warres.

Heard you not, Lords, when first his Holines

Had tidings of our small account of him,

How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes,

He urgde a reason why the English asse

Disdaignd the blessed ordinance of Rome?

The title (reuerently might I inferre)  
 Became the Kings that earst haue borne the load,  
 The slauish weiht of that controlling Priest :  
 Who at his pleasure temperd them like waxe  
 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,  
 Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand.  
 I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages past  
 (Simply deuoted to the Sea of Rome)  
 Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.  
 But now for confirmation of our State,  
 Sith we haue proynd the more than needfull braunch  
 That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,  
 It resteth we throughout our Territories  
 Be reproclaimed and inuested King.

*Pemb.* My Liege, that were to busie men with  
 doubts,  
 Once were you crownd, proclaimd, and with ap-  
 plause  
 Your Citie streetes haue ecchoed to the eare,  
 God sauе the King, God sauе our Soueraigne Iohn,  
 Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer  
 Your Highnes not deposde from Regall State,  
 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,  
 What it should meane to haue you crownd againe.

*John.* Pembroke, performe what I haue bid thee  
 doo,  
 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this.  
 Essex goe in, and Lordings all begon  
 About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

### Enter the Bastard.

Philip what newes, how doo the Abbots chests ?  
 Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire ?  
 What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or  
 no ?  
 Tell me, how hath thy office tooke effect ?

*Phil.* My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge :

The ease bred Abbots, and the bare-foote Friers,  
The Monkes, the Priors, and holy cloystred Nunnes,  
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth  
Till I had tythde and tolde their holy hoords.  
I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,  
You may proportion all their former pride.

*John.* Why so, now sorts it Philip as it should :  
This small intrusion into Abbey trunkes,  
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,  
Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,  
As thick as hailestones fore the Springs approach :  
But yet as harmeles and without effect,  
As is the echo of a Cannons crack  
Dischargd against the battlements of heauen.  
But what newes else befell there Philip ?

*Bast.* Strange newes my Lord: within your territories  
Nere Pomfret is a Prophet new sprong vp,  
Whose diuination volleys wonders foorth :  
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,  
He sets a date vnto the Beldames death,  
Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,  
Distinguishest the moouing of the heauens,  
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes,  
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth :  
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,  
With such assurance, scruples put apart,  
As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,  
Or kept a Register of all the Destinies.

*John.* Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hadst  
brought the man,  
We might haue questiond him of things to come.

*Bast.* My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist,  
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,  
He stayes my Lord but at the Presence doore :  
Pleaseth your Highnes, I will call him in.

*John.* Nay stay awhile, wee'l haue him here anon,  
A thing of weight is first to be performd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *John*, and then  
cry God save the king.

*John.* Lordings and friends supporters of our State,  
Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,  
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.  
Once ere this time was I inuested King,  
Your fealtie sworne as Liegmen to our state :  
Once since that time ambitious weeds haue sprung  
To staine the beauty of our garden plot :  
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence  
The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,  
Haue to our ioy, made sunshine chase the storme.  
After the which, to try your constancie,  
That now I see is worthie of your names,  
We craude once more your helps for to inuest us  
Into the right that envie sought to wrack.  
Once was I not deposde, your former choyce ;  
Now twice been crowned and applauded King ?  
Your cheered action to install me so,  
Infers assured witnes of your loues,  
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care  
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth  
To ballance downe requitall to the full.  
But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all :  
Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.

*Essex.* A boon my Lord, at vaantage of your  
words

We ask to guerdon all our loyalties.

*Pemb.* We take the time your Highnes bids vs  
aske :

Please it you graunt, you make your promise good,  
With lesser losse than one superfluous haire  
That not remembred falleth from your head.

*John.* My word is past, receiue your boone my Lords,

What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.

*Essex.* We craue my Lord to please the Commons with

The liberty of Lady Constance Sonne:

Whose durance darkeneth your Highnes right,

As if you kept him prisoner, to the end

Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.

Dismiss him hence, your Highnes needes not feare,

Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King.

*Pemb.* This if you graunt, were all vnto your good: For simple people muse you keepe him close.

*John.* Your words haue searcht the center of my thoughts,

Confirming warrant of your loyalties,

Dismiss your counsell, sway my state,

Let John doo nothing, but by your consents.

Why how now Philip, what extasie is this?

Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so?

[There the five Moones appeare.

*Bast.* See, my Lord, strange apparitions,

Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem

Placte by the Bishops on your Highnes head,

From foorth a gloomie cloude, which curtainelike

Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied

Fiue Moones reflecting, as you see them now:

Euen in the moment that the Crowne was placte

Gan they appeare, holding the course you see.

*John.* What might portend these apparitions,

Unvsuall signes, forerunners of euent,

Presagers of strange terror to the world:

Beleeue me Lords, the obiect feares me much.

Philip thou toldst me of me of wizzard late,

Fetch in the man to descant of this shew.

*Pemb.* The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth,

When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes  
They spot their superficies with such wonder.

*Essex.* Before the ruines of Ierusalem,  
Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath,  
That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne.

Enter the Bastard with the prophet.

*John.* Is this the man ?

*Bast.* It is my Lord.

*John.* Prophet of Pomfret, for so I heare thou art,  
That calculatst of many things to come :  
Who by a power replete with heauenly gifte,  
Canst blab the counsell of thy Makers will.  
If fame be true, or truth be wrongd by thee,  
Decide in cyphering, what these fiue Moones  
Portend this Clyme, if they presage at all.  
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to see  
Thy diuination take a true effect,  
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

*Peter.* The Skies wherein these Moones have  
residence,

Presenteth Rome the great Metropolis,  
Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.  
Fowre of the Moones present fowre Provinces,  
To wit, Spaine, Denmarke, Germanie, and France,  
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding Rome,  
And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.  
The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,  
Impatient of the place he holds with them,  
Doth figure foorth this Island Albion,  
Who gins to scorne the See and State of Rome,  
And seekes to shun the Edicts of the Pope :  
This showes the heauen, and this I doo auerre  
Is figured in the apparitions.

*John.* Why then it seemes the heauens smile on us,  
Giving applause for leauing of the Pope.

But for they chaunce in our Meridian,  
Doo they effect no priuate growing ill  
To be inflicted on vs in this clyme?

*Peter.* The Moones effect no more than what I said :

But on some other knowledge that I haue  
By my prescience, ere Ascension day  
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,  
Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,  
Thou shalt be cleane dispoyl'd and dispossest.

*John.* False Dreamer, perish with thy witched newes,

Villaine thou woundst me with thy fallacies :  
If it be true, die for thy tidings price ;  
If false, for fearing me with vaine suppose :  
Hence with the witch, hells damned secretarie.  
Lock him vp sure ; for by my faith I sweare,  
True or not true, the Wizzard shall not liue.  
Before Ascension day : who shall be cause hereof ?  
Cut off the cause, and then the effect will dye.  
Tut, tut, my mercie serves to maime my selfe,  
The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes  
spring vp,  
I and my promise past for his deliuery :  
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,  
The brat shall dye, that terrifies me thus.  
Pembroke and Essex, I recall my graunt,  
I will not buy your fauours with my feare :  
Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,  
I love you well, but if I lou'de you better,  
I would not buy it with my discontent.

Enter *Hubert*.

How now, what newes with thee ?

*Hub.* According to your Highnes strict commaund,  
Young Arthurs eyes are blinded and extinct.

*John.* Why so, then he may feele the crowne, but never see it.

*Hub.* Nor see nor feele, for of the extreame paine, Within one hower gaue he vp the ghost.

*John.* What is he dead?

*Hub.* He is my Lord.

*John.* Then with him dyes my cares.

*Essex.* Now ioy betide thy soule.

*Pemb.* And heauens reuenge thy death.

*Essex.* What haue you done my Lord? was euer heard

A deede of more inhumane consequence?

Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.

Unkindly rage, more rough than Northern winde,

To chip the beautie of so sweete a flower.

What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,

When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,

As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,

The guilt shall neuer be cast in my teeth. [Exeunt.

*John.* And are you gone? the diuell be your guide:

Proud Rebels as ye are, to braue me so:

Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.

Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife,

That shall haue passage through your traitorous throats.

But husht, breathe not buggs words too soone abroad,

Least time preuent the issue of thy reach.

Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:

But while he liude, the danger was the more;

His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,

But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.

Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,

To whome the diuell owes an open shame:

His life a foe that leueld at my Crowne,

His death a frame to pull my building downe.

My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,

Who liuing aymed shrowdly at my roome:

But to preuent that plea, twice was I crownd,

Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,  
 And in my conscience lou'de me as their liege,  
 In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.  
 But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,  
 A tragick Tyrant, sterne and pitiles,  
 And not a title followes after Iohn,  
 But Butcher, blood-sucker, and murtherer.  
 What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,  
 To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,  
 So interlacte with hellish discontent,  
 Wherein fell furie hath no interest?

Curst be the Crowne, chiefe author of my care,  
 Nay curst my will, that made the Crowne my care :  
 Curst be my birthday, curst ten times the wombe  
 That yeelded me aliuie into the world.

Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,  
 For killing him whom all the world laments.

*Hub.* Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,  
 Charging on liues regard to doo the deede.

*John.* Ah dull conceipted peazant, knowst thou not  
 It was a damned execrable deede?  
 Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules  
 Haue sold their freedome to the thrall of hell  
 Under the warrant of that cursed Seale.  
 Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell  
 That I am comming for a kingdome there.

*Hub.* My Lord, attend the happie tale I tell,  
 For heauens health send Sathan packing hence  
 That instigates your Highnes to despaire.  
 If Arthurs death be dismall to be heard,  
 Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth :  
 He liues my Lord, the sweetest youth aliuie,  
 In health, with eysight, not a hair amisse.  
 This hart tooke vigor from this foward hand,  
 Making it weake to execute your charge.

*John.* What, liues he! Then sweete hope come  
 home agen,

Chase hence despaire, the purveyor for hell.  
Hye Hubert, tell these tidings to my Lords  
That throb in passions for yong Arthurs death :  
Hence Hubert, stay not till thou hast reueald  
The wished newes of Arthurs happy health.  
I go my selfe, the ioyfulst man aliuē  
To storie out this new supposed crime. [Exeunt.

The  
Second part of the  
troublesome Raigne of King  
*John, conteining the death*  
of Arthur Plantaginet,  
the landing of Lewes, and  
the poysoning of King  
John at Swinstead

*Abbey*

*As it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the*  
*Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-*  
*nourable Citiie of*  
LONDON.

TO THE GENTLEMEN READERS.

---

*The changeles purpose of determinide Fate  
Giues period to our care, or harts content  
When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end  
Nor can earths pomp or policie preuent  
The doome ordained in their secret will.*

*Gentles we left King John replete with blisse  
That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine;  
And Hubert posting to returne those Lords,  
Who deemd him dead, and parted discontent:  
Arthur himselfe begins our latter Act.  
Our Act of outrage, desperate furie, death;  
Wherein fond rashness murdereth first a Prince,  
And Monkes falsnes poysoneth last a King.  
First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,  
And last concludes Johns fatall tragedie.*



## *The Troublesome Raigne of King Iohn.*

### THE SECOND PART.

—o—

Enter yong *Arthur* on the walls.

NOW helpe good hap to further mine entent,  
Crosse not my youth with any more extreames :  
I venter life to gaine my libertie,  
And if I die, worlds troubles haue an end.  
Feare gins diss Wade the strength of my resolute,  
My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,  
And if I fall, no question death is next :  
Better desist, and liue in prison still.  
Prison said I ? nay, rather death than so :  
Comfort and courage come againe to me,  
Ile venter sure : tis but a leape for life.

He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from  
his traunce, speaks thus :

Hoe, who is nigh ? some bodie take me vp.  
Where is my mother ? let me speake with her.  
Who hurts me thus ? speake hoe, where are you gone ?  
Ay me poore Arthur, I am here alone.  
Why cald I mother, how did I forget ?

My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Mothers sonne.  
 How will she weepe at tidings of my death ?  
 My death indeed, O God, my bones are burst.  
 Sweet Jesu sauе my soule, forgiue my rash attempt,  
 Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,  
 When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe.  
 My heart controules the office of my toonge,  
 My vitall powers forsake my brused trunck,  
 I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,  
 And Lady Mother all good hap to thee. [He dies.]

Enter *Penbrooke, Salsburie, Essex.*

*Essex.* My Lords of Pembroke and of Salsbury,  
 We must be carefull in our policie,  
 To vndermine the kepers of this place,  
 Else shall we neuer find the princes graue.

*Penb.* My Lord of Essex, take no care for that,  
 I warrant you it was not closely done.  
 But who is this ? lo Lords the withered flowre,  
 Who in his life shin'de like the Mornings blush,  
 Cast out a doore, denide his buriall right,  
 A pray for birds and beasts to gorge vpon.

*Sals.* O ruthfull spectacle ! O damned deede !  
 My sinewes shake, my very heart doth bleede.

*Essex.* Leauē childish teares brave Lords of England,  
 If waterfloods could fetch his life againe,  
 My eyes should conduit foorth a sea of teares.  
 If sobbs would helpe, or sorrowes serue the turne,  
 My heart should vollie out deepe piercing plaints.  
 But bootlesse were't to breath as many sighes  
 As might ecclipse the brightest Sommers sunne,  
 Heere rests the helpe, a seruice to his ghost.  
 Let not the tyrant causer of this dole,  
 Liue to triumph in ruthfull massacres,  
 Giue hand and hart, and Englishmen to armes,  
 Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of these harmes.

*Pemb.* The best aduice: But who commes posting  
heere?

Enter *Hughbert*.

Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,  
The King entreates your soonest speed  
To visit him, who on your present want,  
Did ban and cursse his birth, himselfe and me,  
For executing of his strict commaund.  
I saw his passion, and at fittest time,  
Assurde him of his cousins being safe,  
Whome pitie would not let me doo to death :  
He craues your company my Lords in haste,  
To whome I will conduct young Arthur streight,  
Who is in health vnder my custodie.

*Essex.* In health base villaine, wert not I leauue the  
crime  
To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs,  
Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapires point.  
Cal'st thou this health? such health betide thy friends,  
And all that are of thy condition.

*Hugh.* My Lords, but heare me speake, & kil me  
then,  
If heere I left not this yong Prince aliue,  
Maugre the hastie Edict of the King,  
Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes.  
That God that gaue me liuing to this howre,  
Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place :  
And as I tended him with earnest loue,  
So God loue me, and then I shall be well.

*Sals.* Hence traytor hence, thy counesel is hereein.

[Exit Hughbert.  
Some in this place appoynted by the King,  
Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,  
And sure the murther hath bin newly done,  
For yet the body is not fully colde.

*Essex.* How say you Lords, shal we with speed dispatch

Vnder our hands a packet into Fraunce,  
To bid the Dolphin enter with his force,  
To claime the Kingdome for his proper right,  
His title maketh lawfull strength thereto.  
Besides, the Pope, on perill of his cursse,  
Hath bard vs of obedience vnto Iohn,  
This hatefull murder, Lewis his true descent,  
The holy charge that we receiu'd from Rome,  
Are weightie reasons, if you like my reede,  
To make vs all perseuer in this deede.

*Pemb.* My lord of Essex, well haue you aduis'de,  
I will accord to further you in this.

*Sals.* And Salsbury will not gainsay the same :  
But aid that course as far foorth as he can.

*Essex.* Then each of vs send straight to his allyes.  
To winne them to this famous enterprise :  
And let vs all yclad in Palmers weede,  
The tenth of April at Saint Edmonds Bury  
Meete to confer, and on the Altar there  
Sweare secrecie and aid to this aduise.  
Meane while, let vs conueigh this body hence,  
And giue him buriall, as befits his state,  
Keeping his months minde, and his obsequies  
With solemne intercession for his soule.  
How say you Lordings, are you all agreed ?

*Pemb.* The tenth of Aprill at Saint Edmunds Bury,  
God letting not, I will not faile the time.

*Essex.* Then let vs all conuey the body hence.

[Exeunt.

Enter *King Iohn*, with two or three, and the Prophet.

*Iohn.* Disturbed thoughts, foredoomers of mine ill,  
Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,  
Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,

Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,  
 That euery obiect these mine eyes behold,  
 Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.  
 Ascension day is come, Iohn feare not then  
 The prodigies this pratling Prophet threatnes.  
 Tis come indeede: ah were it fully past,  
 Then were I careles of a thousand feares.  
 The Diall tells me, it is twelue at noone.  
 Were twelue at midnight past, then might I vaunt,  
 False seers prophecies of no import.  
 Could I as well with this right hand of mine  
 Remove the Sunne from our Meridian,  
 Unto the moonsted circle of th' antipodes,  
 As turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,  
 Then Iohn, the date of fatall prophecies,  
 Should with the Prophets life together end.  
 But *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labra.*  
 Peter, vnsay thy foolish doting dreame,  
 And by the Crowne of *England* heere I sweare,  
 To make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.

*Peter.* King Iohn, although the time I haue pre-scribed

Be but twelue houres remayning yet behinde,  
 Yet do I know by inspiration,  
 Ere that fixt time be fully come about,  
 King Iohn shall not be King as heeretofore.

*John.* Uain buzzard, what mischaunce can chaunce  
 so soone,  
 To set a King beside his regall Seate?  
 My heart is good, my body passing strong,  
 My Land in peace, my enemies subdew'd,  
 Only my Barons storme at Arthurs death,  
 But Arthur liues, I there the challenge growes,  
 Were he dispatcht vnto his longest home,  
 Then were the King secure of thousand foes.  
 Hubert, what news with thee, where are my Lords?

*Hub.* Hard newes my Lord, Arthur the louely Prince,

To giue my Crowne away to Rome or Fraunce ;  
 Or will they each of them become a King ?  
 Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.

*Bast.* Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad.  
 The nobles have elected Lewis King,  
 In right of Ladie Blanch, your Neece, his Wife :  
 His landing is expected euery hower.  
 The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Estates,  
 Incited chieefly by the *Cardinall*,  
 Pandulph that lies here Legate for the Pope,  
 Thinks long to see their new elected King.  
 And for vndoubted prooфе, see here my Liege,  
 Letters to me from your Nobilitie,  
 To be a partie in this action :  
 Who vnder shew of fained holines,  
 Appoyn্ত their meeting at S. Edmonds Bury.  
 There to consult, conspire, and conclude  
 The ouerthrow and downfall of your State.

*John.* Why so it must be : one hower of content,  
 Matcht with a month of passionate effects.  
 Why shines the Sunne to favour this consort ?  
 Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,  
 And scatter all these periured complices,  
 With all their counsells, and their damned drifts ?  
 But see the welkin rolleth gently on,  
 Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them ;  
 The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all,  
 Conspire with those confederates my decay.  
 Then hell for me, if any power be there,  
 Forsake that place, and guide me step by step,  
 To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps  
 These traitors : oh that name is too good for them,  
 And death is easie : is there nothing worse,  
 To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew ?  
 What saist thou Philip ? why assists thou not ?

*Bast.* These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season :  
 Help must descend from heauen against this treason ?

*John.* Nay thou wilt proove a traitor with the rest,  
Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.

*Bast.* I would be loath to leaue your Highnes  
thus,

Yet you command, and I, though grieu'd, will goe.

*John.* Ah Philip, whither goest thou? come againe.

*Bast.* My Lord, these motions are as passions of a  
mad man.

*John.* A mad man Philip, I am mad indeed,  
My hart is mazd, my senses all foredone.  
And Iohn of *England* now is quite vndone.

Was euer King as I opprest with cares?

Dame Elianor my noble Mother Queene,  
My onely hope and comfort in distresse,  
Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,

And I am interdicted by the Pope,

All churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,  
And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,  
The seruice of the Highest is neglected,

The multitude (a beast of many heads)

Doo with confusion to their Soueraigne:

The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,

Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,  
And more than this, elect a forren King.

O *England*, wert thou euer miserable,

King Iohn of *England* sees thee miserable:

Iohn, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,

*Quic quid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achiui.*

Philip, as thou hast euer loude thy King,

So show it now: post to S. Edmonds Bury,

Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,

Confound their diuellish plots, and damned deuises.

Though Iohn be faultie, yet let subiects beare,

He will amend, and right the peoples wrongs.

A Mother though she were vnnaturall,

Is better than the kindest Stepdame is:

Let neuer Englishman trust forraine rule.

Then Philip shew thy fealtie to thy King,  
And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King.

*Bast.* I goe my lord : see how he is distraught,  
This is the cursed Priest of Italy  
Hath heapt these mischieves on this haplesse Land.  
Now, Philip, hadst thou Tullyes eloquence,  
Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe.

[Exit.]

*John.* And art thou gone? successe may follow  
thee :

Thus hast thou shewd thy kindnes to thy King.  
Sirra, in hast goe greete the Cardinall,  
Pandulph I meane, the Legate from the Pope.  
Say that the King desires to speake with him.  
Now Iohn bethinke thee how thou maist resolute :  
And if thou wilt continue Englands King,  
Then cast about to keep thy Diadem ;  
For life and land, and all is leueld at.  
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cause,  
He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free  
From due obedience to their Soueraigne :  
He animates the Nobles in their warres,  
He giues away the Crowne to Philips Sonne,  
And pardons all that seeke to murther thee :  
And thus blind zeale is still predominant.  
Then Iohn there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,  
But finely to dissemble with the Pope :  
That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue  
To cure the hurt, els quite incurable.  
Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man  
T'abolish Pope, and Poperie from thy Realme :  
But in thy seate, if I may gesse at all,  
A King shall raigne that shall suppresse them all.  
Peace Iohn, here comes the Legate of the Pope,  
Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou saist,  
Yet with thy heart wish their confusion.

Enter *Pandulph*.

*Pand.* Now Iohn, vnworthie man to breath on earth,

That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church :

Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe ?

*John.* Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,  
The holy Vicar of S. Peters Church,  
Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,  
And doo submit me to the Sea of Rome,  
And vow for penaunce of my high offence,  
To take on me the holy Crosse of Christ,  
And carry Armes in holy Christian warres.

*Pand.* No Iohn, thy crowching and dissembling thus

Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,  
Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee :  
Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,  
And thou art curst without redemption.

*John.* Accurst indeed to kneele to such a drudge,  
And get no help with thy submission,  
Unsheath thy sword, and sley the misprowd Priest,  
That thus triumphs ore thee a mighty King :  
No Iohn, submit againe, dissemble yet,  
For Priests and Women must be flattered.  
Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know,  
No time to late for sinners to repent,  
Absolute me then, and Iohn doth sweare to doo  
The vttermost what euer thou demaundst.

*Pand.* Iohn, now I see thy harty penitence,  
I rew and pitty thy distrest estate,  
One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,  
And only one which I shall shew to thee.  
Thou must surrender to the sea of Rome  
Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope  
Defend thee from th' inuasion of thy foes.  
And where his Holinesse hath kindled Fraunce,

And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,  
Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,  
That seeke the discontentment of the King.

*John.* From bad to worse, or I must loose my  
realme,

Or giue my Crowne for penance vnto Rome :  
A miserie more piercing than the darts  
That breake from burning exhalations power.  
What? shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand ?  
No : with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.  
What newes with thee ?

Enter Messenger.

Please it your maiestie, there is discried on the  
Coast of Kent an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of  
all men is thought to be the French fleete, vnder the  
conduct of the Dolphin, so that it puts the Countrie  
in a mutinie, so they send to your Grace for succour.

*K. John.* How now Lord Cardinall, whats your  
best aduise ?

These mutinies must be allayd in time,  
By pollicy or headstrong rage at least.  
O Iohn, these troubles tyre thy wearyed soule,  
And like to Luna in a sad Eclipse,  
So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.  
Well may it be, when Kings are grieued so,  
The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrow.

*Card.* K. John, for not effecting of thy plighted  
vow,

This strange annoyance happens to thy land :  
But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,  
And nothing shall be grieuous to thy state.

*John.* Oh Pandulph, be it as thou hast decreed,  
Iohn will not spurne against thy sound aduise,  
Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow,  
My Realme shall florish, and my Crowne in peace.

Enter the Nobles, *Pembroke, Essex, Chester, Bewchampe, Clare*, with others.

*Pemb.* Now sweet S. Edmond holy Saint in heauen,  
Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteemd on earth,  
Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts,  
To prosecute this act of mickle waight,  
Lord Bewchampe say, what friends have you procurde.

*Bewch.* The L. Fitz Water, L. Percy, and L. Rosse,  
Uowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre.

*Essex.* Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,  
By that same houre on warrant of their faith,  
Philip Plantagenet, a bird of swiftest wing,  
Lord Eustace, Vescy, Lord Cressy, and Lord  
Mowbrey,  
Appointed meeting at S. Edmonds Shrine.

*Pemb.* Untill their presence, ile conceale my tale,  
Sweete complices in holie Christian acts,  
That venture for the purchase of renowne,  
Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,  
That pawne their bodies for their soules regard.

*Essex.* Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,  
In Pilgrims habit comes our holie troupe  
A furlong hence, with swift vnwonted pace,  
May be they are the persons you expect.

*Pemb.* With swift vnwonted gate, see what a thing  
is zeale,  
That spurrs them on with feruence to this Shrine,  
Now ioy come to them for their true intent:  
And in good time, heere come the warmen all,  
That sweat in body by the minds disease:  
Hap and heartsease braue Lordings be your lot.

Enter the Bastard *Philip, &c.*

Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,  
And all that trauell in a Christian cause.

*Essex.* Cheerely replied braue braunch of kingly stock,  
A right Plantaginet should reason so.  
But silence Lords, attend our commings cause :  
The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle,  
On strong instinct hath framed this conuentickle,  
To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.  
Should I not name the foeman of our rest,  
Which of you all so barraine in conceipt.  
As cannot leuell at the man I meane ?  
But least Enigma's shadow shining truth,  
Plainely to paint, as truth requires no arte.  
Th' effect of this resort importeth this,  
To roote and cleane extirpate tirant Iohn,  
Tirant, I say, appealing to the man,  
If any heere that loues him, and I aske,  
What kindship, lenitie, or christian raigne,  
Rules in the man, to barre this foule impeach ?  
First I inferre the Chesters bannishment :  
For reprehending him in most vnchristian crimes,  
Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.  
But were this all, the diuill should be saud,  
But this the least of many thousand faults,  
That circumstance with leisure might display.  
Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale  
Which now in presence, but for some great cause  
Might wish to him as to a mortall foe.  
But shall I close the period with an acte  
Abhorring in the eares of Christian men,  
His Cosenes death, that sweet vnguilty childe,  
Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,  
Heere is my proofes, as cleere as grauell brooke,  
And on the same I further must inferre,  
That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,  
Is culpable of all his damned guilt.  
To shew the which, is yet to be describd.  
My Lord of Penbrooke, shew what is behinde,

Only I say, that were there nothing else  
 To mooue us, but the Popes most dreadfull curse,  
 Whereof we are assured, if we fayle,  
 It were inough to instigate vs all,  
 With earnestnesse of spirit, to seeke a meane  
 To dispossess Iohn of his regiment.

*Penb.* Well hath my Lord of Essex tolde his tale,  
 Which I auer for most substanciall truth,  
 And more to make the matter to our minde,  
 I say that Lewis in chalenge of his wife,  
 Hath title of an vncontrouled plea,  
 To all that longeth to an English crowne.  
 Short tale to make, the Sea Apostolick,  
 Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.  
 If any be, as trust me none I know,  
 By planting Lewis in the vsurpers roome :  
 This is the cause of all our presence heere,  
 That on the holy Altar we protest,  
 To ayde the right of Lewis with goods and life,  
 Who on our knowledge is in Armes for England.  
 What say you Lords ?

*Sals.* As Pembroke sayth, affirmeth Salsburie :  
 Faire Lewis of Fraunce that spoused Lady Blanch,  
 Hath title of an vncontrouled strength  
 To England, and what longeth to the Crowne ;  
 In right whereof, as we are true informd,  
 The Prince is marching hitherward in Armes.  
 Our purpose, to conclude that with a word,  
 Is to inuest him as we may deuise,  
 King of our Countrey, in the tyrants stead :  
 And so the warrant on the Altar sworne,  
 And so the intent for which we hither came.

*Bast.* My Lord of Salsbury, I cannot couch  
 My speeches with the needfull words of arte,  
 As doth beseeme in such a waightie work,  
 But what my conscience and my dutie will,  
 I purpose to impart.

For Chesters exile, blame his busie wit,  
That meddled where his dutie quite forbade :  
For any priuate causes that you haue,  
Me thinke they should not mount to such a heighth,  
As to depose a King in their reuenge.  
For Arthurs death, King Iohn was innocent,  
He desperat was the deathsman to himselfe,  
With you, to make a colour to your crime, iniustly do  
impute to his default,  
But where fell traytorisme hath residence,  
There wants no words to set despight on worke.  
I say tis shame, and worthy all reproofe,  
To wrest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of right,  
Against a King annoyncted by the Lord.  
Why Salsburie, admit the wrongs are true,  
Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,  
And rob the heauens of their proper power,  
Where sitteth he to whom reuenge belongs.  
And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride,  
Giue charters for the liues of lawfull Kings ?  
What can he blesse, or who regards his cursse,  
But such as giue to man, and takes from God ?  
I speake it in the sight of God aboue,  
Theres not a man that dyes in your beliefe,  
But sels his soule perpetually to payne.  
Ayd Lewis, leave God, kill Iohn, please hell,  
Make havock of the welfare of your soules,  
For heere I leaue you in the sight of heauen,  
A troupe of traytors, foode for hellish feends ;  
If you desist, then follow me as friends,  
If not, then doo your worst as hatefull traytors.  
For Lewis his right, alas tis too too lame,  
A senslesse clayme, if truth be titles friend.  
In briefe, if this be cause of our resort,  
Our Pilgrimage is to the Diuils Shrine.  
I came not Lords to troupe as traytors doo,  
Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause :

Please you returne, wee goe againe as friends,  
If not, I too my King, and you where traytors please.\*

[Exit.]

*Per.* A hote yong man, and so my Lords proceed,  
I let him go, and better lost than found.

*Penb.* What say you Lords, will all the rest pro-  
ceed,

Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar,  
That you wil to the death, be ayd to Lewis & enemy  
to Iohn?

Euery man lay his hand by mine, in witnes of his  
harts accord,

Well then, euery man to armes to meete the King,  
Who is alreadie before London.

Enter Messenger.

*Penb.* What newes Harrold?

The right Christian Prince my Master, Lewis of  
Fraunce, is at hand, comming to visit your honors,  
directed hether by the right honorable Richard Earle  
of Bigot, to conferre with your Honors.

*Penb.* How neere is his Highnesse?

*Mess.* Ready to enter your presence.

Enter *Lewis*, Earle *Bigot*, with his troupe.

*Lewes.* Faire Lords of England, Lewis salutes you  
all

As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale  
At whose request, from plenty flowing Fraunce,  
Crossing the Ocean with a Southern gale,  
He is in Person come at your commaunds,  
To vndertake and gratifie withall,  
The fulnesse of your fauours proffred him.  
But worlds braue men, omitting promises,  
Till time be minister of more amends,

I must acquaint you with our fortunes course.  
 The heauens dewing fauours on my head,  
 Haue in their conduct safe with victorie,  
 Brought me along your well manured bounds,  
 With small repulse, and little crosse of chaunce.  
 Your Citie Rochester, with great applause,  
 By some diuine instinct layd armes aside :  
 And from the hollow holes of Thamesis,  
 Eccho apace replide, *Viue la roy.*  
 From thence, along the wanton rowling glade  
 To Troynouant, your fayre Metropolis,  
 With luck came Lewes, to shew his troupes of Fraunce,  
 Wauing our Ensignes with the dallyng windes,  
 The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre ;  
 Where after some assault, and small defence,  
 Heauens may I say, and not my warlike troupe,  
 Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe  
 Within the compasse of their high built walles,  
 Giuing me title, as it seemd they wish.  
 Thus fortune (Lords) acts to your forwardnes,  
 Meanes of content, in lieu of former grieve :  
 And may I liue but to requite you all,  
 Worlds wish were mine, in dying noted yours.

*Salis.* Welcome the balme that closeth vp our  
 wounds,  
 The soueraigne medicne for our quick recure,  
 The anchor of our hope, the onely prop,  
 Wheron depends our liues, our lands, our weale,  
 Without the which, as sheep without their heard,  
 (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)  
 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.  
 No meruaile then, though with vnwonted ioy,  
 We welcome him that beateth woes away.

*Lewes.* Thanks to you all of this religious league,  
 A holy knot of Catholique consent.  
 I. cannot name you Lordings, man by man,  
 But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,

In generall I promise faithfull loue :  
 Lord Bigot brought me to S. Edmonds shrine,  
 Giuing me warrant of a Christian oath,  
 That this assembly came deuoted heere,  
 To sweare according as your packets showd,  
 Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,  
 I neede not doubt the suretie of your wills,  
 Since well I know, for many of your sakes,  
 The townes haue yeelded on their owne accords :  
 Yet for a fashion, not for misbelieve,  
 My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare  
 Your oath vpon the holy Altar sworne,  
 And after march, to end our commings cause.

*Sals.* That we intend no other than good truth,  
 All that are present of this holy League,  
 For confirmation of our better trust,  
 In presence of his Highnes, sweare with me,  
 The sequel that my selfe shall vtter heere.

I Thomas Plantaginet, Earle of Salisbury, sweare  
 vpon the Altar, and by the holy Armie of Saints,  
 homage and allegiance to the right Christian Prince  
 Lewes of France, as true and rightfull King to Eng-  
 land, Cornwall, & Wales, and to their Territories : in  
 the defence whereof, I vpon the holy Altars sweare  
 all forwardnes. [All the Eng. Lords sweare.

As the noble Earle hath sworne, so sweare we  
 all.

*Lewes.* I rest assured on your holy oath.  
 And on this Altar in like sort I sweare  
 Loue to you all, and Princely recompence  
 To guerdon your good wills vnto the full.  
 And since I am at this religious Shrine,  
 My good welwillers giue us leaue awhile,  
 To vse some orisons our selues apart,  
 To all the holy companie of heauen,  
 That they will smile vpon our purposes,  
 And bring them to a fortunate event.

*Sals.* We leaue your Highnes to your good intent.

[Exeunt Lords of England.

*Lewes.* Now Uicount Meloun, what remaines behinde?

Trust me these traitors to their Soueraigne State,  
Are not to be beleeuide in any sort.

*Meloun.* Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oths,

And play the Rebels against their natuie King,  
Will for as little cause reuolt from you,  
If euer opportunitie incite them so:  
For once forsworne, and neuer after found,  
Theres no affiance after periury.

*Lewes.* Well Meloun, well, lets smooth with them awhile,

Untill we haue as much as they can doo:  
And when their vertue is exhaled drie,  
Il hang them for the guerdon of their help:  
Meane while wee'l vse them as a precious poyson,  
To vndertake the issue of our hope.

*Fr. Lord.* Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookees  
With merry smiles, and promise of much waight:  
But when your Highnes needeth them no more,  
Tis good make sure worke with them, lest indeede  
They prooue to you as to their naturall King.

*Meloun.* Trust me my Lord, right well haue you aduiside,

Venyme for vse, but neuer for a sport  
Is to be dallyed with, least it infect.  
Were you instald, as soone I hope you shall:  
Be free from traitors, and dispatch them all.

*Lewes.* That so I meane, I sweare before you all  
On this same altar, and by heauens power,  
Theres not an English traytor of them all,  
Iohn once dispatcht, and I faire Englands King,  
Shall on his shoulders beare his head one day,  
But I will crop it for their guilts desert:

Nor shall their heires inioy their Signories,  
 But perish by their parents fowle amisse.  
 This haue I sworne, and this will I performe,  
 If ere I come vnto the height I hope.  
 Lay downe your hands, and sweare the same with me.

[The French Lords swear.]

Why so, now call them in, and speake them faire,  
 A smile of France will feed an English foole.  
 Beare them in hand as friends, for so they be:  
 But in the hart like traitors as they are.

Enter the *English* Lords.

Now famous followers, chieftaines of the world,  
 Haue we solicited with heartie prayer  
 The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.  
 Leauwe we this place, and march we with our power  
 To rowse the Tyrant from his chiefest hold:  
 And when our labours haue a prosperous end,  
 Each man shall reape the fruite of his desert.  
 And so resolute, braue followers let vs hence.

Enter K. *John*, *Bastard*, *Pandulph*, and a many  
 Priests with them.

Thus Iohn, thou art absolude from all thy sinnes,  
 And freed by order from our Fathers curse.  
 Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,  
 That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,  
 And carry armes in right of holy Rome.

*John.* I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope,  
 And thanke your Holines for your kindnes showne.

*Phil.* A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to  
 Friers,  
 Neede hath no law, when Frier must be Kings.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of Fraunce,  
With all the Nobles of your Graces Land  
Are marching hetherward in good aray.  
Where ere they set their foote, all places yeeld :  
Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out  
But Dover Castle, which is hard besiegd.

*Pand.* Feare not king Iohn, thy kingdome is y<sup>e</sup>  
Popes,  
And they shall know his Holines hath power,  
To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo.

Drums and Trumpets. Enter *Lewes*, *Melun*, *Salisbury*, *Essex*, *Pembroke*, and all the Nobles from *Fraunce* and *England*.

*Lewes.* Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge,  
So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes,  
And wonne the greatest part of all this Land.  
But ill becomes your Grace Lord Cardinall,  
Thus to conuerse with Iohn that is accurst.

*Pand.* Lewes of France, victorious Conqueror,  
Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear ;  
Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome,  
Shall be remunerated to the full :  
But know my Lord, K. Iohn is now absolute,  
The Pope is please, the Land is blest agen,  
And thou hast brought each thing to good effect.  
It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,  
And quietly returne to Fraunce againe :  
For all is done the Pope would wish thee doo.

*Lewes.* But al's not done that Lewes came to do.  
Why Pandulph, hath K. Philip sent his sonne  
And been at such excessiue charge in warres,  
To be dismiste with words ? king Iohn shall know,  
England is mine, and he vsurps my right.

. *Pand.* Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices  
Upon the paine of Pandulphs holy curse,  
That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe,  
And yeeld vp London and the neighbour Townes  
That thou hast tane in England by the sword.

*Melun.* Lord Cardinall by Lewes princely leaue,  
It can be nought but vsurpation  
In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,  
Thus to insult on Kings of Christendome,  
Now with a word to make them carie armes,  
Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.  
This must not be : Prince Lewes keepe thine owne,  
Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellyes full.

*Bast.* My Lord of Melun, what title had the Prince  
To England and the Crowne of Albion,  
But such a title as the Pope confirmde :  
The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime :  
Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,  
Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast :  
But cease or no, it greatly matters not,  
If you my Lords and Barons of the Land  
Will leave the French, and cleave vnto our King.  
For shame yee Peeres of England suffer not  
Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall :  
But with resolued thoughts beate backe the French,  
And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.

*Salis.* Philip, not so, Lord Lewes is our King,  
And we will follow him vnto the death.

*Pand.* Then in the name of Innocent the Pope,  
I curse the Prince and all that take his part,  
And excommunicate the rebell Peeres  
As traytors to the King and to the Pope.

*Lewes.* Pandolph, our swords shall blesse our selues  
agen :  
Prepare thee Iohn, Lords follow me your King.

[Exeunt.

*John.* Accursed Iohn, the Diuell owes thee shame,

Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, alls ~~one~~.  
 The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and Fraunce's  
 Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.

*Pand.* Comfort thy selfe K. Iohn, the Cardnall  
 goes

Upon his curse to make them leaue their armes.

[Exit.]

*Bast.* Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardnall,  
 Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest  
 To answere Lewes with a lustie shocke :  
 The English archers haue their quiuers full,  
 Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push :  
 God cheere my Lord, K. Richards fortune hangs  
 Upon the plume of warlike Philips helme.  
 Then let them know his brother and his sonne  
 Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

*John.* Philip, I know not how to answer thee :  
 But let vs hence, to answere Lewes pride.

Excursions. Enter *Melour* with English Lords.

*Mel.* O I am slaine, Nobles, Salsbury, Pembroke,  
 My soule is charged, heare me : for what I say  
 Concernes the Peeres of England, and their State.  
 Listen, brave Lords, a fearfull mourning tale  
 To be deliuered by a man of death.  
 Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie Mars  
 Are harbingers from natures common foe,  
 Cyting this trunke to Tellus prison house ?  
 Lifes charter (Lordings) lasteth not an hower :  
 And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,  
 Bids me giue Phisicke to a sickly soule.  
 O Peeres of England, know you what you doo ?  
 There's but a haire that sunders you from harme,  
 The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,  
 And simply you runne doating to your deaths.  
 But least I dye, and leaue my tale vntolde,  
 With silence slaughtering so braue a crew,

This I auerre, if Lewes win the day,  
 There's not an Englishman that lifts his hand  
 Against King Iohn to plant the heire of Fraunce,  
 But is already damnd to cruell death.  
 I heard it vowd ; my selfe amongst the rest  
 Swore on the Altar aid to this Edict.  
 Two causes Lords, makes me display this drift,  
 The greatest for the freedome of my soule,  
 That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt :  
 The other on a naturall instinct,  
 For that my Grandsire was an Englishman.  
 Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,  
 No frenzie, nor no brainsick idle fit,  
 But well aduisde, and wotting what I say,  
 Pronounce I here before the face of heauen,  
 That nothing is discouered but a truth.  
 Tis time to flie, submit your selues to Iohn,  
 The smiles of Fraunce shade in the frownes of death,  
 Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,  
 Expell the yoke that's framed for your necks.  
 Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme,  
 Your seate, your nurse, your birth days breathing  
     place,  
 That bred you, beares you, brought you vp in armes.  
 Ah ! be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers graue,  
 Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe.  
 My soule hath said, contritions penitence  
 Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne.  
 Farewell my Lords ; witnes my faith when we are met  
     in heauen,  
 And for my kindnes giue me graue roome heere.  
 My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities farewell.  
*Sals.* Now ioy betide thy soule wel-meaning man,  
 How now my Lords, what cooling card is this ?  
 A greater grieve growes now than earst hath been.  
 What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye ?  
 Or shall we home, and kneele vnto the King.

*Pemb.* My hart misgaue this sad accursed newes :  
 What haue we done ? fie Lords, what frenzie moued  
 Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of Fraunce ?  
 If we perseuer, we are sure to dye :  
 If we desist, small hope againe of life.

*Sals.* Beare hence the bodie of this wretched man,  
 That made vs wretched with his dying tale,  
 And stand not wayling on our present harmes,  
 As women wont : but seeke our harmes redresse.  
 As for my selfe, I will in haste be gon :  
 And kneele for pardon to our Souereign Iohn.

*Pemb.* I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him,  
 Than to the French that would confound vs all.

[Exeunt.

Enter king *John* carried betweene 2 Lords.

*John.* Set downe, set downe the load not woorth  
 your pain,  
 For done I am with deadly wounding griefe :  
 Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,  
 The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it :  
 It loathes I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.  
 Who pities me ? to whom haue I been kinde ?  
 But to a few ; a few will pitie me.  
 Why dye I not ? Death scornes so vilde a pray.  
 Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.  
 I sue to both to be retaynd of either,  
 But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.  
 Nor death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,  
 Ymixt with death, biding I wot not where.

*Phil.* How fares my Lord, that he is caryed thus ?  
 Not all the aukward fortunes yet befallne,  
 Made such impression of lament in me.  
 Nor euer did my eye attaynt my heart  
 With any obiect mouing more remorse,  
 Than now beholding of a mighty King,  
 Borne by his Lords in such distressed state.

*John.* What news with thee? If bad, report it  
straite:

If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.

*Phil.* Such as it is, and heauy though it be,  
To glut the world with tragick elegies,  
Once will I breath to agrauate the rest,  
Another moane to make the measure full.  
The brauest bowman had not yet sent forth  
Two arrowes from the quiever at his side,  
But that a rumor went throughout our Campe,  
That Iohn had fled, the King had left the field.  
At last the rumor scald these eares of mine,  
Who rather chose as sacrifice for Mars,  
Than ignominious scandall by retyre.  
I cheerd the troupes, as did the prince of Troy  
His weery followers against the Meridons,  
Crying alowde, S. George, the day is ours.  
But feare had captiuated courage quite,  
And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe,  
So hartlesse fled our warmen from the feeld.  
Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,  
Was faine to flie before the eager foe.  
By this time night had shadowed all the earth.  
With sable curteines of the blackest hue,  
And fenc't vs from the fury of the French,  
As Io from the iealous Junoes eye,  
When in the morning our troupes did gather head,  
Passing the washes with our carriages,  
The impartiall tyde deadly and inexorable,  
Came raging in with billowes threatning death,  
And swallowed up the most of all our men,  
My selfe vpon a Galloway right free, well paced,  
Out stript the flouds that followed wawe by wawe,  
I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.

*John.* Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe  
To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.  
Was euer any so infortunate,

The right Idea of a curssed man,  
 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,  
 My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so?  
 How farre to Sminsteed, tell me, do you know?  
 Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.  
 My sicknesse rages, to tirannize vpon me,  
 I cannot liue unlesse this feuer leauue me.

*Phil.* Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,  
 Behold my Lord, the Churchmen come to meete you.

Enter the Abbot and certayne Monkes.

*Abb.* All health & happines to our soueraigne Lord  
 the King.

*John.* Nor health nor happines hath Iohn at all.  
 Say Abbot, am I welcome to thy house?

*Abb.* Such welcome as our Abbey can afford,  
 Your maiestie shal be assured of.

*Phil.* The King thou seest is weake and very faint,  
 What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace?

*Abb.* Good store my Lord, of that you neede not  
 feare,  
 For Lincolnshire, and these our Abbey grounds  
 Were neuer fatter, nor in better pligt.

*John.* Philip, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,  
 Nor King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,  
 As are the Abbeis throughout all the land,  
 If any plot of ground do passe another,  
 The Friers fasten on it streight:  
 But let vs in to taste of their repast,  
 It goes against my heart to feed with them,  
 Or be beholden to such Abbey gromes. [Exeunt.

*Manet the Monk.*

*Monk.* Is this the King that neuer lou'd a Frier?  
 Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope?  
 Is this the man that robd the holy Church?  
 And yet will flye vnto a Friory?

Is this the King that aymes at Abbeys lands ?  
 Is this the man whom all the world abhorres,  
 And yet will flie vnto a Friorie ?  
 Accurst be Swinsted Abbey, Abbot, Friers,  
 Monks, Nuns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein,  
 If wicked Iohn escape aliuē away.  
 Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,  
 And be canonized for a holy Saint :  
 To please the world with a deseruing worke,  
 Be thou the man to set thy cuntrey free,  
 And murder him that seeks to murder thee.

Enter the Abbot.

*Abb.* Why are not you within to cheere the King ?  
 He now begins to mend, and will to meate.

*Monk.* What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe ?

*Abb.* What, at thy Mumpsimus ? away,  
 And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.

*Monk.* Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,  
 And with a mallet knock him on the head.

*Abb.* Alas, what meanes this Monke to murder me ?  
 Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place.

*Monk.* Ile poyson him, and it shall neere be knowne,  
 And then shall I be chiefest of my house.

*Abb.* If I were dead indeed he is the next.  
 But Ile away, for why the Monke is mad,  
 And in his madnesse he will murder me.

*Monk.* My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.

*Abb.* Alas good Thomas, do not murther me, and thou shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.

*Monk.* I murther you ! God sheeld from such a thought.

*Abb.* If thou wilt needs, yet let me say my prayers.

*Monk.* I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord :  
 but if you please,  
 I will impart a thing that shall be beneficall to vs all.

*Abb.* Wilt thou not hurt me holy Monke? say on.

*Monk.* You know, my Lord, the King is in our house.

*Abb.* True.

*Monk.* You know, likewise the King abhors a Frier.

*Abb.* True.

*Monk.* And he that loues not a Frier is our enemy.

*Abb.* Thou saist true.

*Monk.* Then the King is our enemy.

*Abb.* True.

*Monk.* Why then should we not kil our enemy, & the King being our enemy, why then should we not kil the King.

*Abb.* O blessed Monke! I see God moues thy minde to free this land from tyrants slauery.

But who dare venter for to do this deede?

*Monk.* Who dare? why I my Lord dare do the deede,

¶ Ille free my Country and the Church from foes,  
And merit heauen by killing of a King.

*Abb.* Thomas kneel downe, and if thou art resolu'd,

I will absoluue thee heere from all thy sinnes,  
For why the deede is meritorious.

Forward, and feare not man for euery month,  
Our Friers shall sing a Masse for Thomas soule.

*Monk.* God and S. Francis prosper my attempt,  
For now my Lord I goe about my worke. [Exeunt.

Enter Lewes and his armie.

*Lewes.* Thus victory in bloody Lawrell clad,  
Followes the fortune of young Lodowike,  
The Englishmen as daunted at our sight,  
Fall as the fowle before the Eagles eyes,  
Only two crosses of contrary change  
Do nip my heart, and vexe me with vnrest.

Lord Melons death, the one part of my soule,  
 A brauer man did neuer liue in Fraunce.  
 The other grieve, I that a gall indeede  
 To thinke that Douer Castile should hold out  
 Gaints all assaults, and rest impregnable.  
 Yee warlike race of Francus Hectors sonne,  
 Triumph in conquest of that tyrant Iohn,  
 The better halfe of England is our owne:  
 And towards the conquest of the other part,  
 We haue the face of all the English lords,  
 What then remaines but ouerrunne the land?  
 Be resolute my warlike followers,  
 And if good fortune serue as she begins,  
 The poorest pesant of the realme of Fraunce  
 Shall be a maister ore an English Lord.

Enter a Messenger.

*Lewes.* Fellow, what newes?

*Mess.* Pleaseth your Grace, the Earle of Salsbury,  
 Penbroke, Essex, Clare, and Arundell, with all the  
 Barons that did fight for thee, are on a sodeine fled  
 with all their powers, to ioyne with Iohn to drive thee  
 back againe.

Enter another Messenger.

*Mess.* Lewes my Lord, why standst thou in a maze?  
 Gather thy troupes, hope not of help from Fraunce,  
 For all thy forces being fiftie sayle,  
 Conteyning twenty thousand souldiers,  
 With victuall and munition for the warre,  
 Putting them from Callis in vnluckie time,  
 Did crosse the seas, and on the Goodwin sands,  
 The men, munition, and the ships are lost.

Enter another Messenger.

*Lewes.* More newes? say on.

*Mess.* Iohn (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,

Flying the fury of your conquering sword,  
 As Pharaoh earst within the bloody sea;  
 So he and his enuironed with the tyde,  
 On Lincolne washes all were ouerwhelmed,  
 The Barons fled, our forces cast away.

*Lewes.* Was euer heard such vnexpected newes?

*Mess.* Yet Lodowike reuiue thy dying heart,  
 King Iohn and all his forces are consumde.

The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Earles,  
 The lesse thou needst to grieue thy Nauires wracke,  
 And follow tymes aduantage with successe.

*Lewes.* Braue Frenchmen armde with magnanimite,  
 March after Lewes, who will leade you on  
 To chase the Barons power that wants a head,  
 For Iohn is drownd, and I am Englands King.  
 Though our munition and our men be lost,  
 Philip of Fraunce will send vs fresh supplies.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.

*Frier.* Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,  
 Would a might eate his last for the loue hee bears to  
 Churchmen.

*Frier.* I am of thy minde too, and so it should be  
 and we might be our owne caruers.

I meruaile why they dine here in the Orchard.

*Frier.* I know not, nor I care not. The King comis.

*John.* Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?

*Abb.* Pleaseth your Grace sit downe.

*John.* Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury,  
 all beggers and friends may come, where Necessitie  
 keepes the house, curtesie is bard the table, sit downe,  
 Philip.

*Bast.* My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to  
 y<sup>e</sup> prouerb, honors change manners: a King is a  
 King, though Fortune do her worst, & we as dutifull

in despite of her frowne, as if your highnesse were now in the highest type of dignitie.

*John.* Come, no more ado, and you will tell me much of dignitie, youle mar my appetite in a surfe of sorrow.

What cheere Lord Abbot, me thinks ye frowne like an host that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning?

*Abb.* No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is for I feare this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as your Maiestie.

*Bast.* I thinke, rather, my Lord Abbot, you remember my last being heere, when I went in progresse for powtches, and the rancor of his heart breakes out in his countenance, to shew he hath not forgot me.

*Abb.* Not so my Lord, you, and the meanest follower of his maesty, are hartily welcome to me.

*Monk.* Wassell my Liege, and as a poore Monke may say, welcome to Swinsted.

*John.* Begin Monke, and report hereafter thou wast taster to a King.

*Monk.* As much helth to your Highnes as to my own hart.

*John.* I pledge thee kinde Monke.

*Monk.* The meriest draught y<sup>t</sup> euer was dronk in England.

Am I not too bold with your Highnesse?

*John.* Not a whit, all friendes and fellowes for a time.

*Monk.* If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any prooфе: why so it workes.

*John.* Stay Philip, wheres the Monke?

*Bast.* He is dead my Lord.

*John.* Then drinke not Philip for a world of wealth.

*Bast.* What cheere my liege? your cullor begins to change.

*John.* So doth my life : O Philip, I am poysond.  
 The Monke, the Divill, the poyson gins to rage,  
 It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.

*Bast.* This Abbot hath an interest in this act.  
 At all aduentures take thou that from me.  
 There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Diuill.  
 March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.  
 How fares my Lord ?

*John.* Philip, some drinke, oh for the frozen Alpes,  
 To tumble on and coole this inward heate,  
 That rageth as the fornace seuenfold hote.  
 To burne the holy tree in Babylon,  
 Power after power forsake their proper power,  
 Only the hart impugnes with faint resist  
 The fierce inuade of him that conquers Kings,  
 Help God, O payne ! dye Iohn, O plague  
 Inflicted on thee for thy grieuous sinnes.  
 Philip, a chayre, and by and by a graue,  
 My leggs disdaine the carriage of a King.

*Bast.* A good my Liege, with patience conquer  
 griefe,  
 And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.

*John.* Me thinkes I see a cattalogue of sinne,  
 Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters,  
 The least enough to loose my part in heauen.  
 Me thinkes the Diuill whispers in mine eares,  
 And tels me, tis in vayne to hope for grace,  
 I must be damned for Arthurs sodaine death,  
 I see I see a thousand thousand men  
 Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,  
 And there is none so mercifull a God  
 That will forgiue the number of my sinnes.  
 How haue I liu'd, but by anothers losse ?  
 What haue I loud, but wracke of others weale ?  
 Where haue I vowd, and not infring'd mine oath ?  
 Where haue I done a deede deseruing well ?  
 How what, when, and where, haue I bestow'd a day,

That tended not to some notorious ill?  
 My life repleat with rage and tyranie,  
 Craues little pittie for so strange a death,  
 Or, who will say that Iohn deceasd too sonne?  
 Who will not say, he rather liud too long?  
 Dishonor did attaynt me in my life,  
 And shame attendeth Iohn vnto his death.  
 Why did I scape the fury of the French,  
 And dyde not by the temper of their swords?  
 Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,  
 Scornd by my foes, disdained of my friends.

*Bast.* Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,  
 And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.

*John.* My tongue doth falter: Philip, I tell thee  
 man:

Since Iohn did yeeld vnto the Priest of Rome,  
 Nor he nor his haue prospred on the earth:  
 Curst are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.  
 Bnt in the spirit I cry vnto my God,  
 As did the Kingly Prophet Dauid cry,  
 (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)  
 I am not he shall build the Lord a house,  
 Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth:  
 But if my dying heart deceiue me not,  
 From out these loynes shall spring a Kingly braunch  
 Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of Rome,  
 And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets  
 pride,

That sits vpon the chaire of Babylon.  
 Philip, my heart strings breake, the poysons flame  
 Hath ouercome in me weake Natures power,  
 And in the faith of Iesu Iohn doth dye.

*Bast.* See how he striues for life, vnhappy Lord,  
 Whose bowels are diuided in themselues.  
 This is the fruite of Poperie, when true Kings  
 Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and  
 Friers.

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,  
Which all this while bare armes against the King,  
Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,  
Together with the Prince his highnes Sonne,  
Do craue to be admitted to the presence of the King.

*Bast.* Your Sonne, my Lord, yong Henry craves to  
see

Your Maiestie, and brings with him beside  
The Barons that reuolte from your Grace.  
O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,  
His speech doth faile: lift vp your selfe my Lord,  
And see the Prince to comfort you in death.

Enter *Pandulph*, yong *Henry*, the Barons with daggers  
in their hands.

*Prince.* O let me see my Father ere he dye:  
O Uncle, were you here, and sufferd him  
To be thus poysned by a damned Monke?  
Ah, he is dead, Father, sweet Father speake.

*Bast.* His speech doth faile, he hasteth to his end.

*Pan.* Lords, giue me leau to joy the dying King,  
With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here  
With daggers in their hands, who offer vp  
Their liues for ransome of their foule offence.  
Then good my Lord, if you forgiue them all,  
Lift vp your hand in token you forgiue.

*Salis.* We humbly thanke your royll Maiestie,  
And vow to fight for England and her King:  
And in the sight of Iohn our soueraigne Lord,  
In spite of Lewes and the power of Fraunce,  
Who hetherward are marching in all hast,  
We crowne yong Henry in his fathers sted.

*Hen.* Help, help, he dyes; ah Father! looke on  
mee.

*Legat.* K. Iohn, farewell: in token of thy faith,

And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,  
 Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnes here,  
 Thou dyedst the seruant of our Sauiour Christ.  
 Now ioy betide thy soule : what noyse is this ?

Enter a Messenger.

*Mess.* Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward  
 With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,  
 And all our armie standeth at a gaze,  
 Expecting what their Leaders will commaund.

*Bast.* Lets arme our selues in yong K. Henries  
 right,

And beate the power of Fraunce to sea againe.

*Legat.* Philip not so, but I will to the Prince,  
 And bring him face to face to parl with you.

*Bast.* Lord Salsbury, your selfe shall march with  
 me,

So shall we bring these troubles to an ende.

*King.* Sweete Uncle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,  
 Let not a stone of Swinsted Abbey stand,  
 But pull the house about the Friers eares :  
 For they haue killde my Father and my King.

[*Exeunt.*

A parle sounded, *Lewes, Pandulph, Salsbury, &c.*

*Pan.* Lewes of Fraunce, yong Henry Englands  
 King

Requires to know the reason of the claime  
 That thou canst make to any thing of his.  
 King Iohn that did offend, is dead and gone,  
 See where his breathles trunke in presence lyes,  
 And he as heire apparant to the crowne  
 Is now succeeded to his Fathers roome.

*Hen.* Lewes, what law of Armes doth lead thee  
 thus,

To keepe possession of my lawfull right ?

Answer; in fine, if thou wilt take a peace,  
 And make surrender of my right againe,  
 Or trie thy title with the dint of sword :  
 I tell thee Dolphin, Henry feares thee not,  
 For now the Barons cleave vnto their King,  
 And what thou hast in England they did get.

*Lewes.* Henry of England, now that Iohn is dead,  
 That was the chiefest enemie to Fraunce,  
 I may the rather be inducde to peace.  
 But Salsbury, and you Barons of the Realme,  
 This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath  
 That you on Bury Altare lately sware.

*Sals.* Nor did the oath your Highnes there did take  
 Agree with honour of the Prince of Fraunce.

*Bast.* My Lord, what answer make you to the  
 King?

*Dol.* Faith Philip this I say : it bootes not me,  
 Nor any Prince nor power of Christendome,  
 To seeke to win this Island Albion,  
 Vnlesse he haue a partie in the Realme  
 By treason for to help him in his warres.  
 The Peeres which were the partie on my side,  
 Are fled from me : then bootes not me to fight,  
 But on conditions, as mine honour wills,  
 I am contented to depart the realme.

*Hen.* On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld?

*Lewes.* That shall we thinke vpon by more aduice.

*Bast.* Then Kings & Princes, let these broils haue  
 end,  
 And at more leisure talke vpon the League.  
 Meanwhile to Worster let vs beare the King,  
 And there interre his bodie, as beseemes.  
 But first, in sight of Lewes, heire of Fraunce,  
 Lords take the crowne and set it on his head,  
 That by succession is our lawfull King.

They crown yong *Henry*.

Thus Englands peace begins in Henryes Raigne,  
And bloody warres are cloede with happie league.  
Let England liue but true within it selfe,  
And all the world can neuer wrong her State.  
Lewes, thou shalt be brauely shipt to France,  
For neuer Frenchman got of English ground  
The twentith part that thou hast conquered.  
Dolphin, thy hand ; to Worster we will march :  
Lords all, lay hands to beare your Soueraigne  
With obsequies of honor to his graue :  
If Englands Peeres and people ioyne in one,  
Nor Pope, nor Fraunce, nor Spaine can doo them  
wrong.

# KING HENRY V.

## *EDITION.*

*The Famous Victories of Henry the fifth: Containing the Honourable Battell of Agincourt: As it was plaide by the Queenes maiesties Players.* London Printed by Thomas Creede, 1598. 4°. Black letter.

THERE was a second edition in 1617; and the drama was licensed in 1594. The Malone copy of 1598 here reprinted is, however, the earliest impression known, as well as the only copy of that impression which has yet been found.

The second 4° was included in "Six Old Plays," 1779.



*The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth,  
Conteining the Honorable Battell of Agincourt.*

—o—

*Enter the yoong Prince, Ned, and Tom.*

*Henry V.* COME away Ned and Tom.  
*Both.* Here my Lord.

*Hen. V.* Come away my Lads :  
Tell me sirs, how much gold haue you got?

*Ned.* Faith my Lord, I haue got fие hundred  
pound.

*Hen. V.* But tell me Tom, how much hast thou  
got?

*Tom.* Faith my Lord, some foure hundred pound.

*Hen. V.* Foure hundred pounds, brauely spoken  
Lads.

But tell me sirs, thinke you not that it was a villainous  
part of me to rob my fathers Receuers ?

*Ned.* Why no my Lord, it was but a tricke of  
youth.

*Hen. V.* Faith Ned, thou sayest true.

But tell me sirs, whereabouts are we ?

*Tom.* My Lord, we are now about a mile off  
London.

*Hen. V.* But sirs, I maruell that sir Iohn Old-Castle  
Comes not away : Sounds see where he comes.

*Enters Iockey.*

How now Iockey, what newes with thee?

*Iockey.* Faith my Lord, such newes as passeth,  
For the Towne of Detfort is risen,  
With hue and crie after your man,  
Which parted from vs the last night,  
And has set vpon, and hath robd a poore Carrier.

*Hen. V.* Sownes, the vilaine that was wont to spie  
Out our booties.

*Iock.* I my Lord, euen the very same.

*Hen. V.* Now baseminded rascal to rob a poore  
carrier,  
Wel it skils not, ile saue the base vilaines life :  
I, I may: but tel me Iockey, wherabout be the  
Receiuers?

*Iock.* Faith my Lord, they are hard by,  
But the best is, we are a horse backe and they be a  
foote,  
So we may escape them.

*Hen. V.* Wel, I the vilaines come, let me alone  
with them.  
But tel me Iockey, how much gots thou from the  
knaues?  
For I am sure I got something, for one of the  
vilaines  
So belam'd me about the shoulders,  
As I shal feele it this moneth.

*Iock.* Faith my Lord, I haue got a hundred  
pound.

*Hen. V.* A hundred pound, now bravely spoken  
Iockey :  
But come sirs, laie al your money before me,  
Now by heauen here is a braue shewe :  
But as I am true Gentleman, I wil haue the halfe  
Of this spent to night, but sirs take vp your bags,  
Here comes the Receiuers, let me alone.

*Enters two Receiuers.*

*One.* Alas good fellow, what shal we do ?  
I dare neuer go home to the Court, for I shall be  
hangd.

But looke, here is the yong Prince, what shal we doo ?

*Hen. V.* How now you vilaines, what are you ?

*One Recei.* Speake you to him.

*Other.* No I pray, speake you to him.

*Hen. V.* Why how now you rascals, why speak you  
not ?

*One.* Forsooth we be. Pray speake you to him.

*Hen. V.* Sowns, vilains speak, or il cut off your  
heads.

*Other.* Forsooth he can tel the tale better than I.

*One.* Forsooth we be your fathers Receiuers.

*Hen. V.* Are you my fathers Receiuers ?

Then I hope ye haue brought me some money.

*One.* Money, Alas sir wee be rob'd.

*Hen. V.* Rob'd, how many were there of them ?

*One.* Marry sir, there were foure of them :

And one of them had sir John Old-Castles bay Hobbie,  
And your blacke Nag.

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds how like you this Iockey ?  
Blood you vilaines : my father rob'd of his money  
abroad,

And we rob'd in our stables<sup>4</sup>.

But tell me, how many were there<sup>1</sup> of them ?

*One Recei.* If it please you, there were foure of them,  
And there was one about the bignesse of you :  
But I am sure I so belambd him about the shoulders,  
That he wil feele it this month.

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds you lamd them faierly,  
So that they haue carried away your money.

But come sirs, what shall we do with the vilaines ?

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<sup>1</sup> [This word is omitted in first 4<sup>o</sup>.]

*Both Recei.* I beseech your grace, be good to vs.

*Ned.* I pray you my Lord forgiue them this once.  
Well stand vp and get you gone,

And looke that you speake not a word of it,

For if there be, sownes ile hang you and all your kin.

[*Exit Purseuant.*]

*Hen. V.* Now sirs, how like you this ?

Was not this brauely done ?

For now the vilaines dare not speake a word of it,  
I haue so feared them with words.

Now whither shall we goe ?

*All.* Why my Lord, you know our old hostes at  
Feuersham.

*Hen. V.* Our hostes at Feuersham, blood what shal  
we do there ?

We haue a thousand pound about vs,  
And we shall go to a pettie Ale-house.

No, no : you know the olde Tauerne in Eastcheape,  
There is good wine : besides, there is a prettie wench  
That can talke well, for I delight as much in their  
tongies,

As any part about them.

*All.* We are readie to waite vpon your grace.

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds wait, we will go altogether,  
We are all fellowes, I tell you sirs, and the King  
My father were dead, we would be all Kings,  
Therefore come away.

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, brauely spoken Harry.

*Enter John Cobler, Robin Pewterer, Lawrence  
Costermonger.*

*John Cob.* All is well here, all is well maisters.

*Law.* How say you neighbour John Cobler ?

I thinke it best that my neighbour

Robin Pewterer went to Pudding lane end,

And we will watch here at Billingsgate ward.

How say you neighbour Robin, how like you this ?

*Rob.* Marry well neighbours :  
 I care not much if I goe to Pudding lanes end.  
 But neighbors, and you heare any adoe about me,  
 Make haste : and if I heare any adoe about you,  
 I will come to you. *Exit Robin.*

*Law.* Neighbor, what newes heare you of y<sup>e</sup> young Prince :

*John.* Marry neighbour, I heare say, he is a toward yoong Prince,  
 For if he met any by the hie way,  
 He will not let to talke with him,  
 I dare not call him théefe, but sure he is one of these taking fellowes.

*Law.* Indeed neighbour, I heare say he is as liuely A young Prince as euer was.

*John.* I, and I heare say, if he vse it long,  
 His father will cut him off from the Crowne :  
 But neighbour say nothing of that.

*Law.* No, no, neighbour, I warrant you.

*John.* Neighbour, me thinkes you begin to sléepe,  
 If you will, we will sit down,  
 For I thinke it is about midnight.

*Law.* Marry content neighbour, let vs sléepe.

*Enter Dericke rousing.*

*Der.* Who, who there, who there ? *Exit Dericke.*

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* O neighbours, what meane you to sléepe,  
 And such ado in the stréetes ?

*Ambo.* How now neighbor, whats the matter ?

*Enter Dericke againe.*

*Der.* Who there, who there, who there ?

*Cob.* Why, what ailst thou ? here is no horses.

*Der.* O alas man, I am robd, who there, who there ?

*Rob.* Hold him neighbor Cobler.

*Cob.* Why I sée thou art a plaine Clowne.

*Der.* Am I a Clowne, sownes maisters,  
Do Clownes goe in silke apparell?  
I am sure all we gentlemen Clownes in Kent scant  
goe so

Well: sownes you know clownes very well:  
Heare you, are you Master Constable, and you be  
speake?

For I will not take it at his hands.

*John.* Faith I am maister Constable,  
But I am one of his bad officers, for he is not here.

*Der.* Is not maister Constable here?

Well it is no matter, ile haue the law at his hands.

*John.* Nay I pray you do not take the law of  
vs.

*Der.* Well, you are one of his beastly officers.

*John.* I am one of his bad officers.

*Der.* Why then I charge théé looke to him.

*Cob.* Nay but heare ye sir, you séeme to be an  
honest

Fellow, and we are poore men, and now tis night:  
And we would be loth to haue any thing adoo,  
Therefore I pray théé put it vp.

*Der.* First, thou saiest true, I am an honest  
fellow,

And a proper hansom fellow too,  
And you séeme to be poore men, therfore I care not  
greatly,

Nay, I am quickly pacified:  
But and you chance to spie the théefe,  
I pray you laie hold on him.

*Rob.* Yes that we wil, I warrant you.

*Der.* Tis a wonderfull thing to sée how glad the  
knaue

Is, now I haue forgiuen him.

*John.* Neighbors, do ye looke about you?  
How now, who's there?

*Enter the Theefe.*

*Theefe.* Here is a good fellow, I pray you which  
is the  
Way to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape?

*Der. Whoope hollo, now Gads Hill, knowest thou me?*

*Theefe.* I know théé for an Asse.

Der. And I know thee for a taking fellow,  
Upon Gads Hill in Kent:

A bōts light vpon ye.

*Theefe.* The whorson vilaine would be knockt.

*Der.* Maisters, vilaine, and ye men stand to him,  
And take his weapon from him, let him not passe you.

*John.* My friend, what make you abroad now?  
It is too late to walke now.

*Theefe.* It is not too late for true men to walke.

*Law.* We know thee not to be a true man.

*Theefe.* Why what do you meane to do with me?  
Sownes I am one of the kings liege people.

Der. Heare you sir, are you one of the kings liege  
people?

*Theefe.* I marry am I sir, what say you to it?

*Der.* Marry sir, I say you are one of the kings  
filching people.

Cob. Come, come, lets haue him away.

*Theefe.* Why what haue I done?

*Rob.* Thou hast robd a poore fellow,  
And taken away his goods from him,

*Theefe.* I neuer sawe him before.

Der. Maisters who comes here?

*Enter the Vintners boy.*

*Boy.* How now good man Cobler?

*Cob.* How now *Robin*, what makes thou abroad  
At this time of night?

*Boy.* Marrie I haue béene at the Counter.

I can tell such newes as neuer you haue heard the like.

*Cob.* What is that *Robin*, what is the matter?

*Boy.* Why this night about two houres ago, there came the young Prince, and thŕe or foure more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then they sent for a noyse of Musitians, and were very merry for the space of an houre, then whether their Musicke liked them not, or whether they had drunke too much Wine or no, I cannot tell, but our pots flue against the wals, and then they drew their swordes, and went into the streeete and fought, and some tooke one part, & some tooke another, but for the space of halfe an houre, there was such a bloodie fray as passeth, and none coulde part them vntil such time as the Maior and Sheriffe were sent for, and then at last with much adoo, they tooke them, and so the yong Prince was carried to the Counter, and then about one houre after, there came a Messenger from the Court in all haste, from the King, for my Lord Maior and the Sheriffe, but for what cause I know not.

*Cob.* Here is newes indéede *Robert*.

*Law.* Marry neighbour, this newes is strange indéede, I thinke it best neighbour, to rid our hands of this fellowe first.

*Theefe.* What meane you to do with me?

*Cob.* We mean to carry you to the prison, and there to remaine till the Sessions day.

*Theefe.* Then I pray you let me go to the prison where my maister is.

*Cob.* Nay thou must go to y<sup>e</sup> country prison, to newgate, Therefore come away.

*Theefe.* I prethie be good to me honest fellow.

*Der.* I marry will I, ile be verie charitable to thée, For I wil neuer leaue thée, til I sée thée on the Gallowes.

*Enter Henry the fourth, with the Earle of Exeter  
and the Lord of Oxford.*

*Oxf.* And please your Maiestie, héere is my Lord Maior, and the Sheriffe of London, to speak with your Maiestie.

*K. Hen. IV.* Admit them to our presence.

*Enter the Maior and the Sheriffe.*

Now my good Lord Maior of London,  
The cause of my sending for you at this time, is to  
tel you of a matter which I haue learned of my Coun-  
cell: Herein I vnderstand, that you haue committed  
my sonne to prison without our leaue and license.  
What althogh he be a rude youth, and likely to giue  
occasion, yet you might haue coſidered that he is a  
Prince, and my sonne, and not to be halled to prison  
by euery subiect.

*Maior.* May it please your Maiestie to giue vs leaue  
to tell our tale?

*K. Hen. IV.* Or else God forbid, otherwise you  
might thinke me an vneqall Iudge, hauing more affec-  
tion to my sonne, then to any rightfull iudgement.

*Maior.* Then I do not doubt but we shal rather  
deserue commendations at your Maiesties hands, then  
any anger.

*K. Hen. IV.* Go too, say on.

*Maior.* Then if it please your Maiestie, this night  
betwixt two and three of the clocke in the morning,  
my Lord the yong Prince with a very disordred com-  
panie, came to the old Tauerne in Eastcheape, and  
whether it was that their musicke liked them not, or  
whether they were ouercom with wine, I know not,  
but they drew their swords, and into the stréete they  
went, and some tooke my Lord the yong Princes part,  
and some tooke the other, but betwixt them there  
was such a bloodie fray for the space of halfe an

houre, that neyther watchmen, nor any other could stay them, till my brother the Sheriffe of London & I were sent for, and at the last with much adoo we staied them, but it was long first, which was a great disquieting to all your louing subiects thereabouts: and then my good Lord, we knew not whether your grace had sent them to trie vs, whether we would do iustice, or whether it were of their owne voluntarie will or not, we cannot tell: and therefore in such a case we knew not what to do, but for our own safegard we sent him to ward, where he wanteth nothing that is fit for his grace, and your Maiesties sonne. And thus most humbly beseeching your Maiestie to thinke of our answere.

*Hen. IV.* Stand aside vntill we haue further deliberated on your answere. *[Exit Maior.]*

Ah Harry, Harry, now thrice accursed Harry,  
That hath gotten a sonne, which with gréefe  
Will end his fathers dayes.

Oh my sonne, a Prince thou art, I a Prince in déed,  
And to deserue imprisonment,  
And well haue they done, and like faithfull sub-  
iects :

Discharge them and let them go.

*L. Exe.* I beseech your Grace, be good to my Lord  
the yong Prince.

*Hen. IV.* Nay, nay, tis no matter, let him alone.

*L. Oxf.* Perchance the Maior and the Sheriffe  
haue bene too precise in this matter.

*Hen. IV.* No: they haue done like faithfull sub-  
iects :

I will go my selfe to discharge them, and let them go.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Lord chiefe Justice, Clarke of the Office, Tayler,  
John Cobler, Dericke, and the Theefe.*

*Judge.* Tayler bring the prisoner to the barre.

*Der.* Heare you my Lord, I pray you bring the bar to the prisoner.

*Judge.* Hold thy hand vp at the barre.

*Theefe.* Here it is my Lord.

*Judge.* Clearke of the office, reade his inditement.

*Clarke.* What is thy name?

*Theefe.* My name was knowne before I came here.

And shall be when I am gone, I warrant you.

*Judge.* I, I thinke so, but we will know it better before thou go.

*Der.* Sownes and you do but send to the next Iaile, We are sure to know his name, For this is not the first prison he hath bene in, ile warrant you.

*Clarke.* What is thy name?

*Theefe.* What need you to aske, and haue it in writing.

*Clarke.* Is not thy name Cutbert Cutter?

*Theefe.* What the Diuell need you to ask, and know it so well.

*Clarke.* Why then Cutbert Cutter, I indite thee by the name of Cutbert Cutter, for robbing a poore carrier the 20 day of May last past, in the fourteén yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, for setting vpon a poore Carrier vpon Gads hill in Kent, and hauing beaten and wounded the said Carrier, and taken his goods from him.

*Der.* Oh maisters stay there, nay lets neuer belie the man, for he hath not beaten and wounded me also, but hee hath beaten and wounded my packe, and hath taken the great rase of Ginger, that bousing Bess with the iolly buttocks should haue had, that gréueus me most.

*Judge.* Well, what sayest thou, art thou guiltie, or not guiltie?

*Theefe.* Not guiltie, my Lord.

*Judge.* By whom wilt thou be tride?

*Theefe.* By my Lord the young Prince, or by my selfe whether you will.

*Enter the young Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

*Hen. V.* Come away my lads, Gogs wounds ye villain, what make you héere? I must goe about my businesse my selfe, and you must stand loytering here.

*Theefe.* Why my Lord, they haue bound me, and will not let me goe.

*Hen. V.* Haue they bound théé villain, why how now my Lord.

*Judge.* I am glad to sée your Grace in good health.

*Hen. V.* Why, my Lord, this is my man, Tis maruell you knew him not long before this, I tell you he is a man of his hands.

*Theefe.* I Gogs wounds that I am, try me who dare.

*Judge.* Your Grace shal finde small credit by acknowledging him to be your man.

*Hen. V.* Why my Lord, what hath he done?

*Judge.* And it please your Maiestie, he hath robbed a poore Carrier.

*Der.* Heare you sir, marry it was one Dericke, Goodman Hoblings man of Kent.

*Hen. V.* What wast thou butten-breech? Of my word my Lord, he did it but in jest.

*Der.* Heare you sir, is it your mans qualitie to rob folks in iest?

In faith, he shall be hangd in earnest.

*Hen. V.* Well my Lord, what do you meane to do with my man?

*Judge.* And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice then he must be executed.

*Der.* Heare you sir, I pray you, is it your mans quality to rob folkes in iest? In faith he shall be hangd in iest.

*Hen. V.* Well my Lord, what meane you to do with my man?

*Judge.* And please your grace the law must passe on him, According to iustice, then he must be executed.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike you meane to hang my man?

*Judge.* I am sorie that it falles out so.

*Hen. V.* Why my Lord, I pray ye who am I?

*Judge.* And please your Grace, you are my Lord the yong Prince, our King that shall be after the decease of our soueraigne Lord King Henry the fourth, whom God graunt long to raigne.

*Hen. V.* You say true my Lord:

And you will hang my man.

*Judge.* And like your grace, I must needs do iustice.

*Hen. V.* Tell me my Lord, shall I haue my man?

*Judge.* I cannot my Lord.

*Hen. V.* But will you not let him go?

*Judge.* I am sorie that his case is so ill.

*Hen. V.* Tush, case me no casings, shal I haue my man?

*Judge.* I cannot, nor I may not my Lord.

*Hen. V.* Nay, and I shal not say, & then I am answered?

*Judge.* No.

*Hen. V.* No: then I will haue him.

*He giueth him a boxe on the eare.*

*Ned.* Gogs wounds my Lord, shal I cut off his head?

*Hen. V.* No, I charge you draw not your swords, But get you hence, prouide a noyse of Musitians, Away, be gone.

[*Exeunt the Theefe.*

*Judge.* Well my Lord, I am content to take it at your hands.

*Hen. V.* Nay and you be not, you shall haue more.

*Judge.* Why I pray you my Lord, who am I?

*Hen. V.* You, who knowes not you?

Why man, you are Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Judge.* Your Grace hath said truth, therefore in striking me in this place, you greatly abuse me, and not me onely but also your father: whose liuely person here in this place I doo represent. And therefore to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete, vntill wee haue spoken with your father.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike you meane to send me to the Fléete?

*Judge.* I indeed, and therefore carry him away.

*Exeunt Henry V. with the Officers.*

*Judge.* Iayler, carry the prisoner to Newgate againe, vntil the next Sises.

*Iayler.* At your commandement my Lord, it shalbe done.

*Enter Dericke and John Cobler.*

*Der.* Sownds maisters, heres adoo,

When Princes must go to prison:

Why Iohn, didst euer sée the like?

*John.* O Dericke, trust me, I neuer saw the like.

*Der.* Why Iohn thou maist sée what princes be in choller,

A Judge a boxe on the eare, Ile tel thée Iohn, O Iohn, I would not haue done it for twentie shillings.

*John.* No nor I, there had bene no way but one for vs,

We should haue been hangde.

*Der.* Faith Iohn, Ile tel thée what, thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice, and thou shalt sit in the chaire, And ile be the yong Prince, and hit thée a box on the eare,

And then thou shalt say, to teach you what prerogatiues meane, I commit you to the Fléete.

*John.* Come on, Ile be your Judge,  
But thou shalt not hit me hard.

*Der.* No, no.

*John.* What hath he done?

*Der.* Marry he hath robd Dericke.

*John.* Why then I cannot let him goe.

*Der.* I must needs haue my man.

*John.* You shall not haue him.

*Der.* Shall I not haue my man, say no and you dare :

How say you, shall I not haue my man ?

*John.* No marry shall you not.

*Der.* Shall I not Iohn ?

*John.* No Dericke.

*Der.* Why then take you that till more come,  
Sownes, shall I not haue him ?

*John.* Well I am content to take this at your hand,  
But I pray you who am I ?

*Der.* Who art thou, Sownds, doost not know thy selfe ?

*John.* No.

*Der.* Now away simple fellow,  
Why man, thou art Iohn the Cobler.

*John.* No, I am my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Der.* Oh Iohn, Masse thou saist true, thou art indeed.

*John.* Why then to teach you what prerogatiues mean I commit you to the Fléete.

*Der.* Wel I wil go, but yfaith you gray beard knaue,  
Ile course you. *Exit. And straight enters again.*  
Oh Iohn, Come, come out of thy chaire, why what a clown weart thou, to let me hit thée a box on the eare,  
and now thou seest they will not take me to the Fléete, I thinke that thou art one of these Worenday Clownes.

*John.* But I maruell what will become of thée ?

*Der.* Faith, ile be no more a Carrier.

*John.* What wilt thou doo then?

*Der* Ile dwell with théé and be a Cobler.

*John.* With me, alasse, I am not able to kéepe théé,  
Why thou wilt eate me out of doores.

*Der.* Oh Iohn, no Iohn, I am none of these great  
slouching fellowes, that deuoure these great péeces of  
béefe and brewes, alasse a trifle serues me, a Wood-  
cocke, a Chicken, or a Capons legge, or any such  
little thing serues me.

*John.* A Capon, why man, I cannot get a Capon  
once a yeare, except it be at Christmas, at some  
other mans house, for we Coblers be glad of a dish of  
rootes.

*Der.* Rootes, why are you so good at rooting?  
Nay Cobler, wéele haue you ringde.

*John.* But Dericke, though we be so poore,  
Yet wil we haue in store a crab in the fire,  
With nut-browne Ale, that is full stale,  
Which wil a man quaile, and laie in the mire.

*Der.* A bots on you, and be but for your Ale,  
Ile dwel with you, come lets away as fast as we can.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter the yong Prince, with Ned and Tom.*

*Hen. V.* Come away sirs, Gogs wounds Ned,  
Didst thou not sée what a boxe on the eare  
I tooke my Lord chiefe Justice.

*Tom.* By gogs blood it did me good to sée it,  
It made his téeth iarre in his head.

*Enter sir John Old-Castle.*

*Hen. V.* How now sir John Old-Castle?  
What newes with you?

*Joh. Old.* I am glad to sée your grace at libertie,  
I was come I, to visit you in prison.

*Hen. V.* To visit me, didst thou not know that I

am a Princes son, why tis enough for me to looke into a prison, though I come not in my selfe, but heres such adoo now adayes, heres prisoning, heres hanging, whipping, and the diuell and all : but I tel you sirs, when I am King, we will haue no such things, but my lads, if the old king my father were dead, we would be all kings.

*Ioh. Old.* Hée is a good olde man, God take him to his mercy the sooner.

*Hen. V.* But Ned, so soone as I am King, the first thing I wil do, shal be to put my Lord chief Iustice out of office. And thou shalt be my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

*Ned.* Shall I be Lord chiefe Iustice?

By gogs wounds Ile be the brauest Lord chiefe Iustice That euer was in England.

*Hen. V.* Then Ned, Ile turne all these prisons into Fence Schooles, and I will endue théé with them, with landes to maintaine them withall: then I wil haue a bout with my Lord chiefe Iustice, thou shalt hang none but picke purses, and horse stealers, and such base minded villaines, but that fellow that wil stand by the highway side couragiously with his sword and buckler and take a purse, that fellow giue him commendations, beside that, send him to me, and I will giue him an anuall pension out of my Exchequer, to maintaine him all the dayes of his life.

*Ioh.* Nobly spoken Harry, we shall neuer haue a mery world til the old king be dead.

*Ned.* But whither are ye going now?

*Hen. V.* To the Court, for I heare say, my father lies verie sicke.

*Tom.* But I doubt he wil not die.

*Hen. V.* Yet will I goe thither, for the breath shal be no sooner out of his mouth, but I wil clap the Crowne on my head.

*Iock.* Wil you goe to the Court with that cloake so ful of needles?

*Hen. V.* Cloake, ilat-holes, needles, and all was of mine owne devising, and therefore I wil weare it.

*Tom.* I pray you my Lord, what may be the meaning thereof?

*Hen. V.* Why man, tis a signe that I stand vpon thorns, til the Crowne be on my head.

*Iock.* Or that euery needle might be a prick to their harts that repine at your doings.

*Hen. V.* Thou saist true Iockey, but thers some wil say, the yoong Prince will bee a well toward yoong man and all this geare, that I had as leeue they would breake my head with a pot, as to say any such thing, but we stand prating here too long, I must needs speake with my father, therfore come away.

*Por.* What a rapping keep you at the Kings Courte gate?

*Hen. V.* Heres one that must speake with the King.

*Por.* The King is verie sick, and none must speak with him.

*Hen. V.* No you rascall, do you not know me?

*Por.* You are my lord the yong Prince.

*Hen. V.* Then goe and tell my father, that I must and will speake with him.

*Ned.* Shall I cut off his head?

*Hen. V.* No, no, though I would helpe you in other places, yet I haue nothing to doo here, what you are in my father's Court.

*Ned.* I will write him in my Tables, for so soone as I am made Lord chiefe Iustice, I wil put him out of his Office. *The Trumpet sounds.*

*Hen. V.* Gogs wounds sirs, the King comes, Lets all stand aside.

*Enter the King, with the Lord of Exeter.*

*Hen. IV.* And is it true my Lord, that my sonne

is already sent to the Fléete? Now truly that man is more fitter to rule the Realme then I, for by no meanes could I rule my sonne, and he by one word hath caused him to be ruled. Oh my sonne, my sonne, no sooner out of one prison, but into an other, I had thought once whiles I had liued, to haue séene this noble Realme of England flourish by théé my soone, but now I sée it goes to ruine and decaie.

*He wepeth.*

*Enters Lord of Oxford.*

*Oxf.* And please your grace, here is my Lord your sonne,

That commeth to speake with you,

He saith, he must and wil speake with you,

*Hen. IV.* Who my sonne Harry?

*Oxf.* I and please your Maiestie.

*Hen. IV.* I know wherefore he commeth,

But looke that none come with him.

*Oxf.* A verie disordered companie, and such as make

Verie ill rule in your Maiesties house.

*Hen. IV.* Well let him come,

But looke that none come with him.

*He goeth.*

*Oxf.* And please your grace,

My lord the King, sends for you.

*Hen. V.* Come away sirs, lets go all togither.

*Oxf.* And please your grace, none must go with you.

*Hen. V.* Why, I must needs have them with me, Otherwise I can do my father no countenance,

Therefore come away.

*Oxf.* The King your father commaunds.

There should none come.

*Hen.* Well sirs then be gone,

And prouide me thrée Noyse of Musitians.

*Exeunt knights.*

*Enters the Prince with a dagger in his hand.*

*Hen. IV.* Come my sonne, come on a God's name,  
I know wherefore thy comming is,  
Oh my sonne, my sonne, what cause hath euer bene,  
That thou shouldst forsake me, and follow this vilde  
and

Reprobate company, which abuseth youth so mani-  
festly :

Oh my sonne, thou knowest that these thy doings  
Wil end thy fathers dayes. *He weepes.*

I so, so, my sonne, thou fearest not to approach the  
presence of thy sick father, in that disguised sort, I  
tel theé my sonne, that there is neuer a néedle in thy  
cloke, but it is a prick to my heart, & neuer an ilit-  
hole, but it is a hole to my soule ; and wherefore  
thou bringest that dagger in thy hande I know not,  
but by coniecture. *He weepes.*

*Hen. V.* My conscience accuseth me, most sou-  
raign Lord, and welbeloued father, to answere first to  
the last point, That is, whereas you coniecture that  
this hand and this dagger shall be armde against your  
life: no, know my beloued father, far be the thoughts  
of your sonne, sonne said I, an vnworthie sonne for  
so good a father: but farre be the thoughts of any  
such pretended mischiefe: and I most humbly render  
it to your Maiesties hand, and liue my Lord and  
soueraigne for euer: and with your dagger arme show  
like vengeance vpon the bodie of your sonne, I was  
about say and dare not, ah woe is me therefore, that  
your wilde slaye, tis not the Crowne that I come for,  
sweet father, because I am vnworthie, and those wilde  
& reprobate company I abandon, & vtterly abolish  
their company for euer. Pardon sweete father,  
pardon : the least thing and most desire : and this  
ruffianly cloake, I here teare from my backe, and  
sacrifice it to the diuel, which is maister of al mis-

chiefe: Pardon me, swéet father, pardō me: good my Lord of Exeter, speak for me: pardon me, pardō good father, not a word: ah he wil not speak one word: A Harry, now thrice vnhappie Harry. But what shal I do? I wil go take me into some solitarie place, and there lament my sinfull life, and when I haue done, I wil lay me downe and die.

*Exit.*

*Hen. IV.* Call him againe, call my sonne againe.

*Hen. V.* And doth my father call me againe? now Harry,

Happie be the time that thy father calleth théé againe.

*Hen. IV.* Stand vp my son, and do not think thy father,

But at the request of théé my sonne, I wil pardon théé,

And God blesse théé, and make théé his seruant.

*Hen. V.* Thanks good my Lord, & no doubt but this day,

Euen this day, I am borne new againe.

*Hen. IV.* Come my son and Lords, take me by the hands.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Dericke.*

*Der.* Thou art a stinking whore, & a whorson stinking whore,

Doest thinke ile take it at thy hands?

*Enter John Cobler running.*

*John.* Derick, D. D. Hearesta,

Do D. neuer while thou liuest vse that,

Why what wil my neighbors say, and thou go away so?

*Der.* Shées an arrant whore, and Ile haue the lawe on you Iohn.

*John.* Why what hath she done?

*Der.* Marry marke thou Iohn,  
I wil proue it that I wil.

*John.* What wilt thou proue?

*Der.* That she cald me in to dinner.  
Iohn, marke the tale wel Iohn, and when I was set,  
She brought me a dish of rootes, and a p  ece of barrel  
butter therin: and she is a verie knaue,  
And thou a drab if thou take her part.

*John.* Hearesta Dericke, is this the matter?  
Nay, and it be no worse, we wil go home againe,  
And all shall be amended.

*Der.* Oh Iohn, hearesta Iohn, is all well?

*John.* I, all is wel.

*Der.* Then ile go home before, and breake all the  
glass windowes.

*Enter the King with his Lords.*

*Hen. IV.* Come my Lords, I see it bootes me not  
to take any phisick, for all the Phisitians in the world  
cannot cure me, no not one. But good my Lords,  
remember my last wil and Testament concerning my  
sonne, for truly my Lordes, I doo not thinke but he  
wil proue as valiant and victorious a King, as euer  
raigned in England.

*Both.* Let heauen and earth be witnesse betw  ene  
us, if we accomplish not thy wil to the vttermost.

*Hen. IV.* I giue you most vnfained thanks, good  
my lords,

Draw the Curtaines and depart my chamber a while,  
And cause some Musick to rocke me a sleepe.

*He sleepeth. Exeunt Lords.*

*Enter the Prince.*

*Hen. V.* Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy that hath  
neglect so long from visiting of thy sicke father, I wil  
goe, nay but why doo I not go to the Chamber of my  
sick father, to comfort the melancholy soule of his

body, his soule said I, here is his body indeed, but his soule is, whereas it needs no body. Now thrice accursed Harry, that hath offended thy father so much, and could not I craue pardon for all. Oh my dying father, curst be the day wherin I was borne, and accursed be the houre wherin I was begotten, but what shal I do? if weeping teares which come too late, may suffice the negligence neglected to some, I wil weepe day and night vntil the fountaine be drie with weeping. *Exit.*

*Enter Lord of Exeter and Oxford.*

*Exe.* Come easily my Lord, for waking of the King.

*Hen. IV.* Now my Lords.

*Oxf.* How doth your Grace feele your selfe.

*Hen. IV.* Somewhat better after my sleepe, But good my Lords take off my Crowne, Remoue my chaire a little backe, and set me right.

*Ambo.* And please your grace, the crown is take away.

*Hen. IV.* The Crowne taken away, Good my Lord of Oxford, go see who hath done this deed:

No doubt tis some vilde traitor that hath done it, To deprive my sonne, they that would do it now, Would seeke to scrape and scrawle for it after my death.

*Enter Lord of Oxford with the Prince.*

*Oxf.* Here and please your Grace, Is my Lord the yong Prince with the Crowne.

*Hen. IV.* Why how now my sonne? I had thought the last time I had you in schooling, I had giuen you a lesson for all, And do you now begin againe? Why tel me my sonne, Doest thou thinke the time so long,

That thou wouldest haue it before the  
Breath be out of my mouth?

*Hen. V.* Most soueraign Lord, and welbeloved  
father,

I came into your Chamber to comfort the melancholy  
Soule of your bodie, and finding you at that time  
Past all recouery, and dead to my thinking,  
God is my witnesse: and what should I doo,  
But with weeping tears lament y<sup>e</sup> death of you my  
father,

And after that, séeing the Crowne, I tooke it:  
And tel me my father, who might better take it  
then I,

After your death? but séeing you liue,  
I most humbly render it into your Maiesties hands,  
And the happiest man aliuē, that my father liue:  
And liue my Lord and Father, for euer.

*Hen. IV.* Stand vp my sonne,

Thine answere hath sounded wel in mine eares,  
For I must need confesse that I was in a very sound  
sleep,

And altogither vnmindful of thy comming:  
But come neare my sonne,  
And let me put thée in possession whilst I liue,  
That none deprive thée of it after my death.

*Hen. V.* Well may I take it at your maiesties hands,  
But it shal neuer touch my head, so long as my father  
liues.

*He taketh the Crowne.*

*Hen. IV.* God giue thée ioy my sonne,  
God blesse thée, and make thée his seruant,  
And send thée a prosperous raigne.  
For God knowes my sonne, how hardly I came by it,  
And how hardly I haue maintained it.

*Hen. V.* Howsoeuer you came by it, I know not,  
And now I haue it from you, and from you I wil  
keepe it:

And he that séekes to take the Crowne from my head,  
 Let him looke that his armour be thicker then mine,  
 Or I will pearce him to the heart,  
 Were it harder than brasse or bollion.

*Hen. IV.* Nobly spoken, and like a King.  
 Now trust me my Lords, I feare not but my sonne  
 Will be as warlike and victorious a Prince,  
 As euer raigned in England.

*L. Ambo.* His former life shewes no lesse.

*Hen. IV.* Wel my lords I know not whether it be  
 for sléep,  
 Or drawing neare of drowsie summer of death,  
 But I am verie much giuen to sléeppe,  
 Therefore good my Lords and my sonne,  
 Draw the Curtaines, depart my chamber,  
 And cause some Musickē to rocke me a sléeppe.

*Exeunt omnes.* *The King dieth.*

*Enter the Theefe.*

*Theefe.* Ah God, I am now much like to a Bird  
 Which hath escaped out of the Cage,  
 For so soone as my Lord chief iustice it heard  
 That the old King was dead, he was glad to let me go,  
 For feare of my Lord the yong Prince:  
 But here comes some of his companions,  
 I wil sée and I can get any thing of them,  
 For old acquaintance.

*Enter Knights rauning.*

*Tom.* Gogs wounds the King is dead.

*Iock.* Dead, then gogs blood, we shall be all kings.

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, I shall be Lord chiefe Iustice  
 Of England.

*Tom.* Why how, are you broken out of prison?

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, how the villaine stinkes.

*Jock.* Why what wil become of thée now?  
Fye vpon him, how the rascall stinkes.

*Theefe.* Marry I wil go and serue my maister againe.

*Tom.* Gogs blood, doost think that he wil haue any such

Scab'd knaue as thou art? what man he is a king now.

*Ned.* Hold thée, heres a couple of Angels for thée,  
And get thée gone, for the King wil not be long  
Before he come this way:

And hereafter I wil tel the king of thée. *Exit Theefe.*

*Jock.* Oh how it did me good, to sée the king  
When he was crowned:

Me thought his seate was like the figure of heauen,  
And his person like vnto a God.

*Ned.* But who would haue thought,  
That the king would haue changde his countenance  
so?

*Jock.* Did you not sée with what grace  
He sent his embassage into France? to tel the French  
king

That Harry of England hath sent for the Crowne,  
And Harry of England wil haue it.

*Tom.* But twas but a litle to make the people be-  
léeue,

That he was sorie for his fathers death.

*The Trumpet sounds.*

*Ned.* Gogs wounds, the king comes,  
Let all stand aside.

*Enter the King with the Archbishop, and the Lord of  
Oxford.*

*Jock.* How do you my Lord?

*Ned.* How now Harry?

Tut my Lord, put away these dumpes,  
You are a king, and all the realme is yours:  
What man, do you not remember the old sayings,  
You know I must be Lord chiefe Iustice of England,

Trust me my lord, me thinks you are very much changed,

And tis but with a litle sorrowing, to make folkes bleeue

The death of your father gréueus you,

And tis nothing so.

*Hen. V.* I prethée Ned, mend thy manners,  
And be more modester in thy tearmes,  
For my vnfained gréefe is not to be ruled by thy flattering

And dissembling talke, thou saist I am changed,  
So I am indeed, and so must thou be, and that quickly,

Or else I must cause thée to be chaunged.

*Jock.* Gogs wounds how like you this?

Sownds tis not so swéete as Musicke.

*Tom.* I trust we haue not offended your grace no way.

*Hen. V.* Ah Tom, your former life gréueus me,

And makes me to abandō & abolish your company for euer

And therfore not vpō pain of death to approch my presence

By ten miles space, then if I heare wel of you,

It may be I wil do somewhat for you,

Otherwise looke for no more fauour at my hands,

Then at any other mans: And therefore be gone,

We haue no other matters to talke on.

*Exeunt Knights.*

Now my good Lord Archbishop of Canterbury,

What say you to our Embassage into France?

*Archb.* Your right to the French Crowne of France,  
Came by your great grandmother Izabel,  
Wife to King Edward the third,  
And sister to Charles the French King:  
Now if the French king deny it, as likely inough he wil,

Then must you take your sword in hand,  
And conquer the right.

Let the vsurped Frenchman know,  
Although your predecessors haue let it passe, you wil  
not:

For your Countrymen are willing with purse and  
men,  
To aide you.

Then my good Lord, as it hath bene alwaies knowne,  
That Scotland hath bene in league with France,  
By a sort of pensions which yearly come from thence,  
I thinke it therefore best to conquere Scotland,  
And the I think that you may go more easily into  
France:

And this is all that I can say, My good Lord.

*Hen. V.* I thanke you, my good lord Archbishop of  
Canterbury.

What say you my good Lord of Oxford?

*Oxf.* And, And please your Maiestie,  
I agree to my Lord Archbishop, sauing in this,  
He that wil Scotland win, must first with France  
begin:

According to the old saying.

Therefore my good Lord, I think it best to inuade  
France,

For in conquering Scotland, you conquer but one,  
And conquere France, and conquere both.

*Enter Lord of Exeter.*

*Exe.* And please your Maiestie,  
My Lord Embassador is come out of France.

*Hen. V.* Now trust me my Lord,  
He was the last man that we talked of,  
I am glad that he is come to resolute vs of our an-  
swere,  
Commit him to our presence.

*Enter Duke of Yorke.*

*Yorke.* God sauе the life of my soueraign Lord the king.

*Hen. V.* Now my good Lord the Duke of York,  
What newes from our brother the French King?

*Yorke.* And please your Maiestie,  
I deliuered him my Embassage,  
Whereof I tooke some deliberation,  
But for the answere he hath sent,  
My Lord Embassador of Burges, the Duke of Bur-  
gony,  
Monsieur le Cole, with two hundred and fiftie horse-  
men,  
To bring the Embassage.

*Hen. V.* Commit my Lord Archbishop of Burges  
Into our presence.

*Enter Archbishop of Burges.*

Now my Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
We do learne by our Lord Embassador,  
That you haue our message to do  
From our brother the French King:  
Here my good Lord, according to our accustomed  
order,  
We giue you frée libertie and license to speake,  
With good audience.

*Archb.* God sauе the mightie King of England,  
My Lord and maister, the most Christian king,  
Charles the seuenth, the great & mightie king of  
France,  
As a most noble and Christian king,  
Not minding to shed innocent blood, is rather con-  
tent  
To yéeld somewhat to your vnreasonable demaunds,  
That if fiftie thousand crownes a yeare with his  
daughter

The said Ladie Katheren, in marriage,  
 And some crownes which he may wel spare,  
 Not hurting of his kingdome,  
 He is content to yéeld sō far to your vnreasonable  
 desire.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike your Lord and maister,  
 Thinks to paffe me vp with fifty thousand crowns a  
 yere,  
 No tell thy Lord and maister,  
 That all the crownes in France shall not serue me,  
 Except the Crowne and kingdome it selfe :  
 And perchance hereafter I wil haue his daughter.

*Archb.* And may it please your maiestie,  
 My Lord Prince Dolphin greets you well,  
 With this present.

*He deliuereth a Tunne of Tennis Balles.*

*Hen. V.* What a gilded Tunne ?  
 I pray you my Lord of Yorke, looke what is in it ?

*Yorke.* And it please your Grace,  
 Here is a Carpet and a Tunne of Tennis balles.

*Hen. V.* A Tunne of Tennis balles ?  
 I pray you good my Lord Archbishop,  
 What might the meaning thereof be ?

*Archb.* And it please you my Lord,  
 A messenger you know, ought to kēepe close his  
 message,  
 And specially an Embassador.

*Hen. V.* But I know that you may declare your  
 message

To a king, the law of Armes allowes no lesse.

*Archb.* My Lord, hearing of your wildnesse before  
 your  
 Fathers death, sent you this my good Lord,  
 Meaning that you are more fitter for a Tennis  
 Court  
 Then a field, and more fitter for a Carpet then the  
 Camp.

*Hen. V.* My lord Prince Dolphin is very pleasant<sup>1</sup> with me :

But tel him, that in stéed of balles of leather,  
We wil tosse him balles of brasse and yron,  
Yea such balles as neuer were tost in France,  
The proudest Tennis Court shall rue it.

I and thou Prince of Burges shall rue it.

Therefore get thée hence, and tel him thy massage quickly,

Least I be there before thee : Away priest, be gone.

*Archb.* I beséech your grace, to deliuer me your safe Conduct vnder your broad seale Emanuel.

*Hen. V.* Priest of Burges, know,  
That the hand and seale of a King, and his word is all one,

And in stead of my hand and seale,  
I will bring him my hand and sword :

And tel thy lord and maister, that I Harry of England said it,

And I Harry of England, wil performe it.

My Lord of Yorke, deliuer him our safe conduct,  
Vnder our broad seale Emanuel.

*Exeunt Archbishop, and the Duke of Yorke.*  
Now my Lords, to Armes, to Armes,  
For I vow by heauen and earth, that the proudest French man in all France, shall rue the time that euer These Tennis balles were sent into England.

My Lord, I wil y<sup>t</sup> there be prouided a great Nauy of ships,  
With all spéed, at South-Hampton.

For there I meane to ship my men,  
For I would be there before him, if it<sup>2</sup> were possible,  
Therefore come, but staie,  
I had almost forget the chiefest thing of all, with chafing  
With this French Embassador.

Call in my Lord chiefe Iustice of England.

<sup>1</sup> [Old copy, *pleasant*.]

<sup>2</sup> [Old copy, *it it.*]

*Enters Lord chiefe Iustice of England.*

*Exe.* Here is the King my Lord.

*Iust.* God preserue your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* Why how now my lord, what is the matter?

*Iust.* I would it were vnowne to your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* Why what aile you?

*Iust.* Your Maiestie knoweth my griefe well.

*Hen. V.* Oh my Lord, your remember you sent me to the Fléete, did you not?

*Iust.* I trust your grace haue forgotten that.

*Hen. V.* I truly my Lord, and for reuengement, I haue chosen you to be my Protector ouer my Realme,

Vntil it shall please God to giue me spedie returne Out of France.

*Iust.* And if it please your Maiestie, I am far vnoworthie

Of so high a dignitie.

*Hen. V.* Tut my Lord, you are not vnoworthie, Because I thinke you worthie For you that would not spare me, I thinke wil not spare another, It must needs be so, and therefore come, Let vs be gone, and get our men in a readinesse.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter a Captaine, John Cobler and his wife.*

*Cap.* Come, come, there's no remedie, Thou must needs serue the King.

*John.* Good maister Captaine let me go, I am not able to go so farre.

*Wife.* I pray you good maister Captaine, Be good to my husband.

*Cap.* Why I am sure he is not too good to serue y<sup>e</sup> king?

*John.* Alasse no : but a great deale too bad,  
Therefore I pray you let me go.

*Cap.* No, no, thou shalt go.

*John.* Oh sir, I haue a great many shooes at home  
to Cobble.

*Wife.* I pray you let him go home againe.

*Cap.* Tush I care not, thou shalt go.

*John.* Oh wife, and you had been a louing wife to  
me,  
This had not bene, for I haue said many times,  
That I would go away, and now I must go  
Against my will.

*He weepeth.*

*Enters Dericke.*

*Der.* How now ho, Basillus Manus, for an old cod-  
péece,

Maister Captaine shall we away ?

Sowndes how now Iohn, what a crying ?

What make you and my dame there ?

I maruell whose head you will throw the stooles at,  
Now we are gone.

*Wife.* Ile tell you, come ye cloghead,  
What doe you with my potlid ? heare you,  
Will you haue it rapt about your pate ?

*She beateth him with her potlid.*

*Der.* Oh good dame, here he shakes her.

And I had my dagger here, I wold worie you all to  
péeces

That I would.

*Wife.* Would you so, Ile trie that. *She beateth him.*

*Der.* Maister Captaine will ye suffer her ?

Go too dame, I will go backe as far as I can,  
But and you come againe,

Ile clap the law on your backe that flat :

Ile tell you maister Captaine what you shall dom ?

Presse her for a souldier, I warrant you,

She will do as much good as her husband and I too.

*Enters the Theefe.*

Sownes, who comes yonder ?

*Cap.* How now good fellow, doest thou want a maister.

*Theefe.* I truly sir.

*Cap.* Hold thee then, I presse thee for a souldier,  
To serue the King in France.

*Der.* How now Gads, what doest knowes thinkest ?

*Theefe.* I, I knew thee long ago.

*Der.* Heare you maister Captaine ?

*Cap.* What saist thou ?

*Der.* I pray you let me go home againe.

*Cap.* Why what wouldest thou do at home ?

*Der.* Marry I haue brought two shirts with me,  
And I would carry one of them home againe,  
For I am sure heele steale it from me,  
He is such a filching fellow.

*Cap.* I warrant thee he wil not steale it from thee,  
Come lets away.

*Der.* Come maister Captaine lets away,  
Come follow me.

*John.* Come wife, lets part lovingly.

*Wife.* Farewell good husband.

*Der.* Fie what a kissing and crying is here ?  
Sownes, do ye thinke he wil neuer come againe ?  
Why Iohn come away, doest thinke that we are so base  
Minded to die among French men ?

Sownes, we know not whether they will laie  
Vs in their Church or no : Come M. Captain, lets away.

*Cap.* I cannot staie no longer, therefore come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the King, Prince Dolphin, and Lord  
high Constable of France.*

*King.* Now my Lord high Constable,  
What say you to our Embassage into England ?

*Con.* And it please your Maiestie, I can say nothing,  
Vntil my Lords Embassadors be come home,  
But yet me thinkes your grace hath done well,  
To get your men in so good a readinesse,  
For feare of the worst.

*King.* I my Lord we haue some in a readinesse,  
But if the King of England make against vs,  
We must haue thrice so many moe.

*Dol.* Tut my Lord, although the King of England  
Be yoong and wild headed, yet neuer think he will  
be so  
Vnwise to make battell against the mightie King  
of France.

*King.* Oh my sonne, although the King of Eng-  
land be  
Yoong and wilde headed, yet neuer thinke but he is  
rulde  
By his wise Councillors.

*Enter Archbyshop of Burges.*

*Archb.* God sauе the life of my soueraign lord the  
king.

*King.* Now my good Lord Archbishop of Burges,  
What news from our brother the English King?

*Archb.* And please your Maiestie,  
He is so far from your expectation,  
That nothing wil serue him but the Crowne  
And kingdome it selfe, besides, he bad me haste  
quickly,  
Least he be there before me, and so far as I heare,  
He hath kept promise, for they say, he is alreadie  
landed

At Kidcocks in Normandie, vpon the Riuier of Sene,  
And laid his siege to the Garrison Towne of Harflew.

*King.* You have made great haste in the meane  
time,  
Haue you not?

*Dol.* I pray you my Lord, how did the King of England take my presents?

*Archb.* Truly my Lord, in very ill part, For these your balles of leather, He will tosse you balles of brass and yron. Trust me my Lord, I was verie affraide of him, He is such a hautie and high minded Prince, He is as fierce as a Lyon.

*Con.* Tush, we wil make him as tame as a Lambe, I warrant you.

*Enters a Messenger.*

*Mess.* God sauе the mightie King of France.

*King.* Now Messenger, what newes?

*Mess.* And it please your Maiestie, I come from your poore distressed Towne of Harflew, Which is so beset on euery side, If your Maiestie do not send present aide, The Towne will be yeelded to the English King.

*King.* Come my Lords, come, shall we stand still Till our Country be spoyled vnder our noses? My Lords, let the Normanes, Brabants, Pickardies, And Danes, be sent for with all spéede: And you my Lord high Constable, I make Generall Ouer all my whole Armie. Monsieur le Colle, Maister of the Boas, Signior Deuens, and all the rest, at your appointment.

*Dol.* I trust your Maiestie will bestow, Some part of the Battell on me, I hope not to present any otherwise then well.

*King.* I tell thée my sonne, Although I should get the victory, and thou lose thy life, I should thinke my selfe quite conquered, And the English men to haue the victorie.

*Dol.* Why my Lord and father,

I would haue the pettie king of England to know,  
That I dare encounter him in any ground of the world.

*King.* I know well my sonne,  
But at this time I will haue it thus :  
Therefore come away.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters Henry the fifth, with his Lords.*

*Hen. V.* Come my Lords of England,  
No doubt this good lucke of winning this Towne,  
Is a signe of an honourable victorie to come.  
But good my Lord, go and speake to the Captaines  
With all sped, to number the hoast of the French  
men,  
And by that meanes we may the better know  
How to appoint the battell.

*Yorke.* And it please your Maiestie,  
There are many of your men sicke and diseased,  
And many of them die for want of victuals.

*Hen. V.* And why did you not tell me of it before ?  
If we cannot haue it for money,  
We will haue it by dint of sword,  
The lawe of Armes allow no lesse.

*Oxf.* I beseech your grace, to graunt me a boone.

*Hen. V.* What is that my good Lord ?

*Oxf.* That your grace would give me the  
Euantgard in the battell.

*Hen. V.* Trust me my Lord of Oxford, I cannot :  
For I haue alreadie giuen it to my vnc[l]e y<sup>e</sup> Duke of  
York,  
Yet I thanke you for your good will.

*A Trumpet soundes.*

How now, what is that ?

*Yorke.* I thinke it be some Herald of Armes.

*Enters a Herald.*

*Her.* King of England, my Lord high Constable,

And others of the Noble men of France,  
Sends me to defie thee, as open enemy to God,  
Our Countrey, and vs, and hereupon,  
They presently bid thee battell.

*Hen. V.* Herald tell them, that I defie them,  
As open enemies to God, my Countrey, and me,  
And as wron[g]full vsurpers of my right :  
And whereas thou saist they presently bid me battell.  
Tell them that I thinke they knowe how to please me :  
But I pray thee what place hath my lord Prince Dol-  
phin  
Here in battell.

*Her.* And it please your grace,  
My Lord and King his father,  
Will not let him come into the field.

*Hen. V.* Why then he doth me great iniurie,  
I thought that he & I shuld haue plaid at tennis  
together,  
Therefore I haue brought tennis balles for him,  
But other maner of ones then he sent me.  
And Herald, tell my Lord Prince Dolphin,  
That I haue inured my hāds with other kind of  
weapons  
Then tennis balles, ere this time a day,  
And that he shall finde it, ere it be long,  
And so adue my friend :  
And tell my Lord that I am readie when he will.

*Exit Herald.*  
Come my Lords, I care not and I go to our Captaines,  
And ile sée the number of the French army my selfe.  
Strike up the Drumme.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter French Souldiers.*

1. *Soul.* Come away Jack Drummer, come away  
all,  
And me will tel you, what me wil doo,

Me wil tro one chance on the dice,  
Who shall haue the king of England and his lords.

2. *Soul.* Come away Iacke Drummer,  
And tro your chance, and lay downe your Drumme.

*Enter Drummer.*

*Drum.* Oh the braue apparrel that the English mans  
Hay broth ouer, I will tel you what  
Me ha donne, me ha prouided a hundredth trunkes,  
And all to put the fine parel of the English mans in.

1. *Soul.* What do thou meane by trunkea (*sic*) ?

2. *Soul.* A shest man, a hundred shests.

1. *Soul.* Awee, awee, awee, Me wil tel you what,  
Me ha put fие children out of my house,  
And all too litle to put the fine apparel of the  
English mans in.

*Drum.* Oh the braue, the braue apparel that we  
Haue anon, but come, and you shall see what we wil  
tro

At the kings Drummer and Fife,  
Ha, me ha no good lucke, tro you.

3. *Soul.* Faith me wil tro at y<sup>e</sup> Earle of Northum  
berland

And my Lord a Willowby, with his great horse,  
Snorting, farting, oh braue horse.

1. *Soul.* Ha, bur Ladie you ha reasonable good  
lucke,

Now I wil tro at the king himselfe,  
Ha, me haue no good lucke.

*Enters a Captaine.*

*Cap.* How now what make you here,  
So farre from the Campe ?

2. *Soul.* Shal me tel our captain, what we haue done  
here ?

*Drum.* Awée, awée.

*Exeunt Drum and one Souldier.*

2. *Soul.* I wil tel you what whe haue doune,  
We haue bene troing on shance on the Dice,  
But none can win the king.

*Cap.* I thinke so, why he is left behind for me,  
And I haue set th्रee or foure chaire-makers a worke,  
To make a new disguised chaire to set that womanly  
King of England in, that all the people may laugh  
And scoffe at him.

2. *Soul.* Oh braue Captaine.

*Cap.* I am glad, and yet with a kindle of pitie,  
To see the poore king.

Why, who euer saw a more flourishing armie in France  
In one day, then here is? Are not here all the Péeres  
of France?

Are not here the Normans with their firie hand-  
Gunnes, and slaunching Curtleaxes?

Are not here the Barbarians with their bard horses,  
And lanching speares?

Are not here Pickardes with their crosbowes & pierc-  
ing Dartes.

The Henues with their cutting Glaues, and sharpe  
Carbuckles.

Are not here the Lance knights of Burgondie?  
And on the other side, a site of poore English scabs?  
Why take an English man out of his warme bed  
And his stale drinke, but one moneth,  
And alas what wil become of him?  
But give the Frenchman a Reddish roote,  
And he wil liue with it all the dayes of his life.

*Exit.*

2. *Soul.* Oh the braue apparel that we shall haue of  
the English mans. *Exit.*

*Enters the king of England, and his Lords.*

*Hen. V.* Come my Lords and fellows of armes,  
What company is there of the French men?

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,

Our Captaines haue numbred them,  
And so neare as they can iudge,  
They are about threescore thousand horsemen,  
And fortie thousand footemen.

*Hen. V.* They threescore thousand,  
And we but two thousand.  
They threescore thousand footemen,  
And we twelue thousand.  
They are a hundred thousand,  
And we fortie thousand, ten to one.  
My Lords and louing Countrey men,  
Though we be fewer, and they many,  
Feare not, your quarrel is good, and God wil defend  
you:

Plucke vp your hearts, for this day we shall either  
haue

A valiant victorie, or a honourable death.

Now my Lords, I wil that my vnkle the Duke of  
Yorke,

~~Haue~~ the auantgard in the battell.

The Earle of Darby, the Earle of Oxford,  
The Earle of Kent, the Earle of Nottingham,  
The Earle of Huntington, I wil haue beside the army,  
That they may come fresh vpon them.

And I my selfe with the Duke of Bedford,  
The Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Gloster,  
Wil be in the midst of the battell.

Furthermore, I wil that my Lord of Willowby,  
And the Earle of Northumberland,  
With their troupes of horsemen, be cōtinually running  
like Wings on both sides of the army:

My Lord of Northumberland, on the left wing.  
Then I wil that euery archer prouide him a stake of  
A trée, and sharpe it at both endes,  
And at the first encounter of the horsemen,  
To pitch their stakes downe into the ground before  
them,

That they may gore themselues vpon them,  
 And then to recoyle backe, and shoote wholly alto-  
 gither,  
 And so discomfit them.

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,  
 I wil take that in charge, if your grace be therwith  
 cōtent.

*Hen. V.* With all my heart, my good Lord of  
 Oxford:

And go and prouide quickly.

*Oxf.* I thanke your highnesse. *Exit.*

*Hen. V.* Well my Lords, our battels areordeined,  
 And the French making of bonfires, and at their  
 bankets,  
 But let them looke, for I meane to set vpon them.

*The Trumpet soundes.*

Soft, here comes some other French message.

*Enters Herauld.*

*Her.* King of England, my Lord high Constable,  
 And other of my Lords, considering the poore estate  
 of thēe

And thy poore Countrey men,  
 Sends me to know what thou wilt giue for thy ran-  
 some?

Perhaps thou maist agrée better cheape now,  
 Then when thou art conquered.

*Hen. V.* Why then belike your high Constable,  
 Sends to know what I wil giue for my ransom?  
 Now trust me Herald, not so much as a tun of ten-  
 nis-bals

No not so much as one poore tennis-ball,  
 Rather shall my bodie lie dead in the field to feed  
 crowes,  
 Then euer England shall pay one penny ransom  
 For my bodie.

*Her.* A kingly resolution.

*Hen. V.* No Herald, tis a kingly resolution,  
And the resolution of a king :  
Here take this for thy paines. *Exit Herald.*  
But stay my Lords, what time is it ?

*All.* Prime my Lord.

*Hen. V.* Then is it good time no doubt,  
For all England praieth for vs :  
What my Lords, me thinks you looke cheerfully  
vpon me ?

Why then with one voice and like true English hearts,  
With me throw vp your caps, and for England,  
Cry S. George, and God and S. George helpe vs.

*Strike Drummer, Exeunt omnes.*

*The Frenchmen crie within, S. Dennis, S. Dennis,  
Mount Joy, S. Dennis.*

*The Battell.*

*Enters King of England, and his Lords.*

*Hen. V.* Come my Lords come, by this time our  
Swords are almost drunke with French blood,  
But my Lords, which of you can tell me how many  
of our  
Army be slaine in the battell ?

*Oxf.* And it please your Maiestie,  
There are of the French armie slaine  
Aboue ten thousand, twentie sixe hundred  
Whereof are Princes and Nobles bearing banners :  
Besides, all the Nobilitie of France are taken prisoners.  
Of your Maiesties Armie, are slaine none but the  
good

Duke of Yorke, and not aboue fие or six and twentie  
Common souldiers.

*Hen. V.* For the good Duke of Yorke my vnckle,  
I am heartily sorie, and greatly lament his misfortune,  
Yet the honourable victorie which the Lord hath  
giuen vs,

Doth make me much reioyce. But staie,  
Here comes another French message.

[Sound Trumpet.]

*Enters a Herald and kneeleth.*

*Her.* God sauе the life of the most mightie Con-  
queror,  
The honourable king of England.

*Hen. V.* Now Herald, me thinks the world is  
changed  
With you now, what I am sure it is a great disgrace  
for a  
Herald to kneele to the king of England,  
What is thy message?

*Her.* My Lord & maister, the conquered king of  
France,  
Sends thée long health, with heartie gréeting.

*Hen. V.* Herald, his greetings are welcome,  
But I thanke God for my health :  
Well Herald, say on.

*Her.* He hath sent me to desire your Maiestie,  
To giue him leaue to go into the field to view his  
poore

Countrymen, that they may all be honourably buried.

*Hen. V.* Why Herald, doth thy Lord and maister  
Send to me to burie the dead?

Let him bury them a Gods name.

But I pray thée Herald, where is my Lord hie Con-  
stable,  
And those that would haue had my ransome?

*Her.* And it please your maiestie,  
He was slaine in the battell.

*Hen. V.* Why you may sée, you will make your  
selues

Sure before the victorie be wonne, but Herald,  
What Castle is this so néere adioyning to our Campe?

*Her.* And it please your Maiestie,  
Tis cald the Castle of Agincourt.

*Hen. V.* Well then my lords of England,  
For the more honour of our English men,  
I will that this be for euer cald the battell of Agin-  
court.

*Her.* And it please your Maiestie,  
I haue a further message to deliuer to your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* What is that Herald? say on.

*Her.* And it please your Maiestie, my Lord and  
maister,  
Craues to parley with your Maiestie.

*Hen. V.* With a good will, so some of my Nobles  
View the place for feare of trecherie and treason.

*Her.* Your grace needs not to doubt that.

*Hen. V.* Well, tell him then, I will come.

*Exit Herald.*

Now my lords, I will go into the field my selfe,  
To view my country men, and to haue them honourably  
Buried, for the French King shall neuer surpassee me in  
Curtesie, while I am Harry King of England.

Come on my lords.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enters John Cobler and Robbin Pewterer.*

*Robin.* Now Iohn Cobler,  
Didst thou see how the King did behaue himselfe?

*John.* But Robin, didst thou see what a pollicie  
The King had, to see how the French men were kild  
With the stakes of the trées.

*Robin.* I Iohn, there was a braue pollicie.

*Enters an English Souldier roming.*

*Soul.* What are you my maisters?

*Both.* Why we be English men.

*Soul.* Are you English men, then change your lan-  
guage

For all the Kings Tents are set a fire,  
And all they that speake English will be kild.

*John.* What shall we do Robin? faith ile shift,  
For I can speake broken French.

*Robin.* Faith so can I, lets heare how thou canst  
speak.

*John.* Commodeuales Monsieur.

*John.* Thats well, come lets be gone.

*Drum and Trumpet sounds.*

*Enter Dericke roming. After him a Frenchman, and takes him prisoner.*

*Der.* O good Mounser.

*French.* Come, come, you villeaco.

*Der.* O I will sir, I will.

*French.* Come quickly you pesant.

*Der.* I will sir, what shall I giue you?

*French.* Marry, thou shalt giue me,  
One, to, tre, foure, hundred Crownes.

*Der.* Nay sir, I will giue you more,  
I will giue you as many crowns as will lie on your  
sword.

*French.* Wilt thou giue me as many crowns  
As will lie on my sword?

*Der.* I marrie will I, but you must lay downe your  
Sword, or else they will not lie on your sword.

*Here the Frenchman layes downe his sword, and the downe takes it vp, and hurles him downe.*

*Der.* Thou villaine, darest thou looke vp?

*French.* O good Mounsier compareteue  
Monsieur pardon me.

*Der.* O you villaine, now you lie at my mercie,  
Doest thou remember since thou lambst me in thy  
short el?

O villaine, now I will strike off thy head.

*Here whiles he turnes his back, the Frenchman runnes his wayes.*

Der. What is he gone, masse I am glad of it,  
For if he had staid, I was afraid he wold haue sturd  
again,  
And then I should haue b  ene spilt,  
But I will away, to kill more Frenchmen.

*Enters King of France, King of England, and attendants.*

*Hen. V.* Now my good brother of France,  
My comming into this land was not to shead blood,  
But for the right of my Countrey, which if you can  
deny,  
I am content peaceably to leaue my siege,  
And to depart out of your land.

*Char.* What is it you demand,  
My louing brother of England.

*Hen. V.* My Secretary hath it written, read it.

Sec. Item, that immediately Henry of England  
Be crowned King of France.

*Char.* A very hard sentence,  
My good brother of England.

Hen. V. No more but right, my good brother of France.

*Fr. King.* Well, read on.

Sec. Item, that after the death of the said Henry,  
The Crowne remaine to him and his heires for euer.

*Fr. King.* Why then you do not onely meane to  
Dispossesse me, but also my sonne.

Hen. V. Why my good brother of France,  
You haue had it long inough :  
And as for Prince Dolphin,  
It skils not though he sit beside the saddle :  
Thus I haue set it downe, and thus it shall be.

*Fr. King.* You are very peremptorie,  
My good brother of England.

Hen. V. And you as peruerse, my good brother of France.

*Char.* Why then belike, all that I haue here is yours.

*Hen. V.* I euen as far as the kingdom of France reaches.

*Char.* I for by this hote beginning,  
We shall scarce bring it to a calme ending.

*Hen. V.* It is as you please, here is my resolution.

*Char.* Well my brother of England,  
If you will, giue me a copie,  
We will meet you againe to-morrow.

*Exit King of France, and all their attendants.*

*Hen. V.* With a good will my good brother of France.

Secretary deliuer him a coppie.  
My lords of England goe before,  
And I will follow you.

*Exeunt Lords. Speaks to himselfe.*

*Hen. V.* Ah Harry, thrice vnhappy Harry.  
Hast thou now conquered the French King,  
And begins a fresh supply with his daughter,  
But with what face canst thou seeke to gaine her loue,  
Which hast sought to win her fathers Crowne ?  
Her fathers Crowne said I, no it is mine owne :  
I but I loue her, and must craue her,  
Nay I loue her and will haue her.

*Enters Lady Katheren and her Ladies.*

But here she comes :  
How now faire Ladie Katheren of France,  
What newes ?

*Katheren.* And it please your Maiestie,  
My father sent me to know if you will debate any of  
these

Vnreasonable demands which you require.

*Hen. V.* Now trust me Kate,  
I commend thy fathers wit greatly in this,

For none in the world could sooner haue made me  
debate it

If it were possible :

But tell me swéete Kate, canst thou tell how to loue ?

*Kate.* I cannot hate my good Lord,

Therefore far vnfit were it for me to loue.

*Hen. V.* Tush Kate, but tell me in plaine termes,  
Canst thou loue the King of England ?

I cannot do as these Countries do,

That spend halfe their time in woing :

Tush wench, I am none such,

But wilt thou go ouer to England ?

*Kate.* I would to God, that I had your Maiestie,  
As fast in loue, as you haue my father in warres,  
I would not vouchsafe so much as onè looke,  
Vntill you had related all these vnreasonable de-  
mands.

*Hen. V.* Tush Kate, I know thou wouldest not vse  
me so hardly :

But tell me, canst thou loue the King of England ?

*Kate.* How should I loue him, that hath dealt so  
hardly

With my father ?

*Hen. V.* But ile deale as easily with thee,  
As thy heart can imagine, or tongue can require,  
How saist thou, what will it be ?

*Kate.* If I were of my owne direction,  
I could giue you answer :

But séeing I stand at my fathers direction,  
I must first know his will.

*Hen. V.* But shal I haue thy good wil in the mean  
season ?

*Kate.* Whereas I can put your grace in no assur-  
ance,

I would be loth to put you in any dispaire.

*Hen. V.* Now before God, it is a sweete wench.

*She goes aside, and speaks as followeth.*

*Kat.* I may thinke my selfe the happiest in the world,

That is beloued of the mighty King of England.

*Hen. V.* Well Kate, are you at hoast with me?  
Swéete Kate, tel thy father from me,  
That none in the world could sooner haue perswaded  
me to

It then thou, and so tel thy father from me.

*Kate.* God kéepe your Maiestie in good health.

*Exit Kat.*

*Hen. V.* Farwel swéet Kate, in faith it is a swéet  
wench,  
But if I knew I could not haue her fathers good wil,  
I would so rowse the Towers ouer his eares,  
That I would make him be glad to bring her me,  
Vpon his hands and knées. *Exit King.*

*Enters Dericke with his girdle full of shooes.*

*Der.* How now? Sownes it did me good to see how  
I did triumph ouer the French men.

*Enters John Cobler rousing, with a packe full  
of apparell.*

*John.* Whoope Dericke, how doest thou?

*Der.* What Iohn, Comedeuales, aliue yet.

*John.* I promise théé Dericke, I scapte hardly,  
For I was within halfe a mile when one was kild.

*Der.* Were you so?

*John.* I trust me, I had like bene slaine.

*Der.* But once kild, why it is nothing,  
I was foure or fие times slaine.

*John.* Foure or fие times slaine.

Why how couldst thou haue béeene aliue now?

*Der.* O Iohn, neuer say so,  
For I was cald the bloodie souldier amongst them all.

*John.* Why what didst thou?

*Der.* Why, I will tell théé Iohn,

Euēry day when I went into the field,  
 I would take a straw, and thrust it into my nose,  
 And make my nose blēed, and then I wold go into  
 the field,  
 And when the Captaine saw me, he would say,  
 Peace a bloodie souldier, and bid me stand aside,  
 Whereof I was glad :  
 But marke the chance Iohn.  
 I went and stood behinde a tree, but marke then  
 Iohn,  
 I thought I had bēne safe, but on a sodaine,  
 There steps to me a lustie tall Frenchman,  
 Now he drew, and I drew,  
 Now I lay here, and he lay there,  
 Now I set this leg before, and turned this backward,  
 And skipped quite ouer a hedge,  
 And he saw me no more there that day,  
 And was not this well done Iohn ?

*John.* Masse Dericke, thou hast a wittie head.

*Der.* I Iohn, thou maist sēe, if thou hadst taken my  
 coūsel,

But what hast thou there ?

I thinke thou hast bene robbing the Frenchmen.

*John.* I faith Dericke, I haue gotten some reparrell,  
 To carry home to my wife.

*Der.* And I haue got some shooes,  
 For ile tel thee what I did, when they were dead,  
 I would go take off all theyr shooes.

*John.* I, but Dericke, how shall we get home ?

*Der.* Nay sownds and they take thēe,  
 They wil hang thēe,  
 O Iohn, neuer do so, if it be thy fortune to be  
 hangd,  
 Be hangd in thy owne language whatsoeuer thou  
 doest.

*John.* Why Dericke the warres is done,  
 We may go home now.

*Der.* I but you may not go before you aske the king leauue,  
But I know a way to go home, and aske the king no leauue.

*John.* How is that Dericke?

*Der.* Why Iohn, thou knowest the Duke of Yorke's Funerall must be carried into England, doest thou not?

*John.* I that I do.

*Der.* Why then thou knowest wéele go with it.

*John.* I but Dericke, how shall we do for to méet them?

*Der.* Sownds if I make not shift to méet them, hang me.

Sirra, thou knowst that in euery Towne there wil Be ringing, and there wil be cakes and drinke, Now I wil go to the Clarke and Sexton And kéepe a talking, and say, O this fellow rings well, And thou shalt go and take a péece of cake, then ile ring, And thou shalt say, oh this fellow kéepe a good stint, And then I will go drinke to thée all the way: But I maruel what my dame wil say when we come home, Because we haue not a French word to cast at a Dog

By the way?

*John.* Why what shall we do Dericke?

*Der.* Why Iohn, ile go before and call my dame whore,

And thou shalt come after and set fire on the house, We may do it Iohn, for ile proue it, Because we be soouldiers. *The Trumpets sound.*

*John.* Dericke helpe me to carry my shooes and bootes.

*Enters King of England, Lord of Oxford and Exeter, then the King of France, Prince Dolphin, and the Duke of Burgondie, and attendants.*

*Hen. V.* Now my good brother of France,  
I hope by this time you haue deliberated of your  
answere?

*Fr. King.* I my welbeloued brother of England,  
We haue viewed it ouer with our learned Councell,  
But cannot finde that you should be crowned  
King of France.

*Hen. V.* What not King of France, then nothing,  
I must be King: but my louing brother of France,  
I can hardly forget the late iniurie offered me,  
When I came last to parley,  
The French men had better a raked  
The bowels out of their fathers carkasses,  
Then to haue fiered my Tentes,  
And if I knew thy sonne Prince Dolphin for one,  
I would so rowse him, as he was neuer so rowsed.

*Fr. King.* I dare sweare for my sonnes innocencie  
In this matter.  
But if this please you, that immediately you be  
Proclaimed and crowned heire and Regent of France,  
Not King, because I my selfe was once crowned King.

*Hen. V.* Heire and Regent of France, that is well,  
But that is not all that I must haue.

*Fr. King.* The rest my Secretary hath in writing.

*Sec. Item,* that Henry King of England,  
Be Crowned heire and Regent of France,  
During the life of King Charles, and after his death,  
The Crowne with all rights to remaine to King Henry  
Of England, and to his heires for euer.

*Hen. V.* Well my good brother of France,  
There is one thing I must needs desire.

*Fr. King.* What is that my good brother of England?

*Hen. V.* That all your Nobles must be sworne to be true to me.

*Fr. King.* Whereas they haue not stucke with greater

Matters, I know they wil not sticke with such a trifle, Begin you my Lord Duke of Burgondie.

*Hen. V.* Come my Lord of Burgondie, Take your oath vpon my sword.

*Burgon.* I Philip Duke of Burgondie, Sweare to Henry King of England, To be true to him, and to become his league-man, And that if I Philip, heare of any forraigne power Comming to inuade the said Henry or his heires, Then I the said Philip to send him word, And aide him with all the power I can make, And thereunto I take my oath. *He kisseth the sword.*

*Hen. V.* Come Prince Dolphin, you must sweare too. *He kisseth the sword.*

*Hen. V.* Well my brother of France, There is one thing more I must needs require of you,

*Fr. King.* Wherein is it that we may satisfie your Maiestie?

*Hen. V.* A trifle my good brother of France. I meane to make your daughter Quéene of England, If she be willing, and you therewith content: How saist thou Kate, canst thou loue the King of England?

*Kate.* How should I loue thee, which is my fathers enemy?

*Hen. V.* Tut stand not vpon these points, Tis you must make vs friends: I know Kate, thou art not a litle proud, that I loue théée:

What wench, the King of England?

*Fr. King.* Daughter let nothing stand betwixt the King of England and théée, agrée to it.

*Kate.* I had best while he is willing,

Least when I would, he will not :  
I rest at your Maiesties commaund.

*Hen. V.* Welcome sweet Kate, but my brother of  
France,

What say you to it ?

*Fr. King.* With all my heart I like it,  
But when shall be our wedding day ?

*Hen. V.* The first Sunday of the next moneth,  
God willing.                    *Sound Trumpets.*    *Exeunt omnes.*



THE SECOND PART OF KING  
HENRY VI.

*EDITION.*

*The First Part of the Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses  
of Yorke and Lancaster, with the Death of the good Duke  
Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suf-  
folke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winches-  
ter, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of  
Yorke's first claime unto the Crowne.* London Printed by  
Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at  
his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594. 4<sup>D</sup>.

## MR HALLIWELL'S INTRODUCTION.<sup>1</sup>

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ON the 2nd of April, 1798, Messrs Leigh and Sotheby, the well-known booksellers and auctioneers, were selling by auction the fourth day's division of the "curious and valuable" library of Dr Samuel Pegge, prebendary of Lichfield, and a distinguished antiquary. There was one particular lot in that day's sale which has rendered the auction an era in Shakespearean bibliography—a very small octavo volume, without covers, purchased by the author of "Caledonia" for £5, 15s. 6d., and described in the sale catalogue, No. 938, as "Shakespeare's true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt, Lond. by P. S., 1595." This little tract, so unpretendingly exhibited to competition, was no less than the *unique* copy of the play upon which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded, which fetched the enormous sum of one hundred and thirty pounds at Chalmers's sale in 1842, and concern-

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<sup>1</sup> [To the Shakespeare Society's edition, 8°, 1843. This introduction applies to the First Sketches of the Third, as well as Second, Part of Henry VI.]

ing the nature of which so much was said in the public prints at the time of its producing the above sum, at the rate of more than three guineas for each leaf. This inestimable treasure was acquired by the Bodleian Library, and is one of the greatest rarities of the kind in that repository. It is the second tract presented to the reader in the following pages, who is indebted to the Shakespeare Society for this attempt to make it easily and generally accessible.

This celebrated "True Tragedie" was the Second Part of the play called "The Contention between the two famous Houses of York and Lancaster," on the First Part of which is founded the Second Part of Henry VI., which is now, for the first time, reprinted from an *unique* copy of the edition of 1594, also preserved in the Bodleian Library. Thus the possessor of the present volume will have the two plays upon which are founded the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., both printed from *unique* copies — one a small octavo, the marketable value of which is one hundred and fifty pounds ; the other, a very thin, small quarto, which produced £64 several years ago, and would now probably realise more than twice that sum.

These early editions of 1594 and 1595 vary very considerably from the later impression of 1619, when they were published collectively. The amended play, in the form in which we have received it as Shakespeare's, appeared for the first time in the folio of 1623. All the various editions of the earlier drama have been collated for the notes, and will be found of some importance in a question to which I shall presently draw the reader's attention. This may be considered a part of the external evidence in the dispute concerning the exact portions of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI., which may be attributed with safety to Shakespeare.

## I. THE FIRST PART.

1. "The first part of the Contention betwixt the two famous Houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claime vnto the Crowne. London Printed by Thomas Creed, for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1594."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. The present copy, which is in the Bodleian Library, belonged to Heber, and is the only one known. See "Bibl. Heber.," vol. ii., No. 5479. Malone had a copy of it, and he has collated it with the second edition, marking the variations in his inlaid copy of the latter. Why Malone's copy was not inlaid with the rest of his early editions does not any where appeare; and Dr Bandinel, who is an excellent authority, says it was obtained improperly from Malone's possessions, and that the very one he used is that now in the Bodleian. At p. 33, l. 19, however, occurs the word "honouring," as in the Bodleian copy, which according to Malone's collation, was "thinking" in the exemplar that belonged to him. Unless, therefore, Malone made a mistaken alteration, these must have been different books, and an instance of the curious differences which sometimes occurs in various copies of the same edition. See p. 92. It was entered at Stationers' Hall on March 12th.

2. "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tra-

gicall end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first clayme to the crowne. London: Printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. It was reprinted from the first edition, but carelessly, omitting about two dozen words necessary for the sense. It possesses, however, a few important corrections. This edition is very rare, and I have unwillingly used the Bodleian copy, which has a manuscript title.

3. "The First Part of the Contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey: And the banishment and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the Tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Iacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorke's first clayme to the Crowne. London Printed by Valentine Simmes for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop vnder S. Peters church in Cornewall. 1600."

This is the same impression as the preceding, excepting a very few trifling literal variations of no importance, with a different titlepage. The only copy known is in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, which is *art:λ.*, having only the first 25 leaves, and concluding with the first leaf of Sig. G. This edition is not mentioned by Lowndes, or any bibliographer.

## II. THE TRUE TRAGEDIE.

1. "The True Tragedie of Richard *Duke of Yorke*, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt, with the whole contention betweene the two houses Lancaster

and Yorke, as it was sundrie times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes. Printed at London by P. S. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornwal. 1595."

A small octavo, containing 40 leaves, A to E in eights. Owing to its being printed with a narrow page, the metre is often destroyed by the concluding words of one line being inserted in the beginning of the subsequent. This is corrected, in a great measure, in the succeeding impressions. Very few early plays are printed in this size; and so natural is it to consider nearly the whole of this class of literature as a race of small quartos, that although Mr Knight in one place very correctly describes the present volume as "a small octavo," yet he afterwards refers to it as "the *quarto* of 1595." On a fly-leaf, Chalmers has written the following note:—"This very rare volume, of which no other copy is known to exist, was purchased by Mr Chalmers at Dr Pegge's sale in 1796 [?]. It was then unbound, as it had been neglected by the Doctor, who was unaware of its great value. By an oversight of Mr Malone, and a singular mistake of Mr Steevens, Mr Chalmers obtained it easily for £5, 15s. 6d., without much competition; and Steevens was enraged to find that it had gone for less than a fifth of what he would have given for it." On the top of the title-page some one has inscribed the name of Shakespeare, which is not of much authority in the question of authorship, if it was written, as Dr Bandinel says it was, by Dr Pegge.

2. "The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the sixt: With the whole contention betweene the two Houses, Lancaster and Yorke; as it was sundry times acted by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke his seruantes. Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas

Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Peters Church in Cornewall. 1600."

A small quarto, containing 32 leaves, A to H in fours. Malone mentions an edition of this date printed by Valentine Simmes. See his "Shakespeare," by Boswell, xviii. 363, 543. Malone says that Pavier's edition of 1619 was printed from this one, but I apprehend he has merely followed Capell's more general assertion that Pavier reprinted from the copies of 1600. I have not succeeded in finding any evidence of the existence of an edition of "The True Tragedie" printed by Valentine Simmes; for Malone confesses he has never seen a copy, although it is very possible that such a one may have been published.

3. "The Whole Contentione betweene the two Famous Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. With the Tragical ends of the good Duke Humfrey, Richard Duke of Yorke, and King Henrie the sixt. Diuided into two Parts: And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by William Shakespeare, Gent. Printed at London, for T. P."

A small quarto, containing 64 leaves, A to Q in fours. This contains the "First part of the Contentione," as well as "The true Tragedie." T. P. was Thomas Pavier, the publisher of other plays. This edition has no date, but it is ascertained to have been printed in or about 1619 by the signatures. The last signature of Pavier's edition is Q, and the first signature of the text of "Pericles," 4°. Lond. 1619, for the same bookseller, is R; and on the recto of sig. I of this play, where the Second Part commences, is the same device as on the first page of that edition of Pericles. The Second Part has no separate title-page, but is introduced as "The Second Part. Containing the Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Good King Henrie the Sixt."

Pavier's edition was reprinted by Steevens in 1766,

and in general with accuracy,<sup>1</sup> although he has not considered it necessary to follow the rigid system I have pursued in the reprints now presented to the reader. Mistakes and peculiarities of all kinds I have retained as they stand in the original, capital letters, hyphens, punctuation, &c. : in all these particulars I have endeavoured to give as faithful a copy of the originals as I possibly could. The collations will be found in the notes, and with these a little judgment would form as good a text as could probably be made with the materials that have descended to our use.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, we have the following entries relative to these plays :

“ 12 March 1593-4.

“ Tho. Millington.] A booke intituled the firste parte of the contention of the twoo famous Houses of York and Lancaster, with the Deathe of the good Duke Humphrey and the Banishment and Deathe of the Duke of Suffk. and the tragicall Ende of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable rebellion of Jack Cade and the Duke of Yorks first clayme unto the Crowne.

“ 19 April 1602.

“ Tho. Pavier.] By assignment from Tho. Millington, *salvo jure cuiuscunque*, the 1st and 2nd parts of Henry the VI : ij. books.”

The last entry is a mistake for the First and Second Parts of the “Contention ;” and we accordingly find that when Blount and Jaggard, in 1623, inserted a list of Shakespeare's plays “as are not formerly entered

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<sup>1</sup> Steevens's reprints are excellently made, and the mistakes of importance do not average more than three or four in each play. I suspect that his successors have not improved. The Percy Society's reprint of “Kind-Harts Dreame” contains above one hundred and thirty errors, some of a portentous kind ; yet it is but a small tract, not so long as one of Shakespeare's plays. It is almost impossible to prevent occasional mistakes.

to other men," they omitted the first and second parts of Henry VI., and only inserted "The Thirde Parte of Henry the Sixt." In the same way, we find they did not insert "King John" in the same list, although there is no reason to suppose that any copy of that play in its present form had previously been entered. The probable inference is, that the list was hastily compiled from the previous entries. Millington, it appears, kept possession of the "Whole Contention," as Pavier afterwards called it, till 1602. There seems something mysterious in the words, "salvo juris cujuscunque;" and it may be asked why Pavier kept them so long without a republication, if the date of 1619 be correct. The entry is, however, important, for it clearly shows that, as early as 1602, the present title of "Henry VI." had superseded the older one.

I have called these plays "The First Sketches of the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.;" but it is a question with the critics whether Shakespeare was their author, or whether he merely borrowed from some older dramatist.

The external evidence is in favour of Malone's theory, that Shakespeare was *not* the author of the two plays here reprinted. They appear to have been, as I have said, in the hands of Millington till 1602, and they were then transferred to Pavier, who retained them till 1626. Millington and Pavier managed between them to monopolise nearly the whole of Shakespeare's disputed plays. Thus Millington had the "First Part of the Contention," the "Chronicle History," and the "True Tragedie," which he transferred to Pavier in 1600 and 1602. In addition to these, Pavier also had "Sir John Oldcastle," "Titus Andronicus," "The Yorkshire Tragedy," "The Puritan," and "Pericles," all of which seem to be suspicious plays, to say the least of them. Again,

Millington, who published these plays in 1594, 1595, and 1600, did not put the name of Shakespeare to them, though it would have been for his advantage to have done so. After the year 1598, none of the undisputed plays of Shakespeare were published without having his name conspicuously inserted on the title,<sup>1</sup> and only three were ever published without his name, two in 1597, and one in 1598, although, between the years 1598 and 1655, forty-four quarto editions appeared with the authorship clearly announced. In 1600, when Millington published the Two Parts of the "Contention" without Shakespeare's name, six undisputed plays were published with his name, and seven disputed plays<sup>2</sup> without; but Pavier was afterwards bolder, and, out of the twenty-four editions of the disputed plays published between the years 1591 and 1635, we find eight with Shakespeare's name. This, however, was after 1609. The probability, therefore, is that the First Part of the "Contention," and the "True Tragedy," were published piratically, and altogether without Shakespeare's authority, if he had any share in them. In 1626, Pavier assigned to Edward Brewster and Robert Birde his right in the disputed plays, and we hear again of the two parts of the "Contention," for the last time, on November 8, 1630, as "Yorke and Lancaster," when they were assigned to Richard Cotes "by Mr Bird and consent of a full court."

The first edition of the "True Tragedy" does not

<sup>1</sup> I except the early editions of "Romeo and Juliet," and the first edition of "Hamlet," for these are not perfect copies, and, in all probability, were published piratically.

<sup>2</sup> Copies of "Sir John Oldcastle," 1600, as Mr Collier informs us, are also found with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, as well as without. This would seem to show that the name of our great dramatist could not always be used indiscriminately.

appear to have been entered at Stationers' Hall, and it is probable that there is a secret history attached to its publication that remains to be unravelled. The first thing that strikes us is its title, and the reason why it was not published as the "Second Part of the Contention" till 1619. It will be remarked that the title-page affirms it to contain "the *whole* contention." Could this have been done for the purpose of deception? We may, however, infer that the amended plays appeared after 1595, and before 1602, or it is probable that the old titles would not have been retained. Perhaps, however, the same argument holds with respect to the edition of 1600, and this would place the date of the amended plays within a very narrow compass. There are some reasons for thinking that the Third Part of Henry VI., in the form in which we now have it, was written before 1598,<sup>1</sup> as, in one of the stage-directions in the first folio, we have Gabriel, an actor, introduced, who, according to Mr Collier, was killed by Ben Jonson in the September of that year. The Third Part of Henry VI. also introduces Sinklo, another actor, in a similar manner, who performed in Tarlton's play of the "Seven Deadly Sins,"<sup>2</sup> and who

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<sup>1</sup> It may one day be found that the allusion to enclosures at Melford is valuable in the question of the chronology of the earlier dramas. It is not unlikely that a dramatist may have alluded to the popular dissatisfaction which enclosures generally produce. The particular allusion may, perhaps, be discovered. As early as 1549, there had been disturbances in that part of the country in consequence of enclosures; but, as I am kindly informed by Mr Almack, of Melford, there is no local tradition respecting it, nor do the parish books, although very ancient, contain anything to the purpose. Perhaps the place is not included in the satire.

<sup>2</sup> Harvey, in his "Foure Letters," 1592, says that Nash's "Pierce Penilesse" was not "dunsically botched vp, but right-formally conueied, according to the stile and tenour of Tarletons president, his famous play of the seauen Deadly sinnes: which

probably, therefore, did not survive the year 1598. It is reasonable to suppose that the editors of the first folio used copies transcribed when those actors performed.

The constant offences against grammar which occur in these early copies may perhaps be another proof that they were not published by authority. For the reasons I have previously stated, very little doubt can be entertained of the fact that Pavier's copies of the older plays were piratically published ; and Shakespeare's name was *for the first time* appended to them in 1619, and not in 1600, probably because the poet was not alive to protect his interests, and in the latter case because he did not acknowledge them for his own. I will now place before the reader certain evidences, before unnoticed, which lead me to think that neither Malone, nor Knight, nor Collier, are exactly right in the results to which they have arrived concerning the authorship of the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*

In a literary point of view, the first edition of the "First Part of the Contention" is far more valuable than the first edition of the "True Tragedy ;" and considering that both are in the same library, it seems rather strange that Mr Knight should have collated the Second Part, and left the more valuable copy.

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most deadly, but most liuely playe, I might haue seene in London, and was verie gently inuited thereunto at Oxford, by Tarleton himselfe." Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, angrily denies any similarity between his book and Tarlton's play. The original "platt of the secound Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns" is given in Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, iii. 348. The exact date of Tarlton's death is not known ; but in the parish register of St Leonard, Shoreditch, for 1588, we have the following entry : "Richard Tarelton was buried the third of September." It also appears from the same register that his residence was in "Haliwel Stret," so called from a famous well in the neighbourhood, but is now generally known as High Street, Shoreditch.

Perhaps, however, this remark is not necessary ; nor should I have alluded to the circumstance, had not Mr Knight written so extensively concerning these plays, that a reasonable doubt might be raised as to where new evidences, properly so called, could exist. To proceed. In the two first editions of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594 and 1600, act i., sc. 2, we read—

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamp't that  
 This, my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in two, and on the ends were plac'd  
 The heads of the Cardinal of Winchester,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

This speech, in the edition of 1619, the only one used by Mr Knight, stands thus :

"This night when I was laid in bed, I dreamt  
 That this my staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in twain ; *by whom, I cannot guess :*  
*But, as I think, by the cardinal.* *What it bodes*  
*God knows ;* and on the ends were plac'd  
 The heads of *Edmund Duke of Somerset,*  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk."

Now let the reader carefully compare these different texts with the passage as corrected in the amended play :

"Methought this staff, mine office-badge in court,  
 Was broke in twain ; by whom, I have forgot,  
 But as I think, it was by the cardinal ;  
 And on the pieces of the broken wand  
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
 And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk,  
 This was my dream : what it doth bode God knows."

The words in italics in the second quotation are those which are common to the editions of 1619 and 1623, but are not found in the earlier impressions of 1594 and 1600. We have thus *an intermediate composition* between the edition of 1594 and the amended play. It will be at once seen that these differences

cannot be the result of emendation, in the way that we account for the differences of the second folio. I will produce another and a stronger instance. In act i., sc. 2, the edition of 1594 has these two lines:

“ But ere it be long, I'll go before them all,  
Despite of all that seek to cross me thus.”

Instead of these two lines, we have a different speech, an elaboration of the other two—

“ I'll come after you, for I cannot go before,  
As long as *Gloster bears this base and humble mind* :  
*Were I a man*, and Protector, as he is,  
I'd reach to th' crown, or make some hop *headless* :  
*And being but a woman*, I'll not [be] behind  
For playing of *my part*, in spite of all  
That seek to cross me thus.”

Again, compare these versions with the amended play:

“ Follow I must : I cannot go before,  
While *Gloster bears this base and humble mind* :  
*Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood*,  
I would remove these tedious stumbling blocks,  
And smooth my way upon their headless necks :  
And, being a woman, I will not be slack  
To play my part in fortune's pageant,”

Here, perhaps, is a still stronger evidence of an intermediate composition, and others of like importance may be seen from the notes. But more than this, the genealogy in act ii., sc. 2, in the edition of 1594, is entirely different from that given in the edition of 1619, and this latter very nearly corresponds with the amended play. It seems from these instances, that it will be a difficult matter to ascertain what really belongs to the first original play. I am inclined to think that there is a good deal of what may be termed the amended play in the two parts of the “Contention,” and, although the evidence to my mind is so strong that Shakespeare was not the author of the whole of these plays, yet it appears little less

than absurd to form an arithmetical computation of what was written by Shakespeare, and what was the work of the author of the original dramas.

There are so many passages in the two plays now reprinted, that seem almost beyond the power of any of Shakespeare's predecessors or contemporaries, perhaps even not excepting Marlowe, that as one method of explaining away the difficulties which attend a belief in Malone's theory, my conjecture that when these plays were printed in 1594 and 1595, *they included the first additions which Shakespeare made to the originals*, does not seem improbable, borne out, as it is, by an examination of the early editions. If I am so far correct, we have yet to discover the originals of the two parts of the "Contention," as well as that of *1 Henry VI*. The well-known passage in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit" proves that Shakespeare was the author of the line :

"O ! tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide,"

before September 3, 1592, and the angry allusion to the "upstart crow, beautified with our feathers," may be best explained by supposing that Shakespeare had then superseded the older play, in which perhaps Greene may have had some very small share. The attempt to generalise this passage fails, for Greene is speaking of Shakespeare as a writer, not as an actor, a point which Mr Knight does not sufficiently consider. But that Greene "parodies a line of his own," as the other critics tell us, is assuming a power in Greene of penning the speech in which that line occurs; and it is only necessary to compare that speech with others in Greene's acknowledged plays, to be convinced that he was not equal to anything of the kind.

When Greene calls our great dramatist "in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country," it is

scarcely possible that he could allude to Shakespeare's power of dramatic arrangement; yet the words imply something of the kind, and we may wish to believe they really do. The notice just quoted is the earliest introduction of Shakespeare in the printed literature of this country, and so valuable an authority is it, that it is unfortunate any dispute or doubt should arise relative to its meaning. That the address in which it is inserted excited much attention at the time, is told by more than one authority;<sup>1</sup> and it probably proved a source of considerable vexation to Shakespeare himself, for shortly after its publication we find Chettle, who edited Greene's tract, apologising for the insertion of the offensive passage. Nash also calls it, "a scald, trivial, lying, pamphlet," but there is no reason for supposing that the last epithet was applied to the part now under consideration. Chettle is enthusiastic. We may believe that he became acquainted with Shakespeare after the publication of Greene's work, and before the appearance of "Kind-Hart's Dreame." He tells us that Shakespeare was "excellent in the quality he professes," that is, as an actor; and had, moreover, a "facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."<sup>1</sup> This was in No-

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<sup>1</sup> And by none more clearly than a curious tract, entitled "Greenes Newes both from *Heauen and Hell*. Prohibited the first for writing of Bookes, and banished out of the last for displaying of *Connycatchers. Commended to the Presse* By B. R. At London, Printed, Anno. Domini. 1593," containing 31 leaves, A to H 3, in fours. This is not by Greene, as Mr Dyce supposes, but perhaps by Barnaby Rich. As authors at that time frequently transposed their initials, if this book were by the same person who wrote "Greenes Funeralls," 1594, these two were perhaps those alluded to in Barnefield's "Cynthia," 12mo. Lond. 1595. "Howsoeuer vndeseruedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue beene the authour of two Books heretofore. I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already: nor will I deny them, because they are dislik't; but because they are not mine."

vember or December 1592. Shakespeare probably had written part of the "True Tragedy" before that time.

There is another passage in "Kind-Harts Dreame," which seems rather at variance with the one just quoted. Chettle, speaking of Greene, says, "of whom, *however some suppose themselves injured*, I have learned to speak, considering he is dead, *nil nisi necessarium*. He was of singular plesance, *the very supporter*, and, *to no man's disgrace be this intended*, the *ONLY* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle here seems to recollect the offence that the "address" had given; he exclaims, "to *no man's* disgrace be *this* intended," he was not wronging Shakespeare in calling Greene "the *only* comedian of a vulgar writer in this country." Chettle professes to say nothing more of Greene than is requisite; this testimony to his merits is given, notwithstanding his alleged friendliness to Shakespeare. He probably alludes to Shakespeare, when he says, "however some suppose themselves injured."<sup>2</sup> Mr Collier think Chettle im-

<sup>1</sup> A copy of "Kind-Harts Dreame," in the Bodleian, which belonged to Burton, and cost him two-pence, reads, "*fati*ous grace in writing, *which approoves his art*." The passage was corrected in passing through the press. A perfect copy of this rare book is preserved in the King's Library in the British Museum. The two copies in the Bodleian Library, in the Burton and Malone collections, want the concluding chapter. Burton's copy has several peculiar readings worthy of notice. Thus at p. 16 of the reprint, we have:—"It were to be wished, if they will not be warned, that, as well the singers, as their supporters, were burned in the tongue, that they might rather be ever utterly mute, than the *triumphers* of so many mischiefs." The word "triumphers," which is clearly wrong, is corrected in Burton's copy to "trumpets." If this book be again reprinted, the editor would do well to notice this and other variations.

<sup>2</sup> In case any one may chance to read the whole in the Percy Society's reprint, it is necessary, for my own sake, to say that this passage is there erroneously given, "however some *may* suppose themselves injured."

plies that Shakespeare had acquired no reputation as an *original* dramatic poet in 1592; and it certainly goes far to prove that his *comic* pieces had not then appeared, or, if they had, had obtained little applause. Our business is now with the histories; and the "First Part of the Contention," and the "True Tragedy," may have been *rifacimenti* by Shakespeare as early as 1592.

When Greene parodied the line in "The True Tragedy," and alluded to the "crow beautified with *our* feathers," it is probable he meant to insinuate that he himself had some share in the composition of the play, which in one state of its reconstruction or amendment by Shakespeare fell under his satire. This probability is considerably strengthened by the following passage in "Greene's Funeralls, By R. B. Gent," 4°. Lond. 1594, a rare tract of twelve leaves, preserved in the Bodleian Library:—

" Greene is the pleasing Object of an eie ;  
 Greene pleasde the eies of all that lookt vpon him.  
 Greene is the ground of euerie Painters die ;  
 Greene gaue the ground to all that wrote vpon him.  
 Nay more the men that so Eclipts his fame,  
 Purloynde his Plumes, can they deny the same."

This is "Sonnet ix." in this rare little volume, which contains the terms "sugred sonnets," afterwards appropriated by Meres to Shakespeare. R. B., whoever he was, may write somewhat in partisanship, but how Nash's indignant rejection of the authorship of the other tract can be held a sufficient reply to this plain statement seems mysterious. Yet so Mr Knight would tell us, and adds that no "great author appeared in the world who was not reputed, in the outset of his career, to be a plagiarist." Was Harriot held a plagiarist, when he promulgated his original theories? Was not his adoption of Vieta's notions discovered afterwards? The cases are nearly parallel,

though there was no Vieta alive to claim the ground-work. We may not care to know who laid the foundation, but surely Greene's words are not to be altogether divested of any intelligible meaning.<sup>1</sup>

The "True Tragedy," as originally composed, was, as we learn from the title-page, played by the Earl of Pembroke's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing. None of Shakespeare's undisputed plays were played by this company. "Titus Andronicus," an earlier drama, also has this external evidence against its authenticity. Mr Collier, indeed, tells that *before 1592*, "a popular play, written for one company, and perhaps acted by that company as it was written, might be surreptitiously obtained by another, having been at best taken down from the mouths of the original performers: from the second company it might be procured by a third, and, after a succession of changes, corruptions, and omissions, it might find its way at last to the press." This, as Mr Knight thinks, entirely overthrows Malone's argument on the point: but the "True Tragedy" was not printed till 1595, and according to Mr Collier, this system probably concluded two years previously. Besides, the title-page would probably exhibit the

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<sup>1</sup> A writer of our own day, and, strange to say, since the publication of Mr Knight's "Essay," has given a gratuitous assertion quite as much the other way. The following announcement will be read with considerable astonishment by those who have paid any attention to this branch of literature. "Shakespeare was just then [1592] rising into notice; and we know from various sources that he was employed in adapting and altering the productions of Nash, Greene, and other unprincipled companions—a circumstance which drew down upon him their hatred and abuse."—*Introduction to the Percy Society's reprint of Kind Heart's Dream*, 8<sup>o</sup>. Lond. 1841, p. xiv. Where are these various sources? Who were the *other* "unprincipled" companions? Shakespeare adapting and altering the productions of Nash!

name of the original company. If Malone is not right, it is very singular that the suspicious account should only appear on the titles of two suspicious dramas.

Passing over Malone's conclusions from inaccuracies and anachronisms, which can hardly be considered safe guides, when we reflect how numerous they are throughout Shakespeare's plays, there is yet one other circumstance worthy of notice, that indirectly associates the name of Greene with the older dramas. In "The First Part of the Contention," mention is made of "Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate." Who Abradas was, does not any where appear, and the only other mention of him that has been discovered is in "Penelopes Web," 4°. Lond. 1588,<sup>1</sup> a tract written by Greene: "I remember, Ismena, that Epicurus measured euery mans dyet by his own principles, and Abradas, the great Macedonian pirate, thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." These coincidences are perhaps more curious than important, but still they appear worth notice. It may likewise be mentioned, as a confirmatory circumstance, that Nash, in his "Apologie," 1593, mentions Greene "being chiefe agent for the companie, for hee writ more than foure other,<sup>2</sup> how well I will not say." If, therefore, Greene

<sup>1</sup> This book was entered, according to a MS. note by Malone, on the Stationers' Registers, by E. Aggas, Jan. 26th, 1587-8, and the book itself, "imprinted at London for T. C. and E. A.," was published that year without a date. Another edition appeared in 1601, which Mr Collier calls "the only known edition," but there is a copy of the *editio princeps* in the Bodleian. See Collier's "Shakespeare," v. 183.

<sup>2</sup> "He that was wont to solicite your mindes with many pleasant conciets, and to fit your fancies at the least euery quarter of the yere, with strange and quaint deuises, best beseeming the season, and most answerable to your pleasures."—Greene's *Newes both from Heaven and Hell*, 1593.

was so intimately connected with the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and Shakespeare not at all, the external evidence, as far as this goes, is strongly in favour of Greene's having had some share in the composition of the "True Tragedy," and, as a matter of course, "the First Part of the Contention."

I have followed Mr Hunter in saying that the allusion to Shakespeare in the "Groatsworth of Wit," entered at Stationers' Hall on September 20th, 1592, is the earliest introduction of our great dramatic poet in the printed literature of this country. If, however, the opinion of Chalmers may be relied on, Gabriel Harvey, in his "Four letters especially touching Robert Greene, and *other parties*, by him abused," 1592, alludes to Shakespeare in the third letter, dated September 9th, 1592, wherein he says: "I speak generally to every springing wit, but more especially to a few: and, at this instant, *singularly*, to one, whom I salute with a hundred blessings." These notices of Shakespeare are, however, digressions in this place, even if they prove that Shakespeare was not popularly known as a dramatic writer before 1592. Chettle's evidence in the same year is almost conclusive with respect to the histrionic powers of Shakespeare; and it would be a curious addition to our poet's history to ascertain whether he performed in the plays now presented to the reader, after they had been altered and amended. There is a well-known epigram by Davies, in his "Scourge of Folly," 1611, p. 76, that has some theatrical anecdote connected with it, now perhaps for ever lost,<sup>1</sup> but which implies that Rowe was not

<sup>1</sup> I do not know the authority for the following anecdote, which appears to illustrate Davies' epigram. "It is well known that Queen Elizabeth was a great admirer of the immortal Shakespeare, and used frequently, as was the custom with persons of great rank in those days, to appear upon the stage before the audience, or to sit delighted behind the scenes, when the

exactly right when he stated that “the top of his performance was the ghost of Hamlet.” Another evidence may be adduced, from Davies’ “Humours Heav’n on Earth,” 8vo. Lond. 1609, p. 208, which has not been yet quoted:—

“ Some followed her [Fortune] by acting all men’s parts,  
 These on a stage she rais’d, in scorn to fall,  
 And made them mirrors by their acting arts,  
 Wherein men saw their faults, though ne’er so small :  
 Yet some she guerdon’d not to their<sup>1</sup> deserts ;  
 But othersome were but ill-action all,  
 Who, while they acted ill, ill stay’d behind,  
 By custom of their manners, in their mind.”

This alludes to Shakespeare and Burbage, as appears from the marginal note; but the inference to be drawn from it is in favour of Shakespeare’s capabilities as an actor. Davies is often rather unintelligible, and the allusion:

plays of our bard were performed. One evening, when *Shakespeare himself was personating the part of a king*, the audience knew of her majesty being in the house. She crossed the stage when he was performing, and, on receiving the accustomed greeting from the audience, moved politely to the poet, but he did not notice it. When behind the scenes, she caught his eye, and moved again, but still he could not throw off his character to notice her: this made her majesty think of some means by which she might know whether he would depart or not from the dignity of his character while on the stage. Accordingly, as he was about to make his exit, she stepped before him, dropped her glove, and recrossed the stage, which Shakespeare noticing, took up with these words, immediately after finishing his speech and so aptly were they delivered, that they seemed to belong to it:—

‘ And though now bent on this high embassy,  
 Yet stoop we to take up our cousin’s glove.’

He then walked off the stage, and presented the glove to the queen, who was greatly pleased with his behaviour, and complimented him upon the propriety of it.”—*Dramatic Table Talk*, 8<sup>o</sup>. Lond. 1825, ii., 156-7.

<sup>1</sup> “W. S., R. B.”—*Marg. note in orig.*

“ Some say, good Will, which I, in sport, do sing,  
Hadst thou not play'd some kingly parts in sport,  
Thou hadst been a companion for a king,  
And been a king among the meaner sort.”

remains to be unravelled. It clearly alludes to some circumstance which took place after the accession of James I.

This digression is not without its use, because it shows that we have good grounds for believing Chettle's testimony to Shakespeare's histrionic merits, and we can the more readily give credence to his assertion that our dramatist possessed a “ facetious grace in writing that approves his art.” If the other passage just quoted, which relates to Greene, proves that Shakespeare was not known as a comic writer as early as 1592, it by no means sufficiently outweighs Chettle's first testimony to make us doubt that Shakespeare had then largely contributed to the two parts of the “ Contention.” Mr Knight tells us repeatedly that if Malone's theory be adopted, Shakespeare was the most unblushing plagiarist that ever put pen to paper. Why so? Did Shakespeare adopt the labours of others as his own? If he had done so, why was his name effaced from the title-page of “ Sir John Oldcastle,” and why was it not inserted on the early editions of the present plays? He would have been essentially a dishonest plagiarist, says Mr Knight. But it was the common custom of the time for dramatists to be engaged to remodel and amplify the productions of others. A reference to Henslowe's Diary will at once establish this fact. In 1601, Decker was paid thirty shillings “ for altering of Fayton;” and, in the following year, we find Ben Jonson paid £10 on account, “ in earnest of a booke called Richard Croockback, and for new adycions for Jeronimo.” According to Mr Knight's theory, Decker, Jonson, and every unfortunate playwright, who complied with

the custom of the time, were “unblushing plagiarists.” The great probability is that the theatre for which Shakespeare wrote had become proprietor of the older plays, and that he made alterations, and added to them when necessary. There was no plagiarism in the case; and perhaps one day it will be discovered that little of the original dramas now remains in the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI.

From Henslowe's Diary it appears that a play called Henry VI. was acted thirteen times in the spring of 1592 by Lord Strange's players who, be it remembered, never performed any of Shakespeare's plays. This is conjectured with great probability to be the First Part of Henry VI. in some state or other of its composition, and the play whose power “embalmed” the bones of “brave Talbot” with the tears of ten thousand spectators. The death-scene of Talbot is, perhaps, the most powerfully-constructed part of the play; our national sympathies have been awakened in his favour, and we pity his woful end: but Nash gives like praise to the contemptible “Famous Victories.” Mr Knight places great reliance on the unity of action in the First Part of the Contention and the first Part of Henry VI. to prove that they were both written by one and the same person; but surely these two plays have neither unity of characterisation, nor unity of style, and the want of these outweighs the unity of action. That there is considerable unity of action, I admit. In some cases, nearly the same expressions occur. Thus, in 1 Henry VI. act iv. sc. 1., King Henry says :

“ Cousin of York, we institute your grace  
To be our regent in these parts of France.”

And in the First Part of the Contention, act i. sc. 1., he says—

“ Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace  
From being regent in the parts of France.”

But I suspect these coincidences, and the evidences of the unity of action, as well also as those scenes which a cursory reader might suppose to have been written for the purposes of continuation, may be attributed to the writer having adopted his incidents out of the old chronicles, where such matters are placed in not very strict chronological arrangement. Thus, in Richard III., the incident of the King sending the Bishop of Ely for strawberries is isolated, adopted in order with the other scenes from the chroniclers, probably Holinshed, and useless for the purposes of continuation. With a discussion on the supposed unity of style I will not occupy these pages. Opinion in this matter is sufficient, for the plays are accessible. Mr Hallam thinks the First Part of Henry VI. might have been written by Greene, and the very opening of the play is in the bombastic style of the older dramatists. Again, with respect to the characterisation, is the Margaret of *i* Henry VI. the Margaret of the First Part of the Contention? Perhaps her character is not sufficiently developed in the first of these to enable us to judge; but, in regard to the characters that are common to both, we may safely decide that not one characteristic of importance is to be found in *i* Henry VI. not immediately derived from the chroniclers. Are we to suppose that Suffolk's instantaneous love was corresponded to by Margaret, or was she only haughty and not passionate when she quietly answers Suffolk in the speech in which she is introduced? I do not mean to assert that there is any inconsistency in her being represented merely haughty in one play, and passionate in the other, for different circumstances would render this very possible; but it is not easy to infer the strict unity of characterisation that is attempted to be established.

If the First Part of Henry VI. were originally written by Shakespeare, and with all these scenes for

the purposes of continuation, as Mr Knight would have us believe, how does Mr Knight account for the appearance of the Second Part of Henry VI. under the title of "The *First* Part of the Contention?" This is a point to which no attention has been given. Two editions of the "First Part of the Contention" were published in 1600 under the old title, but we find that in 1602 their later appellations as parts of Henry VI. had been given them. It seems reasonable to infer that, when Shakespeare remodelled the old plays, and formed the two parts of the "Contention," he had had nothing to do with the old play of Henry VI. mentioned by Henslowe, and had intended the play now called the Second Part of Henry VI. to be the first of his own Series. Afterwards, he might have been employed to make "new adycyons" to the old play of Henry VI. and then the three plays may have been amalgamated into a series, and the old play rendered uniform by scenes written for continuations previously made. Take the First Part of Henry VI. away, and the concluding chorus to Henry V. remains equally intelligible. The "True Tragedy" may also have been called "Edward IV.", and so more naturally the series would have continued with Richard III.

In vain have I looked for any identity of manner in the scene between Suffolk and Margaret in the First Part of Henry VI. and the similar scene in the First Part of the Contention. - But so much stress has been laid on this point, that I beg the reader will here carefully compare them together.

FIRST PART OF HENRY VI., Act v. sc. 3.

"*Suf.* Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*

O fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;

For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers [*kissing her hand*] for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.  
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

*Mar.* Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,  
The king of Naples; whoso'er thou art.

*Suf.* An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.  
Be not offended, nature's miracle,  
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me :  
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,  
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.  
Yet if this servile usage once offend,  
Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[*She turns away as going.*

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;  
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.  
As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,  
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,  
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes."

**FIRST PART OF THE CONTENTION, Act iii. sc. 2.**

*Queen.* Sweet Suffolk, hie thee hence to France,  
For if the king do come, thou sure must die.

*Suf.* And if I go I cannot live: but here to die,  
What were it else,  
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap?  
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,  
As mild and gentle as the new-born babe,  
That dies with mother's dug between his lips.  
Where from thy sight I should be raging mad,  
And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soul,  
That I might breathe it so into thy body,  
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.  
By thee to die, were but to die in jest;  
From thee to die, were torment more than death:  
Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

*Queen.* Oh might'st thou stay with safety of thy life,  
Then should'st thou stay; but heavens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repeal'd.

*Suf.* I go.

*Queen.* And take my heart with thee.

[*She kisses him.*

*Suf.* A jewel lock'd into the wofull'st cask,  
That ever yet contain'd a thing of worth.  
Thus, like a splitted bark, so sunder we;  
This way fall I to death.

*Queen.* This way for me.

[*Exit Suffolk.*  
[*Exit Queen.*"]

Mr Dyce could not have been far wrong, when he excluded the first of these plays from his chronology, as "exhibiting no traces of Shakespeare's peculiar style, and being altogether in the manner of an older school." This judicious writer thinks that it may be attributed either to Marlowe or Kyd, and we are occasionally reminded of the former author. Henslowe's "Diary" lets us a good deal into the prison-house secrets of the relative position between author and manager in those days; we there find that sometimes four writers were occasionally employed on one play; and there seems to be strong internal evidence that the First Part of Henry VI. was not wholly the work of one hand.

Capell, struck with the power of the death-scene of Henry VI., long since decided that it was unquestionably the work of Shakespeare. It is, indeed, a composition in Shakespeare's peculiar style; and it occurs in the "True Tragedy," with only a few verbal alterations, and the omission of five unimportant lines at the commencement. In the same way, the speech beginning:—

"I will go clad my body in gay ornaments,"

is equal, if not superior, in smoothness and power, to a like speech in "Richard III." How can Mr Collier find it in his heart to deprive Shakespeare of these? There is nothing equal to them in the First Part of Henry VI., and little superior to them in the other historical plays. It is, however, worthy of remark, that Meres in 1598 does not mention either Henry VI., or the Contention, which would seem to show that they were not highly estimated even in Shakespeare's own time.

Gildon tells us of a tradition, that Shakespeare, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, said that, "finding the nation generally very ignorant of history, he wrote

plays in order to instruct the people in that particular." This is absurd. "Plays," says Heywood in 1612, "have made the ignorant more apprehensive, taught the unlearned the knowledge of many famous histories, instructed such as cannot read in the discovery of all our English chronicles; and what man have you now of that weak capacity, that cannot discourse of any notable thing recorded even from William the Conqueror, nay, from the landing of Brute, until this day?"<sup>1</sup> Henslowe mentions a play on the subject of William the Conqueror, and there can be little doubt that a complete series once existed, even up to Henry VIII., and perhaps even later. There was little authentic history in those days, and the researches of Cotton and Hayward were not popularly known. Most were content to take the "depraved lies" of the playwrights for truth, and, like the simpleton mentioned by Ben Jonson, prefer them to the sage chroniclers:—

"No, I confess I have it from the play-books,  
And think they are more authentic."

It is ridiculous to talk of Shakespeare having invented an historical drama, that had been gradually growing towards the perfection it reached in his hands from the

<sup>1</sup> "Thirdly, he affirmes that playes have taught the ignorant knowledge of many famous histories. They have indeed made many to know of those histories they never did, by reason they would never take the paines to reade them. But these that know the histories before they see them acted, are ever ashamed, when they have heard what lies the players insert amongst them, and how greatly they deprave them. If they be too long for a play, they make them curtals; if too short, they enlarge them with many fables; and whither too long or too short, they corrupt them with a foole and his bables: whereby they make them like leaden rules, which men will fit to their worke, and not frame their worke to them. So that the ignorant instead of true history shall beare away nothing but fabulous lies."—*A Refutation of the Apology for Actors*, 4°. Lond. 1615, p. 42.

middle of the sixteenth century. Let, therefore, Gildon's tradition be distributed with the other myths that the commencement of the seventeenth century interwove with the little that was then known of Shakespeare's authentic history.

There are other opinions that require notice in this place. It has been conjectured that the "First Part of the Contention" and the "True Tragedy" were not written by the same person, because the account of Clifford's death at the conclusion of the former play varies with that given of the same occurrence at the commencement of the other. The reader will find this mentioned in another place. On the same principle we might conclude that the Second Parts of *Henry IV.* and *Henry VI.* are not by the same hand, because the story of Althea is erroneously told in the first of these plays, and rightly in the second. It is difficult to account for these inconsistencies, but there they are, the *ἀμαρτία κατα συμβεβηκός* of Shakespeare. It seems paradoxical that Shakespeare should at one time remember a well-known classical story, and forget it at another; but these instances illustrate the correctness of Aristotle's definition, and can probably be explained in no other way.

Dr Johnson, who often speaks at random in these matters, asserts that the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* were not written without a *dependence* on the first. Malone has answered him satisfactorily, by saying, "the old play of *Henry VI.* had been exhibited before these were written in any form; but it does not follow from this concession, either that the 'Contention' was written by the author of the former play, or that Shakespeare was the author of these two pieces, as *originally composed*." This is exactly the point to which I would draw the reader's attention. I will leave the unity of action out of the question, because we are not dealing with works of imagination, and

this can be accounted for, as I have previously contended, in the sources from which the incidents are derived. Had there been two Parts to the "Tempest," and the same kind of unity of action, and similar instances of scenes written for the purposes of continuation, the argument would hold in that case, unless it could be shown that these were also to be found in the original romance or drama upon which it was founded. Here there is nothing of the kind. I believe that, with the present evidence, it is impossible to ascertain the exact portions of the two Parts of the "Contention," which were not written by Shakespeare, and belong to the older drama. There is nothing Shakesperian in this :—

" These gifts ere long will make me mighty rich.  
 The duchess she thinks now that all is well,  
 But I have gold comes from another place,  
 From one that hired me to set her on,  
 To plot these treasons 'gainst the king and peers ;  
 And that is the mighty duke of Suffolk.  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my means must work the duchess' fall,  
 Who now by conjurations thinks to rise."

This is one of the most favourable specimens of the rejections. Mr Knight would have us believe that Shakespeare wrote the following speech, and put it into the mouth of Richard, after he had slain Somerset :—

" So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.—  
 What's here, the sign of the Castle?  
 Then the prophecy is come to pass,  
 For Somerset was forewarn'd of castles,  
 The which he always did observe,  
 And now behold, under a paltry alehouse sign,  
 The Castle in St Alban's, Somerset  
 Hath made the wizard famous by his death."

Is there in this one single characteristic of the language which *Shakespeare* gives to Richard? Is there

identity of manner? Is not the style comparatively puerile? Let this and similar passages be given to the author or authors of the orginal play, but let us retain for Shakespeare the parts, that we may fairly judge from comparison to have been beyond the power of those of his contemporaries, whose works have descended to our times.

In these discussions, it ought to be recollected that the works of Shakespeare have met with a better fate than those of most of his contemporaries. There may have been "six Shakespeares in the field" at the time we have been speaking of, and the works of one only been preserved. Few had kind friends like Hemings and Condell to look to the interests of their posthumous reputation. It may be that few deserved such treatment, but we are by no means to decide conclusively, merely because the specimens of their talent which have come down to our time are so vastly inferior to the productions of the great bard. The argument of authorship, as adopted by Mr Knight, is at best but a *reductio ad absurdum*, where *possibilities* exist, that even, if the predicates be proved, two conclusions may be drawn. Supposing we are satisfied that neither Peele, nor Kyd, nor Greene, nor even Marlowe, was equal to any given performance, it does not necessarily follow that there was no one of their contemporaries who was not capable of it, though the presumptive evidence may be in favour of the first position.

J. O. HALLIWELL.

Feb. 22nd, 1843.



## *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Famous Houses of Yorke & Lan- caster, with the death of the good Duke Humphrey.*

—o—

*Enter at one doore, King HENRY the sixt, and HUM-  
PHREY Duke of GLOSTER, the Duke of SOMMER-  
SET, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, Cardinall BEW-  
FORD, and others.*

*Enter at the other doore, the Duke of YORKE, and the  
Marquesse of SUFFOLKE, and Queene MARGARET,  
and the Earle of SALISBURY and WARWICK.*

*Suf.* **A**s by your high imperiall Maiesies com-  
mand,<sup>1</sup>  
I had in charge at my depart for France,  
As Procurator for your excellency,

<sup>1</sup> "This noble company came to the citie of Toures in Tourayne, where they were honorably receiued, bothe of the French kyng, and of the kyng of Scicilie. Wher the Marques of Suffolke, as procurator to kyng Henry, espoused the said Ladie in the churche of saint Martyns. At whiche mariage were present the father and mother of the bride, the Frenche kyng himself, which was uncle to the husbande, and the Frenche quene also, whiche was awnte to the wife. There were also the Dukes of Orleance, of Calaber, of Alaunson, and of Britayn, vij erles, xij barons, xx bishoppes, beside knighthes and gentlemen." —Hall's Chronicle. The historical information in these plays

To marry Princes Margaret for your grace,  
 So in the auncient famous Citie Towres,  
 In presence of the Kings of France & Cyssile,  
 The Dukes of Orleance, Calabar, Brittaine, and Alon-  
 son.<sup>1</sup>

Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, and then the<sup>2</sup> reuerend  
 Bishops,

I did performe my task and was espousde,  
 And now, most humbly on my bended knees,  
 In sight of England and her royll Peeres,  
 Deliuer vp my title in the Queene,  
 Vnto your gratioues excellency, that are the sub-  
 stance

Of that great shadow I did represent :  
 The happiest gift that euer Marquesse gaue,  
 The fairest Queene that euer King possest.

*King.* Suffolke arise.

Welcome Queene Margaret to English Henries  
 Court,

The greatest shew of kindnesse yet we can bestow,  
 Is this kinde kisse : Oh gracious God of heauen,  
 Lend me a heart repleat with thankfulnessse,  
 For in this beautious face thou hast bestowde  
 A world of pleasures to my perplexed soule.

*Queene.* Th' excessiue loue I beare vnto your grace,  
 Forbids me to be lauish of my tongue,  
 Least I should speake more then beseemes a woman :  
 Let this suffice, my blisse is in your liking,

appears to be principally taken from this work, which was published under the title of "The Union of the two noble and illustrate famelies of Lancastre and Yorke," fol. Lond. 1548. Steevens quotes a similar passage from Holinshed, who appears to have borrowed from Hall.

<sup>1</sup> So all the editions ; but the second folio of the amended play omits "and."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "twenty," as well as the amended play ; which latter reading is the correct one, as readily appears from the passage in Hall's "Chronicle" given above.

And nothing can make poore Margaret miserable,  
Vnlesse the frowne of mightie Englands King.

*Kin.* Her lookes did wound, but now her speech  
doth pierce,<sup>1</sup>

Louely Queene Margaret sit down by my side :  
And vnkle Gloster, and you Lordly Peeres,  
With one voice welcome my beloued Queene.

*All.* Long liue Queene Margaret, Englands happi-  
nesse.

*Queene.* We thank you all.<sup>2</sup> [Sound Trumpets.]

*Suf.* My Lord Protector, so it please your grace,  
Here are the Articles confirmde of peace,  
Between our Soueraigne and the French King Charles,  
Till terme of eighteene months be full expirde.

*Hum.* Imprimis, It is agreed betweene the French  
King Charles, and William de la Poule, Marquesse of  
Suffolke, Embassador for Henry King of England,  
that the said Henry shal wed and espouse the Ladie  
Margaret, daughter to Raynard King of Naples,  
Cyssels, and Ierusalem, and crown her Queene of  
England, ere the 30. of the next month.<sup>3</sup>

*Item.* It is further agreed betweene them, that the  
Dutches of Anioy and of Maine,<sup>4</sup> shall be released  
and deliuered ouer to the King her fa.

[*Duke HUMPHREY lets it fall.*]

<sup>1</sup> The word "her" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored again in that of 1619. The amended play reads :

" Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,  
Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys."

<sup>2</sup> The first folio reads "all kneel," an addition omitted by modern editors.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ere the thirty day of the next month."

<sup>4</sup> The amended play in the first instance reads, "and the county of Maine," in accordance with the chronicled accounts; but, when the cardinal repeats this part of the agreement, we find the original form restored as in our text.

*Kin.* How now vnkle, what's the matter that you stay so sodenly.

*Hum.* Pardon my Lord, a sodain qualme came ouer my hart,<sup>1</sup>

Which dimmes mine eyes that I can reade no more.<sup>2</sup>  
Vnkle of Winchester, I pray you reade on.<sup>3</sup>

*Car.* Item, It is further agreed betweene them, that the Duches of Anioy and of Mayne, shall be released and deliured ouer to the King her father, & she sent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper cost and charges without dowry.

*King.* They please vs well,<sup>4</sup> Lord Marquesse kneele downe, We here create thee first Duke of Suffolke, & girt thee with the sword. Cosin of Yorke, We here discharge your grace from being Regent in the parts of France, till terme of 18. months be full expirde. Thankes vnkle Winchester, Gloster, Yorke, and Buckingham, Somerset,<sup>5</sup> Salsbury and Warwicke. We thanke you all for<sup>6</sup> this great fauour done, In entertainment to my Princely Queene,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

<sup>2</sup> The two quarto editions of 1600 read "that I can *see* no more," while the edition of 1619 restores the old reading. The amended play reads—

"Pardon me, gracious Lord,  
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,  
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further."

<sup>3</sup> In the amended play this line is more properly given to King Henry. The edition of 1619 reads very differently :

"My lord of Yorke, I pray do you reade on ;"

and in Pavier's copy the next speech is accordingly given to York. Perhaps the fact of Henry's thanking Winchester first in order may sanction the older reading.

<sup>4</sup> The whole of this speech may be arranged in metre.

<sup>5</sup> The first folio of the amended play entirely omits the word "and," while the second folio changes its position, and places it before "Somerset." Malone follows our text, but Collier and Knight adopt the reading of the first folio.

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "We thanke you for all."

Come let vs in, and with all speed prouide  
To see her Coronation be performde.

[*Exet<sup>1</sup> King, Queene, and SUFFOLKE, and Duke  
HUMPHREY staies all the rest.*

*Hum.* Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the  
state,

To you Duke Humphrey must vnfold his grieve,  
What did my brother Henry toyle himselfe,  
And waste his subiects for to conquere France?  
And did my brother Bedford spend his time  
To keep in awe that stout vnrvly Realme?  
And haue not I and mine vncle Bewford<sup>2</sup> here,  
Done all we could to keep that land in peace?  
And is all our labours then spent in vaine,<sup>3</sup>  
For Suffolke he, the new made Duke that rules the  
roast,

Hath giuen away for our King Henries Queene,  
The Dutches of Anioy and Mayne vnto her father.  
Ah Lords, fatall is this marriage canselling our states,  
Reuersing Monuments of conquered France,  
Vndoing all, as none had nere bene done.

*Car.* Why how now cosin Gloster, what needs this?  
As if our King were bound vnto your will,  
And might not do his will without your leaue,  
Proud Protector, enuy in thine eyes I see,  
The big swoln venome of thy hatefull heart,  
That dares presume<sup>4</sup> agaist that thy Soueraigne  
likes.

<sup>1</sup> The Latinity is barbarous throughout this copy of the play.

<sup>2</sup> Beaufort. The orthography in this old edition probably occasioned Bedford and Beaufort being confused in some editions of the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> "Is" may be a mistake for "are." The edition of 1619 reads, "spent quite in vain."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 have "dare," while that of 1619 restores the old reading. The latter part of this speech is omitted in the amended play.

*Hum.* Nay my Lord<sup>1</sup> tis not my words that troubles<sup>2</sup> you,

But my presence, proud prelate as thou art :  
But ile begone, and giue thee leaue to speake.  
Farewell my Lords, and say when I am gone,  
I prophesied France would be lost ere long.

[*Exet Duke HUMPHREY.*

*Car.* There goes our Protector in a rage,  
My Lords you know he is my great enemy,  
And though he be Protector of the land;  
And thereby couers his deceitfull thoughts,  
For well you see,<sup>3</sup> if he but walke the streets,  
The common people swarme about him straight,  
Crying Iesus blesse your royll excellency,  
With God preserue the good Duke Humphrey.  
And many things besides that are not knowne,  
Which time will bring to light in smooth Duke Humphrey.

But I will after him, and if I can

Ile laie a plot to heauue him from his seate.

[*Exet Cardinall.*

*Buc.* But let vs watch this haughtie Cardinall,  
Cosen of Somerset be rulde by me,  
Weele watch Duke Humphrey and the Cardinall too,  
And put them from the marke they faine would hit.

*Som.* Thanks cosin Buckingham, ioyne thou with  
me,

And both of vs with the Duke of Suffolke,  
Weele quickly heauue Duke Humphrey from his seate.

*Buc.* Content, Come then let vs about it<sup>4</sup> straight,  
For either thou or I will be Protector.

[*Exet BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.*

<sup>1</sup> The 4to. of 1619 reads, "Nay, my Lords," but erroneously.

<sup>2</sup> Probably "trouble."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "For you well see,"

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 omit the word "then." The edition of 1619 agrees with our copy.

*Sal.* Pride went before, Ambition follows after.<sup>1</sup>  
 Whilst these do seeke their owne preferments thus,  
 My Lords let vs seeke for our Countries good,  
 Oft haue I seene this haughtie Cardinall  
 Sweare, and forswere himself, and braue it out,  
 More like a Ruffin then a man of Church.<sup>2</sup>  
 Cosin Yorke,<sup>3</sup> the victories thou hast wonne,  
 In Ireland, Normandie, and in France,  
 Hath wonne thee immortall praise in England.  
 And thou braue Warwicke, my thrice valiant sonne,  
 Thy simple plainnesse and thy house-keeping,  
 Hath wonne thee credit amongst the common sort,  
 The reurence of mine age, and Neuels name,  
 Is of no little force if I command,  
 Then let vs ioyne all three in one for this,  
 That good Duke Humphrey may his state possesse,  
 But wherefore weeps Warwicke my noble sonne.

*War.* For grieve that all is lost that Warwick won.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps in this line there is somewhat of proverbiaality. Steevens quotes the following from Wyntown's "Chronicle":

"Awld men in thare prowerbe sayis,  
*Pryde gays before, and schame alwayis*  
*Followys.*"

And this conjecture is proved by the following passage in Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, which is more similar to the line in our text: "It is a trim thing when Pride, the sonne, goes before, and Shame, the father, followes after."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads—

"More like a ruffian then a man of the church;"

which is worse metre than our edition, although it is adopted by Mr Knight. The amended play reads—

"More like a soldier than a man o' th' church;"

as given in the first two folios of 1623 and 1632. Modern editors write it somewhat differently.

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "brother." York married Cicely, the daughter of Ralph Nevil, Earl of Westmoreland, by Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, dame Catharine Swinford. Richard Nevil, Earl of Salsbury, was son to the Earl of Westmoreland by a second wife. Salsbury and York were, therefore, step brothers.

Sonnes.<sup>1</sup> Anioy and Maine, both giuen away at once  
Why Warwick did win them, & must that then which  
we wonne with our swords,<sup>2</sup> be giuen away with wordes.

*Yorke.* As I haue read, our Kinges of England  
were woont to haue large dowries with their wiues,  
but our King Henry giues away his owne.

*Sal.* Come sonnes away and looke vnto the maine.<sup>3</sup>

*War.* Vnto the Maine, Oh father Maine is lost,  
Which Warwicke by main force did win from France,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 has this word in italics, as giving a separate speech to the remainder, and in this Pavier is followed by Mr Knight. But if so, who were the *sonnes*? who were the speakers? Salsbury cannot by any ingenuity be so called, and why this singular mode? The expression, "Warwick did win them," is not incompatible with the supposition that he himself is speaking. I should rather be inclined to think that *sonnes* in our text is merely a misprint for *sounes*, and then the speech would very naturally run as follows: "Zounds, Anjoy and Maine both given away at once! Why, Warwick did win them! and must that then which we won with our swords be given away with words?" The expression "*we won*" cannot reasonably be considered an argument for one side or the other. The corresponding passage in the amended play is nearly sufficient to establish my position:

"*War.* For grief, that they are past recovery:  
For were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
Anjou and Maine! Myself did win them both;  
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!"

<sup>2</sup> In the amended play we have another jingle, as Johnson styles it, substituted :

"And are the cities, that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words."

<sup>3</sup> This and the next speech are thus altered in the amended play, and will, perhaps, scarcely be thought improved :

"*Sal.* Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

*War.* Unto the main, O father! Maine is lost;  
That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win,  
And would have kept, so long as breath did last:  
Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;  
Which I will win from France, or else be slain."

Maine chance father you meant, but I meant Maine,  
Which I will win from France, or else be slaine.

[*Exet SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* Anioy and Maine, both giuen vnto the French,

Cold newes for me, for I had hope of France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

A day will come when Yorke shall claime his owne,  
And therefore I will take the Neuels parts,  
And make a show of loue to proud Duke Humphrey :  
And when I spie aduantage, claim the Crowne,  
For that's the golden marke I seeke to hit :  
Nor shall proud Lancaster vsurpe my right,  
Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,  
Nor weare the Diademe vpon his head,  
Whose church-like humours fits<sup>1</sup> not for a Crowne :  
Then Yorke be still a while till time do serue,  
Watch thou, and wake when others be a sleepe,  
To prie into the secrets of the state,  
Till Henry surfeiting in ioyes of loue,  
With his new bride, and Englands dear bought queene,  
And Humphrey with the Peeres be falne at iarres,  
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,  
With whose sweete smell<sup>2</sup> the aire shall be perfumde,  
And in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,  
To graffle<sup>3</sup> with the House of Lancaster :  
And force perforce, ile make him yeeld the Crowne,  
Whose bookish rule hath puld faire England downe.

[*Exet YORKE.*<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> So all the editions read. It ought to be "fit."

<sup>2</sup> Grey is rather hypercritical here in saying that "this thought is not exactly just," though Spenser has given the preference to the other colour :

" She bath'd with roses red, and violets blue,  
And all the sweetest flowers that in the forest grew."

<sup>3</sup> The older form of the word. The edition of 1619 reads "grapple."

<sup>4</sup> This and some other stage directions have been omitted by Mr Knight.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and Dame ELLANOR,  
COBHAM his wife.*

*Eln.* Why droopes my Lord like ouer ripened corne,  
Hanging the head at Cearies plenteous loade,  
What seeest thou Duke Humphrey King Henries  
Crown?

Reach at it, and if thine armes be too short,  
Mine shall lengthen it. Art not thou a Prince,<sup>1</sup>  
Vnkle to the King, and his Protector?  
Then what shouldst thou lacke that might content  
thy minde.

*Hum.* My louely Nell, far be it from my heart,  
To thinke of Treasons against my soueraigne Lord,  
But I was troubled with a dreame to-night,  
And God I pray, it do betide no ill.<sup>2</sup>

*Eln.* What drempst my Lord. Good Humphrey  
tell it me,  
And ile interpret it, and when that's done,  
Ile tell thee then, what I did dreame to night.

*Hum.* This night when I was laid in bed, I dreampst  
that

This my staffe mine Office badge in Court, [Sig. B.]  
Was broke in two,<sup>3</sup> and on the ends were plac'd,  
The heads of the Cardinall of Winchester,  
And William de la Poule first Duke of Suffolke.

*Eln.* Tush, my Lord, this signifies nought but this,  
That he that breakes a sticke of Glosters groue,  
Shall for th' offence, make forfeit of his head.  
But now my Lord, Ile tell you what I dreampst,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Art thou not a prince."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "It do betide none ill."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 contains two additional lines and variations:

"Was broke in twaine, by whom I cannot gesse:  
But as I thinke by the Cardinall. What it bodes  
God knowes; and on the ends were plac'd  
The heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,  
And William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke."

Me thought I was in the Cathedrall Church  
 At Westminster, and seated in the chaire  
 Where Kings and Queenes<sup>1</sup> are crownde, and at my  
 feete

Henry and Margaret with a Crowne of gold  
 Stood readie to set it on my Princely head.

*Hum.* Fie Nell. Ambitious woman as thou art,  
 Art thou not second woman in this land,  
 And the Protectors wife belou'd of him,  
 And wilt thou still be hammering treason thus,  
 Away I say, and let me heare no more.

*Eln.* How now my Lord. What angry with your  
 Nell,  
 For telling but her dreame. The next I haue  
 Ile keepe to my selfe,<sup>2</sup> and not be rated thus.

*Hum.* Nay Nell, Ile giue no credit to a dreame,  
 But I would haue thee to thinke on no such things.

*Enters a Messenger.*

*Mess.* And it please your grace, the King and  
 Queene to morrow morning will ride a hawking to  
 Saint Albones, and craues<sup>3</sup> your company along with  
 them.

*Hum.* With all my heart, I will attend his grace :  
 Come Nell, thou wilt go with vs vs<sup>4</sup> I am sure.

[*Exet HUMPHREY.*

*Eln.* Ile come after you, for I cannot go before,  
 But ere it be long,<sup>5</sup> Ile go before them all,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "where *the* kings and  
 queenes," an interpolation omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "Ile keepe it to my selfe."

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps "crave."

<sup>4</sup> So in the original. This evident mistake is corrected in the  
 later editions.

<sup>5</sup> Instead of this and the following line, we have in the edition  
 of 1619—

"As long as Gloster beares this base and humble minde :  
 Were I a man, and protector as he is,

Despight of all that seeke to crosse me thus,  
Who is within there?

*Enter Sir Iohn Hum.* <sup>1</sup>

What sir Iohn Hum, what newes with you?

*Sir Iohn.* Iesus preserue your Maiestie.

*Eln.* My Maiestie. Why man I am but grace.

*Sir Iohn.* I, but by the grace of God & Hums aduise,  
Your graces state shall be aduanst ere long.

*Eln.* What hast thou conferd with Margery Iordaine,<sup>2</sup> the cunning Witch of Ely,<sup>3</sup> with Roger Bulingbrooke and the rest, and will they vndertake to do me good?

*Sir Iohn.* I haue Madame, and they haue promised me to raise a Spirite from depth of vnder grounde,<sup>4</sup> that shall tell your grace all questions you demaund.

*Eln.* Thanks good sir Iohn. Some two days hence  
I gesse

I'de reache to' th' crowne, or make some hop headlesse.

And being but a woman, I le not behinde

For playing of my part, in spite of all that seek to cross me thus."

We should perhaps read "be behinde," a mistake that might very easily have occurred in the printing. In act iv. sc. 4, in the first folio, p. 140, the word "be" is omitted before "be-traid," and is supplied in the edition of 1632.

<sup>1</sup> Priests in Shakespeare's time frequently had the title of "Sir." So "Sir John Evans," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor."

<sup>2</sup> "Nono die Maii [1432], virtute brevis regii domino Waltero Hungerford, constabulario castri regis de Wyndesore directi, conduxit Margeriam Jourdemayn, Johannem Virley clericum, et fratrem Johannem Ashewell, ordinis Sanctæ Crucis Londoniæ, nuper custodiæ suæ pro sorcerye in dicto castro commissos, usque Concilium regis apud Westmonasterium, et ibidem, de mandato Dominorum de Concilio, deliberavit dictam Margeriam, Johannem, et fratrem Johannem domino cancellario, et exoneratus est de cætero de eorum custodia."—Rymer's "Fædera," vol. x. p. 505.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "Rye," while Mr Knight follows history in reading "Eye."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "from the depth of vnder grounde."

Will fit our time, then see that they be here :  
 For now the King is ryding to Saint Albones,  
 And all the Dukes and Earles along with him,  
 When they be gone, then safely they may come,<sup>1</sup>  
 And on the backside of my Orchard heere,  
 There cast their Spelles in silence of the night,  
 And so resolute vs<sup>2</sup> of the thing we wish,  
 Till when, drinke that for my sake, And so farewell.

[Exet Elnor.

*Sir John.* Now sir John Hum,<sup>3</sup> No words but mum.<sup>4</sup>  
 Seale vp your lips, for you must silent be,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "then safely may they come."

<sup>2</sup> The word "vs" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, and restored in that of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> This seems to be intended to rhyme with the first part of the line, although in the amended play we have "Hume" instead of "Hum," an alteration which Mr Knight has inadvertently admitted in his "Library Shakespeare," vol. vi. p. 124.

<sup>4</sup> The following account by Hall of the detection of the Duchess of Gloucester is nearer the description given in the text than that related by any other chronicler: "Thys yere, dame Elyanour Cobham, wyfe to the sayd duke, was accused of treason, for that she, by sorcery and enchauntment, intended to destroy the kyng, to thentent to advaunce and promote her husbande to the croune : upon this she was examined in saint Stephens chappell, before the Bishop of Canterbury, and there by examinacion convict and judged, to do open penaunce, in iii open places within the citie of London, and after that adjudged to perpetuall prisone in the Isle of Man, under the kepyng of sir Ihon Stanley, knight. At the same season wer arrested as ayders and counsaylers to the sayde Duchesse, Thomas Southwell, priest and chanon of sainte Stephens in Westmynster, Jhon Hum preest, Roger Bolynbroke, a conyng nycromancier, and Margerie Jourdayne, surnamed the witche of Eye, to whose charge it was layed, that thei, at the request of the duchesse, had devised an image of waxe presenting the kyng, whiche by their sorcery, a litle and litle consumed, entenyng therby in conclusion to waist and destroy the kynges person, and so to bryng hym to death ; for the which treason, they wer adjudged to dye, and so Margery Jourdayne was brent in Smithfelde, and Roger Bolinbroke was drawen and quartered at Tiborne, tayking upon his death, that there was never no suche thyng by them ymagened ; Ihon Hum

These gifts ere long will make me mightie rich,  
 The Duches she thinkes now that all is well,  
 But I haue gold comes from another place,  
 From one that hyred me to set her on,  
 To plot these Treasons against the King and Peeres,  
 And that is the mightie Duke of Suffolke.  
 For he it is, but I must not say so,  
 That by my meanes must worke the Duches fall,  
 Who now by Cuniurations thinkes to rise.<sup>1</sup>  
 But whist sir Iohn, no more of that I trow,  
 For feare you lose your head before you goe. [Exet.

*Enter two Petitioners, and PETER the Armourers man.*

1. *Pet.* Come sirs let vs<sup>2</sup> linger here abouts<sup>3</sup> a while,

Vntill my Lord Protector come this way,  
 That we may show his grace our seuerall causes.

2. *Pet.* I pray God sauе the good Duke Humphries life,<sup>4</sup>

For but for him a many were vndone,

had his pardon, and Southwell dyed in the toure before execu-  
 tion." Southwell is introduced by the author of the amended  
 play, so it is probable that he may have referred again to this  
 chronicle as well as to the original drama. Grafton (p. 587)  
 gives the same information as Hall. See also Higden's "Poly-  
 chronicon," translated by Trevisa, lib. ult. cap. 27. With respect  
 to the "image of waxe," it is observed by King James I., in his  
 "Dæmonology," that "the devil teacheth how to make pictures  
 of wax or clay, that, by roasting thereof, the persons that they  
 bear the name of may be continually melted, or dried away by  
 continual sickness."—See Dr Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeare,"  
 vol. ii. p. 18.

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "raise." The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "lets."

<sup>3</sup> The genuine old form of the word. Mr Knight alters it to "hereabout."

<sup>4</sup> The word "Duke" is accidentally omitted in the two editions of 1600.

That cannot get<sup>1</sup> no succour in the Court,  
But see where he comes with the Queene.

*Enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE with the Queene, and they take him for Duke HUMPHREY, and giues<sup>2</sup> him their writings.*

1. *Pet.* Oh we are vndone, this is the Duke of Suffolke.

*Queene.* Now good-fellowes, whom would you speak withall?

2. *Pet.* If it please your Maiestie, with my Lord Protectors Grace.

*Queene.* Are your sutes to his grace. Let vs see them first,

Looke on them my Lord of Suffolke.

*Suf.* A complaint against the Cardinals man.  
What hath he done?

2. *Pet.* Marry my Lord, he hath stole<sup>3</sup> away my wife, And th' are gone togither, and I know not where to finde them.

*Suf.* Hath he stole thy wife, thats some iniury indeed.

But what say you?

*Peter Thump.<sup>4</sup>* Marry sir I come to tel you that my maister said, that the Duke of Yorke was true heire vnto the Crowne,<sup>5</sup> and that the King was an vsurer.

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "That can get no succour," and the quarto of 1619 reads "They cannot get."

<sup>2</sup> Probably "glue."

<sup>3</sup> In this, and Suffolk's next speech, the two editions of 1600 read "stolne."

<sup>4</sup> Mr Collier calls him "Hump;" but, if so written in the early copies to which he has referred, it is an error; for that "Thumpe" is correct may be seen from the pun that Salisbury makes on his name. Mr Collier's reading was probably occasioned by one of the prefixes of Gloster's speeches, as where "Hump" occurs for "Humphrey."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "true heire to the crown."

*Queene.* An vsurper thou woudls say.

*Peter.* I forsooth an vsurper.

*Queene.* Didst thou say the King was an vsurper?

*Peter.* No forsooth, I saide my maister<sup>1</sup> saide so, th' other day when we were scowring the Duke of Yorks Armour in our garret.

*Suf.* I marry this is something like,  
Whose within there?

*Enter one or two.*

Sirra take in this fellow<sup>2</sup> and keepe him close,  
And send out a Purseuant for his maister straight,  
Weele here more of this<sup>3</sup> before the king.

[*Exet with the Armourers man.*

Now sir what yours<sup>4</sup> Let me see it,  
Whats here?

A complaint against the Duke of Suffolke for enclosing  
the commons of long Melford.

How now sir knaue.

1. *Pet.* I beseech your grace to pardon me, me,<sup>5</sup> I  
am but a Messenger for the whole town-ship.

[*He teares the papers.*<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The folio reads "mistress," with other alterations. Tyrwhitt's emendation of "master" is confirmed by this edition of the sketch. The error was probably occasioned by "master" having been denoted in the MS. from which the amended play was printed merely by the letter M.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Sirra take this fellow."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Weele heere more of this thing."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 and the edition of 1619 read, "Now, sir, what's yours."

<sup>5</sup> This repetition is probably an error of the press. It does not occur in the edition of 1619.

<sup>6</sup> In the amended play this is as follows: "Teare the Suppli-cation." Modern editors alter this; but it is a matter of very little consequence.

*Suf.* So now show your petitions<sup>1</sup> to Duke Humphrey.

Villaines get you gone<sup>2</sup> and come not neare the Court,  
Dare the peasants write against me thus.

[*Exet Petitioners.*]

*Queene.* My Lord of Suffolke, you may see by this,  
The Commons loues<sup>3</sup> vnto that haughtie Duke,  
That seekes to him more then to King Henry :  
Whose eyes are alwaies poring on his booke,  
And nere regards the honour of his name,  
But still must be protected like a childe,  
And gouerned by that ambitious Duke,  
That scarce will moue his cap nor speake to vs,<sup>4</sup>  
And his proud wife, high minded Elanor,  
That ruffles it with such a troupe of Ladies,  
As strangers in the Court takes her for the Queene.<sup>5</sup>  
The other day she wanted to her maides,  
That the very traine of her worst gowne,  
Was worth more wealth then all my fathers lands,  
Can any griefe of minde be like to this.  
I tell thee Poull, when thou didst runne at Tilt,  
And stolst away our Ladaies heart in France,  
I thought King Henry had bene like to thee,  
Or else thou hadst not brought me out of France.

*Suf.* Madame content your selfe a little while,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Show your petition." The edition of 1619 follows our text.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Villaines get ye gone," and the same alteration occurs in other instances.

<sup>3</sup> Probably "loue," as we have "seekes" in the next line for the verb.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "to speake to vs."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "take her for queene." The same edition has the following line immediately following this, which is not in the earlier copies—

" She beares a dukes whole reuennewes on her backe ; "

which line, with the omission of the word "whole," occurs in the amended play.

As I was the cause of your comming to England,<sup>1</sup>  
 So will I in England worke your full content :  
 And as for proud Duke Humphrey and his wife,  
 I haue set lime-twigs that will intangle them,  
 As that your grace ere long shall vnderstand.  
 But staie Madame, here comes the King.

*Enter King HENRY, and the Duke of YORKE and the Duke of SOMERSET on both sides of the King, whispering with him, and enter<sup>2</sup> Duke HUMPHREY, Dame ELNOR, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Earle of SALSBURY, the Earle of WARWICKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHESTER.*

*Kin.* My Lords I care not who be Regent in France, or York, or Somerset, alls wonne to me.<sup>3</sup>

*Yorke.* My Lord, if Yorke haue ill demeande himselfe,

Let Somerset enioy his place and go to France.

*Som.* Then whom your grace thinke<sup>4</sup> worthie, let him go,

And there be made Regent ouer the French.

*War.* Whom soeuer you account worthie, Yorke is the worthiest.

*Car.* Pease Warwicke. Giue thy betters leaue to speake.

*War.* The Cardinals not my better in the field.

*Buc.* All in this place are thy betters farre.

*War.* And Warwicke may liue to be the best of all,<sup>5</sup>

*Queene.* My Lord in mine opinion, it were best that Somerset were Regent ouer France.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "your comming into England."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "then entereth."

<sup>3</sup> This of course means "all's one to me." This extraordinary instance of Henry's apathy and indifference is repeated in the amended play.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "thinkes."

<sup>5</sup> The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619, but is found in the amended play.

*Hum.* Madame our King is old inough<sup>1</sup> himself,  
To giue his answere without your consent.

*Queene.* If he be old inough, what needs your grace  
To be Protector ouer him so long.

*Hum.* Madame I am but Protector ouer<sup>2</sup> the land,  
And when it please his grace, I will resigne my charge.

*Suf.* Resigne it then, for since that thou wast king,<sup>3</sup>  
As who is King but thee. The common state  
Doth as we see, all wholly go to wracke,  
And Millions of treasure hath bene spent,  
And as for the Regentship of France.

I say Somerset is more worthie then Yorke.

*Yorke.* Ile tell thee Suffolke why I am not worthie,  
Because I cannot flatter as thou canst.

*War.* And yet the worthie deeds that York hath  
done,  
Should make him worthie to be honoured here.

*Suf.* Peace headstrong Warwicke.

*War.* Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

*Suf.* Because here is a man accusde of Treason,  
Pray God the Duke of Yorke do cleare himselfe.  
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

<sup>1</sup> "Onr" is a misprint in the original for "our." The two editions of 1600 read, "bold enough" instead of "old enoughe," which is a mistaken alteration. Hall thus describes the Queen's impatience under the authority of the Protector: "This woman, perceiving that her husband did not frankly rule as he would, but did all things by the advice and counsel of Humphrey Duke of Gloster, and that he passed not much on the authority and governance of the realm, determined with herself to take upon her the rule and regiment both of the king and his kingdom, and to deprive and evict out of all rule and authority the said duke, then called the lord protector of the realm: lest men should say and report that she had neither wit nor stomach, which would permit and suffer her husband, being of perfect age and man's estate, like a young scolar or innocent pupil to be governed by the disposition of another man."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "thou wast a king."

*Enter the Armourer and his man.*

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his maister of high Treason, And his words were these.

That the Duke of Yorke was lawfull heire vnto the Crowne, and that your grace was an vsurper.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment the law will afford, for his villany.

*Kin.* Come hether fellow, didst thou speake these words?

*Arm.* Ant shall please your Maiestie, I neuer said any such matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villain here.

*Peter.* Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

*Yorke.* I beseech your grace, let him haue the law.

*Arm.* Alasse my Lord,<sup>1</sup> hang me if euer I speake<sup>2</sup> the words, my accuser is my prentise, & when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees that he would be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore I beseech your Maiestie<sup>3</sup> do not cast away an honest man for a villaines accusation.

*Kin.* Vnkle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

*Hum.* The law my Lord is this by case,<sup>4</sup> it rests suspitious,

That a day of combat be appointed,  
And there to trie each others right or wrong,  
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600 reads, " master."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "If euer I speake these words." The edition of 1619 corresponds with our text.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, " I beseech your worship."

<sup>4</sup> The comma ought to be inserted after "this," and left out after "case." The passage is obscure. Mr Knight reads "because," a sufficiently plausible conjecture.

<sup>5</sup> This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight. The period of action of this and the first scene of

With Eben staues, and Standbags<sup>1</sup> combatting  
In Smythfield, before your Royall Maiestie.

[Exet HUMPHREY.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alasse my Lord, I am not able to fight.<sup>2</sup>

Suf. You must either fight sirra or else be hangde :  
Go take them hence againe to prison.

[Exet with them.

[The Queene lets fall her gloue,<sup>3</sup> and hits the  
Duches of GLOSTER a boxe on the eare.

Queene. Giue me my gloue. My Minion can you  
not see? [She strikes her.

I cry you mercy Madame, I did mistake,  
I did not thinke it had bene you.

Eln. Did you not proud French-woman.

Could I come neare [your daintie vissage with my  
nayles,

Ide set my ten commandments<sup>4</sup> in your face.

Kin. Be patient gentle Aunt.

It was against her will.

Eln. Againstther will. Good King sheele dandle thee,

the amended play differ. The month alluded to in the present passage is April; for when Gloster reads the agreement, he says, "ere the 30. of the next month," meaning May, as we learn from the amended play. The first three scenes of the Second Part of Henry VI. are supposed to take place in March, for King Henry, alluding to the same circumstance, says—

"Away with them to prison ; and the day  
Of combat shall be *the last of the next month.*  
Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away."

<sup>1</sup> Probably "sandbags."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I am not able for to fight." The amended play reads, "I cannot fight."

<sup>3</sup> In the amended play the Queen drops a *fan*, not a *glove*.

<sup>4</sup> The nails. So in "Westward Hoe," 1607, "your harpy has set his ten commandments on my back." Quoted by Steevens, together with another quotation to the same effect. The amended play reads, "I could set," but modern editors adopt the reading of our text.

If thou wilt alwaies thus be rulde by her.  
 But let it rest. As sure as I do liue,  
 She shall not strike dame Elnor vnreuengde,

[*Exet* ELNOR.]

*Kin.* Beleeue me my loue, thou wart much to blame,  
 I would not for a thousand pounds of gold,  
 My noble vnckle had bene here in place.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

But see where he comes, I am glad he met her not.  
 Vnckle Gloster, what answer makes your grace  
 Concerning our Regent for the Realme of France,  
 Whom thinks your grace is meetest for to send.

*Hum.* My gratioues Lord, then this is my resolute,  
 For that these words the Armourer should speake,<sup>1</sup>  
 Doth breed suspition on the part of Yorke,  
 Let Somerset be Regent ouer <sup>2</sup> the French,  
 Till trialls made, and Yorke may cleare himselfe.

*Kin.* Then be it so <sup>3</sup> my Lord of Somerset.  
 We make your grace Regent ouer the French,  
 And to defend our rights <sup>4</sup> against forraine foes,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read :

"For that these words the Armourer doth speake."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ore."

<sup>3</sup> This and the next line are introduced by Theobald into the amended play, but unnecessarily. He says that, "without them, the king has not declared his assent to Gloster's opinion;" but the same may be said of the armourer's reply, which is introduced immediately afterwards from an earlier part of the old play. Mr Collier and Mr Knight reject Theobald's addition. Indeed, as Mr Knight justly observes, "the scene as it stands [in the amended play] is an exhibition of the almost kingly authority of Gloster immediately before his fall." Something, however, may be wanting, unless we suppose that Henry is treated even with less deference than usual. Malone supposes that Henry's assent might be expressed by a nod. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 129.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "right."

And so do good vnto the Realme of France.  
 Make hast my Lord, tis time that you were gone,  
 The time of Truse I thinke is<sup>1</sup> full expirde,

*Som.* I humbly thanke your royll Maiestie,  
 And take my leaue to poste with speed to France.

[*Exet SOMERSET.*]

*Kin.* Come vnckle Gloster, now lets haue our  
 horse,  
 For we will to Saint Albones presently,  
 Madame your Hawke they say, is swift of flight,  
 And we will try how she will flie to day.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter ELNOR, with sir IOHN HUM, KOGER<sup>2</sup> BULLEN-  
 BROKE a Coniurer and MARGERY IOURDAINE a  
 Witch.*

*Eln.* Here sir Iohn, take this scrole of paper here,  
 Wherein is writ the questions you shall aske,  
 And I will stand vpon this Tower here,  
 And here the spirit what it saies to you,  
 And to my questions, write the answeres downe.

[*She goes up to the Tower.*]

*Sir John.* Now sirs begin and cast your spels  
 about,  
 And charme the fiendes for to obey your wils,  
 And tell Dame Elnor of the thing she askes.

*Witch.* Then Roger Bullinbrooke about thy taske,  
 And frame a Cirkle here vpon the earth,  
 Whilst I thereon all prostrate on my face,  
 Do talke and whisper with the diuels be low,  
 And coniure them for to obey my will.

*She lies downe upon her face.*  
*BULLENBROOKE makes a Cirkle.*

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "is I thinke."

<sup>2</sup> A mistake in the original copy for "Roger."

*Bul.* Darke Night, dread Night, the silence of the Night.<sup>1</sup>

Wherein the Furies maske in hellish troupes,  
Send vp I charge you from Sosetus lake,<sup>2</sup>  
The spirit Askalon to come to me,  
To pierce the bowels of this Centricke earth,  
And hither come in twinkling of an eye,  
Askalon, Assenda, Assenda.<sup>3</sup>

[*It thunders and lightens, and then the spirit riseth vp.*]

*Spirit.* Now Bullenbrooke what wouldest thou haue me do?

*Bul.* First of the King, what shall become of him?

*Spirit.* The Duke yet liues that Henry shall depose,

But him out liue,<sup>4</sup> and dye a violent death.

*Bul.* What fate awayt<sup>5</sup> the Duke of Suffolke.

*Spirit.* By water shall he die<sup>6</sup> and take his ende.

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads :

“Deep night, dark night; the silent of the night;”

in which place the word *silent* is a noun. Fletcher, in the “Faithfull Shepherdess,” writes—

“Through-still silence of the night,  
Guided by the glow-worm’s light.”

<sup>2</sup> Sosetus, or rather Cocytus, is one of the rivers in the kingdom of his Satanic majesty. In Nash’s “Pierce Penilesse,” the devil is called “Marquesse of Cocytus.” See Mr Collier’s edition, p. 13.

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read “Askalon, ascenda, ascenda.” Ascalon is mentioned by Scott as one of the inferior devils. It may be a question whether these words are corruptions of Latin or English.

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read “Yet him out liue.”

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, “What fate awaits.” The first folio reads, “What fates await.”

<sup>6</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “By water he shall die.”

*Bul.* What shall betide the Duke of Somerset?

*Spirit.* Let him shun Castles, safer shall he be  
vpon the sandie plaines, then where Castles mounted  
stand.<sup>1</sup>

Now question me no more, for I must hence againe.<sup>2</sup>  
[He sinks downe againe.]

*Bul.* Then downe I say, vnto the damned poule.  
Where Pluto in his firie Waggon sits.  
Ryding amidst the singde and parched smoakes,  
The Rode of Dytas by the Riuier Stykes,<sup>3</sup>  
There howle and burne for euer in those flames,  
Rise Iordaine rise, and staie thy charming Spels.  
Sonnes,<sup>4</sup> we are betraide.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and others.*

*Yorke.* Come sirs, laie hands on them, and bind  
them sure,

<sup>1</sup> The word, "then," is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but restored in that of 1619. Steevens quotes, without reference, the following prophecy from an old chronicle, which is very similar to this :

"Safer shall he be on sand,  
Than where castles mounted stand."

<sup>2</sup> It was anciently believed that spirits, who were raised by incantations, remained above ground only for a limited time, and answered questions with reluctance. In the amended play, the spirit says, after the same answer :

"Have done, for more I hardly can endure."

The same observations may be made with regard to the prophecies told to Macbeth.

<sup>3</sup> *Dytas* is written by mistake for *Ditis*, the genitive case of *Dis*, which is occasionally used instead of the nominative by writers of the time. The genitive would, however, have been required in the Latin construction of the sentence. It is almost unnecessary to say that it means Pluto. So in Drant's *Horace*, 1567 :

"Made manye soules lord *Ditis* hall to seeke."

<sup>4</sup> A mistake in the original copy for "sounes." It is corrected in the later impressions.

This time was well watcht.<sup>1</sup> What Madame are you there?

This will be great credit for your husband,  
That you are<sup>2</sup> plotting Treasons<sup>3</sup> thus with Cun-  
iurers,

The King shall haue notice<sup>4</sup> of this thing.

[*Exet Elnor aboue.*

*Buc.* See here my Lord what the diuell hath  
writ.

*Yorke.* Giue it me my Lord, Ile show it to the  
King.

Go sirs, see them fast lockt in prison.

[*Exet with them.*

*Buc.* My Lord, I pray you let me go post vnto the  
King,

Vnto S. Albones, to tell this newes.

*Yorke.* Content. Away then, about straight.

*Buc.* Farewell my Lord. [*Exet BUCKINGHAM.*

*Yorke.* Whose within there?

*Enter one.*

*One.* My Lord.

*Yorke.* Sirrha, go will the Earles of Salsbury<sup>5</sup> and  
Warwicke, to sup with me to night. [*Exet YORKE.*

*One.* I will my Lord. [*Exet.*

<sup>1</sup> A similar expression occurs in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," act v. sc. 5.

<sup>2</sup> So in the original, but corrected in the later impressions to "that you are."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Treason."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "The King shall haue a notice," which addition is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "go will the Earle of Salsbury." I scarcely understand the meaning of the conversation as it here stands, and think there is some error. Perhaps we should read "invite" for "go will," or else we must suppose the servant to understand an unusual phraseology.

*Enter the King and Queene with her Hawke on her fist,<sup>1</sup>  
and Duke HUMPHREY and SUFFOLKE, and the  
Cardinall, as if they came from hawking.*

*Queene.* My Lord, how did your grace like this  
last flight?

But as I cast her off the winde did rise,  
And twas ten to one, old Ione had not gone  
out.<sup>2</sup>

*Kin.* How wonderful the Lords workes are on  
earth,

Euen in these silly creatures of his hands,  
Vnckle Gloster, how hie your Hawke did sore?  
And on a sodaine soust the Partridge downe.

*Suf.* No maruell if it please your Maiestie  
My Lord Protectors Hawke done towre so  
well.<sup>3</sup>

He knowes his maister loues to be aloft.

*Hum.* Faith my Lord, it is but a base minde  
That can sore no higher then a Falkons pitch.

<sup>1</sup> This minute stage direction, as Mr Collier observes, is omitted in the amended play. It shows the particularity with which such matters were sometimes attended to on our old stage, and as an ocular proof to the audience that the royal party were engaged in hawking. (Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 133.)

<sup>2</sup> See Boswell's Malone, vol. xviii. p. 203. "Out of sight," I suppose, is understood; but Percy explains it thus: "the wind was so high, it was ten to one that old Jone would not have taken her flight at the game."

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 and that of 1619 read, "doe towre so well." The amended play also agrees with this emendation. The three next lines are thus given in the edition of 1619.

"They know their master sores a faulcon's pitch.

*Hum.* Faith, my lord, it's but a base minde,  
That sores no higher than a bird can sore."

There seems to be some strange confusion in the differences between these two readings and the text of the amended play: but see the "Introduction" to this volume.

*Car.* I thought your grace would be aboue the  
cloudes.<sup>1</sup>

*Hum.* I my Lord Cardinall, were it not good  
Your grace could flie to heauen.

*Car.* Thy heauen is on earth, thy words and  
thoughts beat on a Crowne,<sup>2</sup> proude Protector dan-  
gerous Peere, to smooth it thus with King and com-  
mon-wealth.

*Hum.* How now my Lord, why this is more then  
needs,

Church-men so hote. Good vnkle can you doate.<sup>3</sup>

*Suf.* Why not Hauing so good a quarrell & so bad  
a cause.

*Hum.* As how, my Lord?

*Suf.* As you my Lord. And it like<sup>4</sup> your Lordly  
Lords Protectorship.

*Hum.* Why Suffolke, England knowes thy insol-  
ence.

*Queene.* And thy ambition Gloster.

*Kin.* Cease gentle Queene, and whet not on these

<sup>1</sup> The first folio thus reads: "I thought as much, hee world  
bee aboue the clouds." Modern editors generally read "he'd;"  
but Mr Knight restores the old reading.

<sup>2</sup> An image taken from falconry. A hawk was said to *beat*  
when it fluttered with his wings. A similar phrase, without the  
comparison, occurs in Lylly's "Maid's Metamorphosis," 1600, as  
quoted by Steevens:

"With him whose restless thoughts do beat on thee."

The words, "bate" and "abate," as applied to this diversion,  
are more particularly explained in "The Booke of Hawking,"  
MS. Harl. 2340. In the "Tempest," act i. sc. 2, Miranda uses  
a somewhat similar expression, and Prospero also in act v.  
sc. i.

<sup>3</sup> This is intelligible enough, though the edition of 1619 alters  
"doate" to "do't," in which it is followed by Mr Knight.  
See the notes of the commentators on the corresponding passage  
of the amended play.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and t'like."

furious Lordes<sup>1</sup> to wrath, for blessed are the peace-makers on earth.<sup>2</sup>

*Car.* Let me be blessed for the peace I make,  
Against this proud Protector with my sword.

*Hum.* Faith holy vnckle, I would it were come to  
that.

*Car.* Euen when thou darest.

*Hum.* Dare. I tell rhee<sup>3</sup> Priest, Plantagenets  
could neuer brooke the dare.

*Car.* I am Plantagenet as well as thou, and sonne  
to Iohn of Gaunt.

*Hum.* In Bastardie.

*Car.* I scorne thy words.

*Hum.* Make vp no factious numbers, but euen in  
thine own person meete me at the East end of the  
groue.<sup>4</sup>

*Car.* Heres my hand, I will.

*Kin.* Why how now my Lords?

*Car.* Faith Cousin Gloster, had not your man cast

<sup>1</sup> This speech may be arranged as verse. The first folio of the amended play reads :

“I prythee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.”

But the second folio of 1632 reads :

“I prethee peace, good queene,  
And whet not on these too-too furious peeres,  
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.”

<sup>2</sup> See St Matthew, v. 9, “Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

<sup>3</sup> A mistake in the original copy for “thee.” It is corrected in the later impressions.

<sup>4</sup> In the amended play the place of meeting is first appointed by the cardinal, and afterwards repeated by Gloucester. The present passage shows that there is no necessity for Theobald’s emendation, who would give the repetition of the appointment to the cardinal.

off so soone we had had more sport to day, Come with thy swoord and buckler.

*Hum.* Faith Priest,<sup>1</sup> Ile shaue your Crowne.

*Car.* Protector, protect thy selfe well.

*King.* The wind growes high, so doth your chollour  
Lords.

*Enter one crying, A miracle, a miracle.<sup>2</sup>*

How now, now sirrha, what miracle is it?

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "God's mother, priest," which agrees with the amended play. This is singular, these two editions having been published after the prohibitory statute, and the other before.

<sup>2</sup> This repetition does not occur in the two editions of 1600. This scene is founded on the following story, related by Sir Thomas More, and which he says was communicated to him by his father: "I remember me that I have hard my father tell of a begger that, in Kyng Henry his daies the sixt, cam with his wife to saint Albonis. And there was walking about the towne begging a five or six dayes before the kinges commynge thither, saienghe that he was borne blinde, and never sawe in hys lyfe. And was warned in hys dreame that he shoulde come out of Berwyke, where he said he had ever dwelled, to seek saynt Albon, and that he had ben at his shryne, and had not bene holpen. And therfore he woulde go seke hym at some other place, for he had hard some say sins he came, that saint Albonys body shold be at Colon, and indeede such a contencion hath ther ben. But of troth, as I am surely informed, he lieth here at Saint Albonis, saving some reliques of him, which thei there shew shrinde. But to tell you forth, whan the kyng was comen, and the towne full, sodainly thys blind man at Saint Albonis shrine had his sight agayne, and a myracle solemply rongen, and *te Deum* songen, so that nothyng was talked of in al the towne but this myracle. So happened it than that Duke Humfry of Gloucester, a great wyse man and very wel lerned, having great joy to see such a myracle, called the pore man unto hym. And first shewing hymselfe joyouse of Goddes glory as shewd in the gettinge of his sight, and exortinge hym to mekenes, and to none ascribing of any part the worship to himselfe, nor to be proved of the peoples prayse, which would call hym a good and a godly man therby. At last he loked well upon his eyen, and asked whyther he could never se nothing at al in al his life before. And whan as well his wyfe as himself affermed falsely no, than he loked advisedly upon his eien

One. And it please your grace, there is a man that came blinde to S. Albones, and hath receiued his sight at his shrine.<sup>1</sup>

again, and said, I beleve you very wel, for me thinketh that ye cannot se well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he, I thanke God and his holy marter, I can se nowe as well as any man. Ye can, quoth the duke ; what colour is my gowne? Than anone the begger tolde him. What coloure, quoth he; is this mans gowne? He told him also, and so forth, without any sticking, he told him the names of al the colours that coulde bee shewed him. And whan my lord saw that, he bad him walke faytoure, and made him be set openly in the stockes. For though he could have sene soudeny by miracle, the dyfference betweene divers colours, yet coulde he not by the syght so sodenly tell the names of all these colours, but if he had knownen them before, no more than the names of al the men that he should sodenly se."—*The Workes of Sir Thomas Moore*, 1557, p. 134. The similarity between the last part of this account, and that in our text, will be immediately perceived. The following account is given in Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 597-8 : "In the time of King Henry VI., as he rode in progress, there came to the towne of Saint Albons a certain beggar with his wyfe, and there was walking about the town, begging five or six days before the king's coming, saying that he was borne blind, and never saw in all his life ; and was warned in his dream that he should come out of Berwick, where, he said, that he had ever dwelled, to seke Saint Albon. When the king was come, and the town full of people, sodainly this blind man at Saint Albon's shryne had his sight ; and the same was solemnly rung for a miracle, and *Te Deum* songen ; so that nothing was talked of in all the towne but this miracle. So happened it then, that Duke Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man no less wise than also well learned, called the pore man up to him, and looked well upon his eyen, and asked whether he could never see anything in all his life before? and when, as well his wife as himselfe, affirmed fastly, No, than he looked advisedly upon his eyen again, and sayde, I believe you may well, for methinketh that ye cannot see well yet. Yes, sir, quoth he ; I thank God and his holy martir, I can see now as well as any man. Ye can, quod the duke, what colour is this gowne? This anone the beggar told him. What colour, quod he, is this man's gowne? He told him also, without staying or stumbling, and told him the names of all the colours that could be shewed him. And when the Duke saw that, he made him be set openly in the stocks." So much for the plagiarisms of the sixteenth century !

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "at the shrine."

*King.* Goe fetch him hither, that wee may glorifye the Lord with him.

*Enter the Maior of Saint Albones and his brethren with Musick,<sup>1</sup> bearing the man that had bene blind, betweene two in a chaire.*

*King.* Thou happie man, giue God eternall praise, For he it is, that thus hath helped thee.

*Hum.* Where wast thou borne?<sup>2</sup>

*Poore man.* At Barwicke sir, in the North.

*Hum.* At Barwicke, and come thus far for helpe.

*Poore man.* I sir, it was told me in my sleepe, That sweet saint Albones, should giue me my sight againe.

*Hum.* What are thou<sup>3</sup> lame too?

*Poore man.* I indeed sir, God helpe me.

*Hum.* How cam'st thou lame?

*Poore man.* With falling off on a plum-tree.<sup>4</sup>

*Hum.* Wart thou blind & wold clime plumtrees?

*Poore man.* Neuer but once sir in all my life, My wife did long for plums.

*Hum.* But tell me, wart thou borne blinde?

*Poore man.* I truly sir.

*Woman.* I indeed sir, he was born blinde.

*Hum.* What art thou his mother?

*Woman.* His wife sir.

*Hum.* Hadst thou bene his mother, Thou couldst haue better told.

Why let me see, I thinke thou cant not see yet.

*Poore man.* Yes truly maister, as cleare as day.

<sup>1</sup> This part of the stage direction is omitted in the amended play.

<sup>2</sup> This line forms part of the king's speech in the edition of 1619, which also reads, "please your majesty" instead of "sir" in the following line. The context is in favour of the old arrangement.

<sup>3</sup> Omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> The word "on" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

*Hum.* Saist thou so. What colours his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why<sup>1</sup> red maister, as red as blood.

*Hum.* And his cloake?

*Poore man.* Why that's greene.

*Hum.* And what colours his hose?

*Poore man.* Yellow maister, yellow as gold.

*Hum.* And what colours my gowne?

*Poore man.* Black sir, as black as Ieat.

*King.* Then belike he knows what colour Ieat is on.

*Suf.* And yet I thinke Ieat did he neuer see.<sup>2</sup>

*Hum.* But cloakes and gownes ere this day many a one.

But tell me sirrha, whats my name?

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I know not.

*Hum.* What his name?

*Poore man.* I know not.

*Hum.* Nor his?

*Poore man.* No truly sir.

*Hum.* Nor his name?

*Poore man.* No indeed maister.

*Hum.* Whats thine owne name?

*Poore man.* Sander, and it please you maister.

*Hum.* Then Sander sit there, the lyngest knaue in Christendom. If thou hadst bene born blind, thou mightest aswell haue knowne all our names, as thus to name the seuerall colours we doo weare. Sight may distinguish of colours,<sup>3</sup> but sodeinly to nominate them all, it is impossible. My Lords, saint Albones here hath done a Miracle, and would you not thinke his cunning<sup>4</sup> to be great, that could restore this Cripple to his legs againe.

<sup>1</sup> This word is omitted in the edition of 1619..

<sup>2</sup> The word "yet" is omitted in the two editions of 1600, but is found in that of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> This speech is printed metrically in the amended play. The word "of" is omitted in the second folio.

<sup>4</sup> This whole speech is adopted nearly verbatim in the amended play. The two first folios, however, read, "it cunning" instead of

*Poore man.* Oh maister I would you could.

*Hum.* My Maisters of saint Albones,  
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,  
And things called whippes?<sup>1</sup>

*Mayor.* Yes my Lord, if it please your grace.

*Hum.* Then send for one presently.

*Mayor.* Sirrha, go fetch the Beadle hither straight.

[*Exet one.*]

*Hum.* Now fetch me a stoole<sup>2</sup> hither by and by,  
Now sirrha, If you meane to sauue your selfe from  
whipping,  
Leape me ouer this stoole and runne away.

*Enter Beadle.*

*Poore man.* Alasse maister I am not able to stand  
alone,  
You go about to torture me in vaine.

*Hum.* Well sir, we must haue you finde your legges.  
Sirrha Beadle, whip him till he leape ouer that sam  
stoole.

*Beadle.* I will my Lord, come on sirrha, off with  
your doublet quickly,

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“his cunning,” which last reading is the right one. Rowesuggested  
“that cunning,” which has been followed by all modern editors.

<sup>1</sup> A humorous method of expression, occasionally used satirically at the present day. Armin, in his “Nest of Ninnies,” 1608, says: “Ther are, as Hamlet saies, *things cald whips* in store.” Now, according to Mr Collier, no such passage is to be found in any edition of Shakespeare’s Hamlet; and he thinks it unlikely that Armin refers to the old Hamlet which preceded Shakespeare’s, because he was an actor in the same theatre as that for which Shakespeare wrote. It is not impossible that Armin may have confused the two plays together, and wrote incorrectly “as Hanlet saies,” instead of “as Gloster saies.”

<sup>2</sup> The second folio prints this, “New fetch me a stoole.” I mention this minute difference because it appears to confirm Rowe’s emendation of the well-known passage at the commencement of “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” in opposition to the opinion of Mr Collier.

*Poore man.* Alas maister what shall I do, I am not able to stand.

[*After the Beadle had hit him one girke, he leapes ouer the stoole and runnes away, and they run after him, crying, A miracle, a miracle.*]

*Hum.* A miracle, a miracle, let him be taken againe, & whipt at euery Market Towne til he comes at Barwicke where he was borne.

*Mayor.* It shall be done my Lord. [*Exet Mayor.*]

*Suf.* My Lord Protector hath done wonders to day. He hath made the blinde to see, and halt to go.<sup>1</sup>

*Hum.* I but you did greater wonders, when you made whole Dukedomes flie in a day.

Witnessse France.

*King.* Haue done I say, and let me here no more of that.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

What newes brings Duke Humprey of Buckingham ~~to~~

*Buck.* Ill newes for some my Lord, and this it is, That proud dame Elnor our Protectors wife, Hath plotted Treasons against the King and Peeres, By wicchcrafts, sorceries, and cuniurings, Who by such meanes did raise a spirit vp, To tell her what hap should betide the state, But ere they had finisht their diuellish drift, By Yorke and my selfe they were all surprisde, And heres the answere the diuel did make to them.

*King.* First of the King, what shall become of him ? (*Reads.*) The Duke yet liues, that Henry shal depose, Yet him out liue, and die a violent death.

Gods will be done in all.

What fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke ? By water shall he die and take his end.

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<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "and the halt to go."

*Suf.* By water must the Duke of Suffolke die?  
It must be so, or else the diuel doth lie.

*King.* Let Somerset shun Castles,  
For safer shall he be vpon the sandie plaines,  
Then where Castles mounted stand.

*Car.* Heres good stuffe, how now my Lord Protector.  
This newes I thinke hath turnde your weapons point,  
I am in doubt youle scarsly keepe your promise.

*Hum.* Forbear ambitious Prelate to vrge my griefe,  
And pardon me my gratious Soueraigne,  
For here I sweare vnto your Maiestie,  
That I am guiltlesse of these hainous crimes  
Which my ambitious wife hath falsly done,  
And for she would betraie her soueraigne Lord,  
I here renounce her from my bed and boord,  
And leaue her open for the law to iudge,  
Vnlesse she cleare her selfe of this foule deed.

*King.* Come my Lords this night weeble lodge in S.  
Albones,  
And to morrow we will ride to London,  
And trie the vtmost of these Treasons forth,  
Come vnckle Gloster along with vs,  
My mind doth tell me thou art innocent. [Exet omnes.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY  
and WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* My Lords our simple supper ended, thus,  
Let me reueale vnto your honours here,  
The right and title of the house of Yorke,<sup>1</sup>  
To Englands Crowne by lineall descent.

*War.* Then Yorke begin, and if thy claime be good,  
The Neuils are thy subiects to command.

---

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 gives the whole pedigree very differently from this edition. It is necessary to transcribe the whole:

"Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
The first was Edward the blacke prince,  
Prince of Wales.

*Yorke.* Then thus my Lords.  
 Edward the third had seuen sonnes,  
 The first was Edward the blacke Prince,  
 Prince of Wales.  
 The second was Edmund of Langly,  
 Duke of Yorke.  
 The third was Lyonell Duke of Clarence.  
 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
 The Duke of Lancaster.  
 The fifth was Roger Mortemor,<sup>1</sup> Earle of March.  
 The sixt was sir Thomas of Woodstocke.  
 William of Winsore was the seuenth and last.  
 Now, Edward the blacke Prince he died before his father,

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The second was William of Hatfield,  
 Who dyed young.  
 The third was Lyonell, duke of Clarence.  
 The fourth was Iohn of Gaunt,  
 The duke of Lancaster,  
 The fit was Edmund of Langley,  
 Duke of Yorke.  
 The sixt was William of Winsore,  
 Who dyed young.

The seauenth and last was sir Thomas of Woodstocke, duke of Yorke.

"Now Edward the blacke prince dyed before his father, leauing behinde him two sonnes ; Edward, borne at Angolesme, who died young, and Richard, that was after crowned king by the name of Richard the second, who dyed without an heyre.

"Lyonell, duke of Clarence, dyed, and left him one only daughter, named Phillip, who was married to Edmund Mortimer, earle of March and Ulster : and so by her I claime the crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell, duke of Clarence, third sonne to Edward the third. Now, sir, in time of Richard's reigne, Henry of Bullingbroke, sonne and heir to Iohn of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster, fourth sonne to Edward the third, he claimed the crowne, deposd the merthfull king, and as both, you know, in Pomfret castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richard's death came the house of Lancaster vnto the crowne."

The historical truth of these matters is of little importance in the present question, which rather depends upon the chronicles of the sixteenth century, notoriously inaccurate ; and history must be made to accommodate itself to Shakespeare. The differences in this instance between the impressions of 1600 and 1619, compared with the amended play, give us good arguments for certain points connected with the history of the various editions, which the reader will find more fully investigated in the introduction to the present play.

<sup>1</sup> This, as well as the name of Edward's second son, is an error. Both mistakes are corrected in the amended play.

and left behinde him Richard, that afterwards was King, Crownde by the name of Richard the second, and he died without an heire.

Edmund of Langly, Duke of Yorke died, and left behind him two daughters, Anne and Elinor.

Lyonell Duke of Clarence died, and left behinde Alice, Anne, and Elinor, that was after married to my father, and by her I claime the Crowne, as the true heire to Lyonell Duke of Clarence, the thirde sonne to Edward the third. Now, sir. In the time of Richards raigne, Henry of Bullingbrooke, sonne and heire to Iohn of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster fourth soone to Edward the third, he claimde the Crowne, deposde the Merthfull King, and as both you know, in Pompfret Castle harmlesse Richard was shamefully murthered, and so by Richards death came the house of Lancaster vnto the Crowne.

*Sal.* Sauing your tale my Lord, as I haue heard, in the raigne of Bullenbrooke, the Duke of Yorke did claime the Crowne, and but for Owin Glendor, had bene King.

*Yorke.* True. But so it fortuned then, by meanes of that monstrous rebel Glendor, the noble Duke of York was done to death, and so euer since the heires of Gaunt have possessed the Crowne. But if the issue of the elder should succeed before the issue of the yonger, then am I lawfull heire vnto the kingdome.

*War.* What plaine proceedings can be more plaine, hee claimes it from Lyonel Duke of Clarence, the third sonne of Edward the third, and Henry from Iohn of Gaunt the fourth sonne. So that till Lyonels issue fails, his should not raigne. It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee & in thy sons, braue slips of such a stock. Then noble father, kneele we both togither, and in this priuate place, be we the first to honor him with birthright to the Crown.

*Both.* Long liue Richard Englands royll King.

*Yorke.* I thanke you both. But Lords I am not your King, vntil this sword be sheathed euen in the hart blood of the house of Lancaster.

*War.* Then Yorke aduise thy selfe and take thy time, Claime thou the Crowne, and set thy standard vp, And in the same aduance the milke-white Rose, And then to gard it, will I rouse the Beare,<sup>1</sup> Inuiron'd with ten thousand Ragged-staues To aide and helpe thee for to win thy right, Maugre the proudest Lord<sup>2</sup> of Henries blood, That dares deny the right and claime of Yorke, For why my minde presageth I shall liue. To see the noble Duke of Yorke to be a king.

*Yorke.* Thanks noble Warwicke, and Yorke doth hope to see, The Earle of Warwicke liue, to be the greatest man in England, but the King. Come lets goe.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter King HENRY, and the Queene, Duke HUMPHREY, the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, the Cardinall, and Dame ELNOR COBHAM, led with the Officers, and then enter to them the Duke of YORKE, and the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Kin.* Stand foorth Dame Elnor Cobham<sup>3</sup> Duches of Gloster, and here the sentence pronounced against thee for these Treasons, that thou hast committed against<sup>4</sup> us, our States and Peeres.

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "I wil rouse the Beare." The edition of 1619 agrees with our text.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Maugre the proudest lords."

<sup>3</sup> This trial is an historical anachronism, having actually taken place some time before Henry's marriage. The same may, of course, be said of the angry scene between the queen and the Duchess of Gloster.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "against."

First for thy hainous crimes,<sup>1</sup> thou shalt two daies in London do penance barefoote in the streetes, with a white sheete about thy bodie, and a waxe Taper burning in thy hand. That done, thou shalt be banished for euer into the Ile of Man, there to ende thy daies, and this is our sentence erreuocable. Away with her.

*Eln.* Euen to my death, for I have lived too long.

[*Exet some with ELNOR.*]

*Kin.* Greeue not noble vnkle, but be thou glad, In that these Treasons thus are come to light, Least God had pourde his vengeance on thy head, For her offences that thou heldst so deare.

*Hum.* Oh gratioues Henry, giue me leaue awhile, To leave your grace, and to depart away, For sorrowes teares hath gripte my aged heart, And makes<sup>2</sup> the fountaines of mine eyes to swell, And therefore good my Lord, let me depart.

*Kin.* With all my hart good vnkle, when you please, Yet ere thou goest, Humphrey resigne thy staffe, For Henry will be no more protected, The Lord shall be my guide<sup>3</sup> both for my land and me.

*Hum.* My staffe, I noble Henry, my life and all. My staffe, I yeeld as willing to be thine,<sup>4</sup> As erst thy noble father made it mine,<sup>5</sup> And euen as willing at thy feete I leaue it, As others would ambitiously receiue it, And long hereafter when I am dead and gone, May honourable peace attend thy throne.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "crime."

<sup>2</sup> Probably "make."

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps "guide."

<sup>4</sup> This line is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,—

"As ere thy noble father made it mine."

And this alteration, which is far from being either an improvement, or in any way necessary for the sense, is adopted by Mr Knight.

*Kin.* Vnkle Gloster, stand vp and go in peace,  
No lesse beloued of vs, then when

Thou weart Protector ouer my land.<sup>1</sup> [Exet GLOSTER.

*Queene.* Take vp the staffe, for here it ought to stand,  
Where should it be, but in King Henries hand?

*Yorke.* Please it your Maiestie, this is the day  
That was appointed for the combating  
Betweene the Armourer and his man, my Lord,  
And they are readie when your grace doth please.

*Kin.* Then call them forth, that they may trie their  
rightes.

*Enter at one doore the Armourer and his neighbours,  
drinking to him so much that he is drunken,<sup>2</sup> and  
he enters with a drum before him, and his staffe  
with a sandbag fastened to it,<sup>3</sup> and at the other  
doore, his man with a drum and sand-bagge and  
Prentises drinking to him.*

i. *Neigh.* Here neighbor Hornor, I drink to you  
in a cup of Sacke.

And feare not neighbor, you shall do well inough.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "ouer this my land."

<sup>2</sup> "This year [1445] an armourer's servant in London appealed his maister of treason, which offered to be tried by battle. At the day assigned, the friends of the master brought him malmesye and *aqua vitae* to comfort him withall: for it was the cause of his and their discomfort; for he poured in so much, that when he came into the place in Smithfield where he should fight, both his witte and strength failed him; and so he being a tall and hardy personage, overloaded with hote drink, was vanquished of his servant, being but a coward, and a wretch, whose body was drawen to Tyburn, and he hanged and beheaded."—Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 594.

<sup>3</sup> According to the old law of duels, persons of inferior rank fought with an ebon staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fixed a bag crammed hard with sand. Butler alludes to this when he says:—

"Engag'd with money-bags, as bold  
As men with sand-bags did of old."

2. *Neigh.* And here, neighbor, heres a cup of Charneco.<sup>1</sup>
3. *Neigh.* Heres a pot of good double beere, neighbor drinke.

And be merry, and feare not your man.

*Arm.* Let it come, yfaith ile pledge you all,  
And a figge for Peter.

1. *Pren.* Here Peter I drinke to thee, and be not affeard.
2. *Pren.* Here Peter, heres a pint of Claret-wine for thee.
3. *Pren.* And heres a quart for me, and be merry Peter,

And feare not thy maister, fight for credit of the Pren-tises.

*Peter.* I thank you all, but ile drink no more,  
Here Robin, and if I die, here I give thee my ham-  
mer,  
And Will, thou shalt haue my aperne, and here Tom,  
Take all the mony that I haue.<sup>2</sup>

O Lord blesse me, I pray God, for I am neuer able

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<sup>1</sup> A sweet wine ; so called from Charneco, a village near Lisbon, where it is made. Allusions to it are common in writers of the period. In "The Discovery of a London Monster called the Black Dog of Newgate," 1612, we have the following mention of it amongst several other wines : " Room for a customer, quoth I. So in I went, where I found English, Scotish, Welch, Irish, Dutch, and French, in several rooms : some drinking the neat wine of Orleans, some the Gascony, some the Bourdeaux ; there wanted neither sherry, sack, nor charnoco, maligo, nor peeter seemine, amber-colour'd candy, nor liquorish Ipocras, brown belov'd bastard, fat aligant, or any quick-spirited liquor that might draw their wits into a circle to see the devil by imagination." Part of this curious quotation is given in the variorum Shakespeare under Warburton's name, but it was communicated to him by Theobald. See Nichol's " Illustrations of Literature," vol. ii. p. 437.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, " Take all my money that I have." It may be worthy of observation, that the later editions of our play read *Horner* instead of *Hornor*.

to deal with my maister, he hath learnt so much fence alreadie.

*Sal.* Come leave your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirra, whats thy name?

*Peter.* Peter forsooth!

*Sal.* Peter, what more?

*Peter.* Thumpe.

*Sal.* Thumpe, then see that thou thumpe thy maister.

*Arm.* Heres to thee<sup>1</sup> neighbour, fill all the pots againe, for before we fight, looke you, I will tell you my minde, for I am come hither as it were of my mans instigation,<sup>2</sup> to proue my selfe an honest man, and Peter a knaue, and so haue at you Peter with downright blowes, as Beuys of South-hampton fell vpon Askapart.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 reads "Here to thee."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 reads "as it were of man's instigation," while that of 1619 returns to our text, which is also followed by the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> This allusion to the well-known old romance is not in the amended play, though frequently inserted from the sketch by modern editors. The giant alluded to is thus described:—

"They had not ridden but a while,  
Not the mountenance of a mile,  
But they met with a giaunt,  
With a full sorry semblant.  
He was both mighty and strong;  
He was full thirtie feet long;  
He was bristeled like a sow,  
A foot there was betweene each brow.  
His lips wer great, they hanged aside,  
His eies were hollow, his mouth wide.  
He was lothly to looke on;  
He was lyker a devil than a man.  
His staffe was a yong oake.  
He would give a great stroke.  
Bevis wondrod, I you plight,  
And asked him what he hight;  
My name, sayde he, is Ascapart,  
Sir Grassy sent me hetherward."

An account of the combat between Sir Bevis and this giant follows the above, but I cannot find any allusion to the particular method of striking mentioned in the text. I quote from an

Peter. Law you now, I told you hees in his fence  
alreadie.

[*Alarmes*,<sup>1</sup> and PETER hits him on the head  
and fels him.]

Arm. Hold Peter,<sup>2</sup> I confesse, Treason, treason,  
[*He dies.*]

Peter. O God I giue thee praise. [*He kneeles downe.*]

Pren. Ho well done Peter. God sauе the King.

Kin. Go take hence that Traitor from our sight,  
For by his death we do perceiue his guilt,<sup>3</sup>  
And God in iustice hath reuealde to vs,  
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,  
Which he had thought to haue murthered wrongfully.  
Come fellow, follow vs for thy reward. [*Exet omnis.*]

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his men in mourning  
cloakes.*

Hum. Sirrha, whats a clocke?

---

undated black-letter edition, "imprinted at London by Thomas East, dwelling in Aldersgate streete, at the signe of the black horse." According to Steevens, the figures of these combatants are still preserved on the gates of Southampton ; and there certainly is some uncouth-looking sculpture that may perhaps have its subject so interpreted.

<sup>1</sup> The word "and" is omitted in the edition of 1819.

<sup>2</sup> The real names of these combatants, says Douce, were John Daveys and William Catour, as appears from the original precept to the sheriffs still remaining in the Exchequer, commanding them to prepare the barriers in Smithfield for the combat. The names of the sheriffs were Godfrey Boloyne and Robert Horne ; and the latter, which occurs in the page of Fabian's "Chronicle" that records the duel might have suggested the name of *Horner* to Shakespeare. See more on this subject in Douce's "Illustrations of Shakespeare," vol. ii. p. 8.

<sup>3</sup> According to the ancient opinion of duelling, the vanquished person not only lost his life but his reputation, and his death was always regarded as a certain evidence of his guilt. Bowle adduces a similar instance in a duel in 1380, related by Muri-muth, which concludes with the following apposite quotation : "Magna fuit evidentia quod militis causa erat vera, ex quo mors alterius sequebatur."

*Seruing.* Almost ten my Lord.

*Hum.* Then is that wofull houre hard at hand,  
That my poor Lady should come by this way,  
In shamefull penance wandring in the streetes,  
Sweete Nell, ill can thy noble minde abrooke,  
The abiect people gazing on thy face,  
With enuious lookes laughing at thy shame,<sup>1</sup>  
That earst did follow thy proud Chariot wheeles,  
When thou didst ride in tryumph through the streetes.

*Enter Dame ELNOR COBHAM bare-foote, and a white  
sheet about her, with a waxe candle in her hand,  
and verses written on her backe and pind on,<sup>2</sup> and  
accompained with the Sheriffes of London, and Sir  
JOHN STANDLY, and Officers with billes and hol-  
bards.*

*Seruing.* My gratiouſ Lord, see where my Lady  
comes,

Please it your grace, weeſe take her from the Sheriffes?

<sup>1</sup> This was adopted without alteration in the first folio edition of the amended play, but in the folio of 1632 we have, “still laughing at thy shame,” the reason of which interpolation is not very obvious, nor does the addition appear necessary. Mr Knight follows Malone in his choice of the text of the second folio, but Mr Collier has restored the reading of the first folio and the old editions of the sketch.

<sup>2</sup> Modern editors generally put “with papers pinned upon her back,” as the above part of the stage direction is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play. Mr Collier says that modern editors, by substituting “papers” for “verses,” have left it doubtful what kind of papers were fixed upon the dress of the duchess, and he accordingly partially restores the old direction. I say “partially,” for Mr Collier inadvertently adds that no existing authority states that they were *pinned on*. It seems to me that the stage direction of the first folio may remain with propriety unaltered in any future edition of the amended play, for the addition is no more required on account of the allusion to the “papers” in the speech of the duchess, than another interpolation is needed because she was “follow’d with a rabble.” Such allusions cannot surely demand a stage direction to assist the capacity of the reader.

*Hum.* I charge you for your liues stir not a foote,  
Nor offer once to draw a weapon here,  
But let them do their office as they should.

*Eln.* Come you my Lord to see my open shame?  
Ah Gloster, now thou doest penance too,  
See how the giddie people looke at thee,  
Shaking their heads, and pointing at thee heere,  
Go get thee gone, and hide thee from their sights,  
And in thy pent vp studie rue thy shame,  
And ban thine enemies. Ah mine and thine.

*Hum.* Ah Nell, sweet Nell, forget this extreme grief,  
And bear it patiently to ease thy heart.

*Eln.* Ah Gloster teach me to forget my selfe,  
For whilst I thinke I am thy wedded wife,  
Then thought of this,<sup>1</sup> doth kill my wofull heart.  
The ruthlesse flints doth cut my tender feete,  
And when I start the cruell people laugh,  
And bids<sup>2</sup> me aduised how I tread,  
And thus with burning Tapor in my hand,  
Malde vp in shame<sup>3</sup> with papers on my backe,  
Ah, Gloster, can I endure this and liue.  
Sometime ile say I am Duke Humphreys wife,  
And he a Prince, Protector of the land,  
But so he rulde, and such a Prince he was,  
As he stood by, whilst I his forelorne Duches  
Was led with shame, and was made a laughing stocke,  
To euery idle rascald follower.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "the thought of this."

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "bid."

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "mayl'd vp in shame," while modern editions have "mail'd up in shame;" but, from the spelling of the word in our text, it seems to be a question whether *maul'd* is not the true reading, at least of the old play. The emendation would perhaps express *wrapped up in a rough manner*, so that Johnson's explanation would still hold good. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 148.

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "To euery idle rascall follower," and the amended play adopts their reading. It was merely an older form of the word.

*Hum.* My louely Nell, what wouldst thou haue me do?

Should I attempt to rescue thee from hence,  
I shoulde incurre the danger of the law,  
And thy disgrace would not be shadowed so.

*Eln.* Be thou milde, and stir not at my disgrace,<sup>1</sup>  
Vntill the axe of death hang ouer<sup>2</sup> thy head,  
As shortly it will be. For Suffolke he,  
The new made Duke, that may do all in all  
With her that loues him so, and hates vs all,  
And impious Yorke and Bewford that false Priest,  
Haue all lymde bushes to betraie thy wings,  
And flie thee how thou can<sup>3</sup> they will intangle thee.

*Enter a Herald of Armes.*

*Mer.* I summon your Grace, vnto his highnesse  
Parlament holden at saint Edmunds-Bury, the first of  
the next month.

*Hum.* A Parliament and our consent neuer craude  
Therein before. This is sodeine.<sup>4</sup>

Well, we will be there. [Exet. *Herald.*  
Maister Sheriffe, I pray proceede no further against  
my

Lady, then the course of law extendes.

*Sher.* Please it your grace, my office here doth  
end,  
And I must deliuer her to Sir Iohn Standly,  
To be conducted into the Ile of Man.

<sup>1</sup> This is intended to be a question. According to Hall "the duke of Gloucester toke all these thynges paciently, and sayd little."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "ore."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "canst," instead of "can."

<sup>4</sup> The word "sodeine" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and this part of the speech breaks off suddenly. This astonishment of Gloster is expressed apparently before he recollects he had resigned "his staffe," or it would be inconsistent with the previous scene.

- *Hum.* Must you sir Iohn conduct my Lady?

*Stan.* I my gratiouſe Lord, for ſo it is decreede,  
And I am ſo commanded by the King.

*Hum.* I pray you Sir Iohn, vſe her neare the worse,  
In that I intreat<sup>1</sup> you vſe her well.  
The world may ſmile againe<sup>2</sup> and I may liue,  
To do you fauour if you do it her,  
And ſo ſir Iohn farewell.

*Eln.* What gone my Lord, and bid me not<sup>3</sup> farewell?

*Hum.* Witnesſe my bleeding heart, I cannot stay  
to ſpeake. [Exet HUMPHREY and his men.

*Eln.* Then is he gone, is noble Gloſter gone,  
And doth Duke Humphrey now forsake me too?  
Then let me haſte from out faire Englands boundes,  
Come ſtandly come, and let vs haſte away.

*Stan.* Madam lets go vnto ſome house hereby,  
Where you may ſhift your ſelfe before we go.

*Eln.* Ah good ſir Iohn my shame cannot be hid,  
Nor put away with casting off my ſheete:  
But come let vs go, maister Sheriffe farewell,  
Thou haſt but done thy office as thou ſhouldſt.

[Exet omnes.

Enter to the Parliament.

Enter two Heralds before, then the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Duke of SUFFOLKE, and then the Duke of YORKE, and the Cardinall of WINCHES-TER, and then the King and the Queene,<sup>4</sup> and then the Earle of SALISBURY, and the Earle of WAR-WICKE.

*Kin.* I wonder our vnkle Gloſter ſtaiſes ſo long.

<sup>1</sup> This word is rather curiouſly transpoſed in the amended play.

<sup>2</sup> In other words, as Johnson obſerves, the world may again look favourably upon me.

<sup>3</sup> So also the amended play, but the edition of 1619 reads, "and bid not me."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "the king and queene."

*Queene.* Can you not see, or will you not perceiue,

How that ambitious Duke doth vse himselfe?  
 The time hath bene, but now that time is past,<sup>1</sup>  
 'That none so humble as Duke Humphrey was :  
 But now let one meete him euen in the morne,  
 When euery one will giue the time of day,  
 And he will neither moue<sup>2</sup> nor speake to vs.  
 See you not how the Commons follow him<sup>3</sup>  
 In troupes, crying, God sauе the good Duke Humphrey,  
 And with long life, Iesus preserue his grace,<sup>4</sup>  
 Honouring him as if he were their King.<sup>5</sup>  
 Gloster is no little man in England,  
 And if he list to stir commotions,  
 Tys likely that the people will follow him.  
 My Lord, if you imagine there is no such thing,  
 Then let it passe, and call it a womans feare.  
 My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,  
 Disproue my Alligations if you can,  
 And by your speeches, if you can disproue me,  
 I will subscribe and say, I wronged the Duke.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "but now the time is past."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet he will neither moue."

<sup>3</sup> The word "how" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>4</sup> This line is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619, and accordingly we do not find it in Mr Knight's edition.

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "a king," instead of "their king." Malone, who has collated his copy of the edition of 1600, "printed by W. W.," with a copy of the 1594 edition formerly in his possession, distinctly writes—

"Thinking him as if he were their king,"

as the reading of his copy of the first edition. If so, it must have been a different copy from that now in the Bodleian, from which the present text is reprinted, and another instance of the curious variations in different copies of the same editions, which were first discovered by Steevens (Boswell's "Malone," vol. x. p. 73), and recently applied to good use by Mr Collier.

*Suf.* Well hath your grace foreseen into that Duke,  
And if I had bene licenst first to speake,  
I thinke I should haue told your graces tale.  
Smooth runs the brooke whereas the stremme is  
deepest.  
No, no, my soueraigne, Gloster is a man  
Vnsounded yet and full of deepe deceit.

*Enter the Duke of SOMERSET.*

*Kin.* Welcome Lord Somerset, what newes from  
France?

*Som.* Cold newes, my Lord, and this it is,  
That all your holds and Townes within those Terri-  
tores

Is ouercome my Lord, all is lost.<sup>1</sup>

*Kin.* Cold newes indeed Lord Somerset,  
But Gods will be done.

*Yorke.* Cold newes for me,<sup>2</sup> for I had hope of  
France,  
Euen as I haue of fertill England.

*Enter Duke HUMPHREY.*

*Hum.* Pardon my liege, that I haue staied so long.

*Suf.* Nay, Gloster know, that thou art come too  
soone,

Vnlesse thou proue more loyall then thou art,  
We do arrest thee on high treason here.

*Hum.* Why Suffolkes Duke thou shalt<sup>3</sup> not see me  
blush

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "and all is lost."

<sup>2</sup> This and the next line are identically the same with the first two lines of York's former speech at p. 420 of this volume. The author of our play is apparently fond of the expression, "cold newes."

<sup>3</sup> The 1623 edition of the amended play reads, "Well, Suffolk, thou shalt," and the 1632 edition, "Well Suffolk, yet thou shalt." Malone and Knight read, "Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt;" while Collier follows the reading of the second folio.

Nor change mine countenance for thine arrest,  
Whereof am I guiltie,<sup>1</sup> who are my accusers?

*Yorke.* Tis thought my Lord, your grace tooke  
bribes from France,  
And stopt the soldiers of their paie,  
By which <sup>2</sup> his Maiestie hath lost all France.

*Hum.* Is it but thought so, and who are they that  
thinke so?

So God helpe me,<sup>3</sup> as I haue watcht the night  
Euer intending good for England still,  
That penie that euer I tooke from France,  
Be brought against me at the iudgement day.  
I neuer robd the souldiers of their paie,  
Many a pound of mine owne propper cost  
Haue I sent ouer for the soldiers wants,  
Because I would not racke the needie Commons.

*Car.* In your Protectorship you did devise  
Strange torments for offenders, by which meanes  
England hath bene defamde by tyrannie.

*Hum.* Why tis wel knowne that whilst I was pro-  
tector

Pitie was all the fault that was in me,  
A murtherer or foule felonous <sup>4</sup> theefe,  
That robs and murthers silly passengers,  
I tortord aboue the rate of common law.

*Suf.* Tush my Lord, these be things of no account,  
But greater matters are laid vnto your charge,  
I do arrest thee on high treason here,  
And commit thee to my good Lord Cardinall,  
Vntil such time as thou canst cleare thy selfe.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Whereof I am guilty," a change  
for the worse, though retained by Mr Knight.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Through which."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "So God me helpe."

<sup>4</sup> For "felonious," as in the two editions of 1600 and that of  
1619. "Felonous" was the older form of the word, and occurs  
in "Maundeville's Travels," edit. 1839, p. 291.

—*Kin.* Good vncle obey to his arrest,  
I haue no doubt but thou shalt cleare thy selfe,  
My conscience tels me thou art innocent.

*Hum.* Ah gratioues Henry these daies are dangerous,  
And would my death might end these miseries,  
And staie their moodes for good King Henries sake,  
But I am made the Prologue to their plaie,  
And thousands more must follow after me,  
That dreads<sup>1</sup> not yet their liues destruction.  
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his harts malice,  
Bewfords firie eyes showes<sup>2</sup> his eniuious minde,  
Buckinghamhs proud lookes bewraies<sup>3</sup> his cruel thoughts,  
And dogged Yorke that leuels at the Moone<sup>4</sup>  
Whose ouerweening arme I haue held backe.  
All you haue ioynd to betraie me thus :  
And you my gratioues Lady and soueraigne mistresse,  
Causelesse haue laid complaints vpon my head,  
I shall not want false witnesses inough,  
That so amongst you, you may haue my life.  
The Prouerbe no doubt will be well performde,<sup>5</sup>  
A staffe is quickly found to beate a dog.

*Suf.* Doth he not twit our soueraigne Lady here,  
As if that she with ignomious<sup>6</sup> wrong,

<sup>1</sup> Probably “dread.”

<sup>2</sup> Probably “showe.”

<sup>3</sup> Probably “bewraie.”

<sup>4</sup> That is, *aims*, meaning to express York's great ambition. So in the “Tempest,” act ii. sc. 1, Gonzalo says, “ You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.” In Rider's Latin Dictionarie, 1640, we have “aime or levell.” In “Titus Andronicus,” act iv. sc. 3, Marcus says :

“ My Lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon ;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.”

<sup>5</sup> The word “well” is omitted in the edition of 1619, though found in the amended play, which reads, “affected” for “performed.”

<sup>6</sup> For “ignominious,” as in the two editions of 1600, that of 1619, and the amended play.

Had sobornde or hired some to sweare against his life.

*Queene.* I but I can giue the loser leaue to speake.<sup>1</sup>

*Hum.* Far truer spoke than ment, I loose indeed, Beshrow the winners hearts, they plaie me false.

*Buc.* Hele wrest the sence and keep vs here all day, My Lord of Winchester, see him sent away.

*Car.* Who's within there? Take in Duke Humphrey, And see him garded sure within my house.

*Hum.* O! thus King Henry casts away his crouch. Before his legs can beare his bodie vp, And puts his watchfull shepheard from his side, Whilst wolues stand snarring who shall bite him first. Farwell my soueraigne, long maist thou enjoy, Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exet HUMPHREY, with the Cardinals men.*

*Kin.* My Lords, what to your wisdoms shal seem best,

[Sig. E.] Do and vndo as if our selfe were here.

*Queene.* What will your highnesse leaue the Parla-  
ment?

*Kin.* I Margaret. My heart is kild with griefe, Where I may sit and sigh in endlesse mone, For who's a Traitor, Gloster he is none.

[*Exet King, SALSBURY, and WARWICKE.*

*Queene.* Then sit we downe againe my Lord Car-  
dinall,

<sup>1</sup> In Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p. 8, nearly the same expression occurs: "I, I, well giue losers leaue to talke," so that it may perhaps be a proverb. It is repeated in the amended play. It is almost unnecessary to observe that "I" always stands for "ay" in works of this period. In the editions of 1600 the "I" is changed to "Yea;" but that of 1619 generally retains the old form. The edition of 1619 here omits the first "I."

<sup>2</sup> That is, *annoyance*. The older form of the word, occurring also in "Piers Plowman." The still older word, *anuy*, occurs in MS. Harl. 2277, fol. 46. .

Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke, and Somerset.  
 Let vs consult of proud Duke Humphries fall.  
 In mine opinion it were good he dide,  
 For safetie of our King and Common-wealth.

*Suf.* And so thinke I Madame, for as you know,  
 If our King Henry had shooke hands with death,  
 Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King :  
 And it may be by pollicie he workes,  
 To bring to passe the thing which now we doubt,  
 The Foxe barkes not when he would steale the Lambe,  
 But if we take him ere he do the deed,  
 We should not question if that he should liue.  
*No.* Let him die, in that he is a Foxe,<sup>1</sup>  
 Least that in liuing he offend vs more.

*Car.* Then let him die before the Commons know,  
 For feare that they do rise in Arnies for him.

*Yorke.* Then do it sodainly my Lōrds.

*Suf.* Let that be my Lord Cardinals charge & mine.

*Car.* Agreed, for hee's already kept within my house.

*Enter a Messenger.*<sup>2</sup>

*Queene.* How now, sirrha, what news?

*Mess.* Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,

<sup>1</sup> This and the next line are given to York in the edition of 1619 ; but, although this is sanctioned by the authority of Mr Knight, the arrangement in our text seems the right one. The next speech that York makes does not lead the reader to suppose that he had taken any part in the previous conversation ; and, in the amended play, it will be found that the first line is in Suffolk's speech. The commentators are somewhat confused in their explanations of the speech as it stands in the amended play ; but, if they had carefully read the present sketch, no difficulties would have been found.

<sup>2</sup> The first folio alters this to, "Enter a poste," which shows that he was specially sent, and, as many of the directions do, illustrates the next line :

"Great lords, from Ireland am I come amain."

Modern editors have unnecessarily returned to the older reading.

The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in Armes,  
 With troupes of Irish Kernes that vncontrold,  
 Doth plant themselues<sup>1</sup> within the English pale.

*Queene.* What redresse shal we haue for this my  
 Lords?

*Yorke.* Twere very good<sup>2</sup> that my Lord of Somerset  
 That fortunate Champion were sent ouer,  
 And burnes and spoiles the Country as they goe.<sup>3</sup>  
 To keepe in awe the stubborne Irishmen,  
 He did so much good when he was in France.

*Som.* Had Yorke bene there with all his far fecht  
 Pollices, he might haue lost as much as I.

*Yorke.* I, for Yorke would haue lost his liue before  
 That France<sup>4</sup> should haue reuolted from Englands  
 rule.

*Som.* I so thou might'st, and yet haue gouernd worst  
 then I.

*York.* What worse then nought, then a shame  
 take all.

*Som.* Shame on thy selfe, that wisheth shame.

*Queene.* Somerset forbeare, good Yorke be patient,  
 And do thou take in hand to crosse the seas,  
 With troupes of Armed men to quell the pride  
 Of those ambitious Irish that rebell.

*Yorke.* Well Madame sith your grace is so content,

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Do plant themselues."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 omits the word "very."

<sup>3</sup> This line is in the wrong place. It ought properly to be at the end of the messenger's speech, four lines above, and it is so arranged in the two editions of 1600, and in that of 1619. The end of that speech would then be as follows :

"Doth plant themselues within the English pale,  
 And burnes and spoiles the country as they goe."

We should of course read "burne and spoil," the bad grammar having probably crept in owing to its erroneous position in York's speech.

<sup>4</sup> "The word "France" is inadvertently omitted in the two editions of 1600, but supplied in that of 1619.

Let me haue some bands of chosen soldiers,  
And Yorke shall trie his fortune against those  
kernes.<sup>1</sup>

*Queene.* Yorke thou shalt. My Lord of Buckingham  
Let it be your charge to muster vp such souldiers  
As shall suffise him in these needfull warres.

*Buc.* Madame I will, and leauie such a band  
As soone shall ouercome those Irish Rebels,  
But Yorke, where shall those soldiers staie for  
thee?

*Yorke.* At Bristow, I wil<sup>2</sup> expect them ten daies  
hence.

*Buc.* Then thither shall they come, and so farewell.  
[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

*Yorke.* Adieu my Lord of Buckingham.

*Queene.* Suffolke remember what you haue to  
do.

And you Lord Cardinall concerning Duke Humphrey,  
Twere good that you did see to it in time,  
Come let vs go, that it may be performde.

[*Exit omnis, Manit YORKE.*

<sup>1</sup> "Tertius ordo comprehendit alios etiam pedites, ac levis  
armaturæ Machærophores, ab Hybernis *Karni* dicuntur—"  
"Ricardi Stanihursti De rebus in Hibernia gestis liber," Antwerp,  
1584, lib. i. p. 42. In a passage quoted by Bowle, from an early  
English translation of the same book, we have the following  
account: "The kerne is an ordinary souldier, using for weapon  
his sword and target, and sometimes his piece, being commonly  
good markmen. Kerne signifieth a shower of hell, because they  
are taken for no better than for rake hells, or the devils blacke-  
garde." See also another description of them in Dymoke's  
"Treatise on Ireland," in an Harleian MS., which I passed  
through the press for the Irish Archaeological Society, with  
an introduction by Mr Butler. The two editions of 1600 read  
"against those kernes," while in that of 1619 we have—

"And Yorke shall trie his fortunes 'against those kernes.'"

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I'le."

York. Now Yorke bethink thy self and rowse thee  
 vp,  
 Take time whilst it is offered thee so faire,  
 Least when thou wouldest, thou canst it not  
 attaine,<sup>1</sup>  
 Twas men I lackt, and now they giue them me,  
 And now whilst I am busie in Ireland,  
 I haue seduste a headstrong Kentishman,  
 Iohn Cade of Ashford,  
 Vnder the title of Iohn Mortemer,<sup>2</sup>  
 To raise commotion, and by that meanes  
 I shall perceiue how the common people  
 Do affect the claime and house of Yorke,  
 Then if he haue successe in his affaires,  
 From Ireland then comes Yorke againe,  
 To reape the haruest which that coystrill sowed,  
 Now if he should be taken and condemd,  
 Heele nere confesse that I did set him on,  
 And therefore ere I go ile send him word,  
 To put in practise and to gather head,  
 That so soone as I am gone he may begin  
 To rise in Armies with troupes of country swaines,  
 To helpe him to performe this enterprise.  
 And then Duke Humphrey, he well made away,  
 None then can stop the light to Englands Crowne,  
 But Yorke can tame and headlong pull them downe.

[*Exit YORKE.*

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "thou canst not it attaine."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read,

"Vnder the title of Sir Iohn Mortimer,"

which addition does not agree with the scene where Cade knights himself. The edition of 1619 here adds the following line :

"For he is like him euery kinde of way,"

which is neither in the earlier editions, nor does it occur in the amended play. This of itself is nearly sufficient to show that the edition of 1619 must have been printed from another copy.

*Then the Curtaines being drawne,<sup>1</sup> Duke HUMPHREY  
is discouered in his bed, and two men lying on his  
brest and smothering him in his bed. And then  
enter the Duke of SUFFOLKE to them.*

*Suf.* How now sirs, what haue you dispatcht him?

*One.* I my Lord, hees dead I warrant you.

*Suf.* Then see the cloathes laid smooth about him still,  
That when the King comes, he may perceiue  
No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

*2.* All things is hansome<sup>2</sup> now my Lord.

*Suf.* Then draw the Curtaines againe and get you  
gone,

And you shall haue your firme reward anon.

[*Exet murtherers.*]

*Then enter<sup>3</sup> the King and Queene, the Duke of BUCK-  
INGHAM, and the Duke of SOMERSET, and the  
Cardinall.*

*King.* My Lord of Suffolke go call our vnkle  
Gloster,

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<sup>1</sup> In the simplicity of our old stage, the different apartments were only separated by a curtain. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 168. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pulleys, which was the invention of Inigo Jones, and used in his masques, was an apparatus not then known. At the time our play was acted, the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod. In "Lady Alimony," 1659, quoted by Malone's "Be your stage-curtains artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in." There is also an old book, called "The Curtain-Drawer of the World," 1612, which is in its very title an illustration of Jacques's celebrated comparison. See also Boaistuau's "Theatre, or Rule of the World," translated by Alday, 1581.

<sup>2</sup> This bad English may have been intentionally put into the mouth of the murderer; but it is erroneously put in Suffolk's speech in the first folio of the amended play. The second folio corrects it.

<sup>3</sup> The word "then" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Tell him this day we will that he do cleare himselfe.

*Suf.* I will my Lord. [Exet SUFFOLKE.

*King.* And good my Lords proceed no further  
against our vnkle Gloster,<sup>1</sup>

Then by iust prooфе you can affirme,  
For as the sucking childe or harmlesse lambe,  
So is he innocent of treason to our state.

*Enter SUFFOLKE.*

How now Suffolke, where's our unkle ?

*Suf.* Dead in his bed, my Lord Gloster is dead.<sup>2</sup>

[*The King falles in a sound.*

*Queen.* Ay—me, the King is dead : help, help, my  
Lords.

*Suf.* Comfort my Lord, gratiouſe Henry comfort.

*King.* What doth my Lord of Suffolk bid me com-  
fort ?

Came he euen now to sing a Rauens note,  
And thinkes he that the cherping of a Wren,  
By crying comfort through a hollow voice,  
Can satisfie my grieſes, or ease my heart :  
Thou balefull messenger out of my sight,  
For euen in thine eye-bals<sup>3</sup> murther sits,  
Yet do not goe. Come Basaliske  
And kill the silly gazer with thy lookes.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "proceed no further 'gainſt our  
vnkle."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 punctuate this line rather differ-  
ently :

"Dead in his bed, my lord, Gloster is dead;"

while the edition of 1619 reads, "My lord of Gloster's dead,"  
which apparently confirms the punctuation of the first edition.  
Each of the three readings is perfectly consonant with sense and  
metre.

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read "thy" instead of thine."

<sup>4</sup> The word "silly" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and  
also by Mr Knight. "Plinius sayth there is a wilde beast called  
Catoblepas great noyeing to mankinde ; for all that see his eyen.

*Queene.* Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus,  
As if that he had causde Duke Humphreys death?  
The Duke and I too, you know were enemies,  
And you had<sup>1</sup> best say that I did murther him.

*King.* Ah woe is me, for wretched Glosters death.

*Queene.* Be woe for me more wretched then he was,<sup>2</sup>  
What doest thou turne away and hide thy face?  
I am no loathsome leoper looke on me,  
Was I for this nigh wrackt vpon the sea,  
And thrise by aukward winds<sup>3</sup> driuen back from Eng-  
lands bounds,  
What might it bode, but that well foretelling  
Winds, said, seeke not a scorpions neast.

*Enter the Earles of WARWICKE and SALISBURY.*

*War.* My Lord, the Commons like an angrie hiue  
of bees,<sup>4</sup>

should dye anone, and the same kinde hath the cockatrice."—  
"Bartholomæus de prop. rerum," lib. xviii. cap. 16. The same  
property is also mentioned by Pliny of the basilisk. So, in  
"Albion's England," as quoted by Reed,

"As Aesculap an herdsman did espie,  
That did with easy sight enforce a *basilisk* to flye,  
Albeit naturally that beast doth murther with the eye."

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, 'and y'had.'

<sup>2</sup> Johnson explains this, "Let not woe be to thee for Gloster, but for me." The amended play reads "is" instead of "was;" but our reading appears better, because the Queen is alluding to the former misery of Gloster, which she now wishes the king to believe has fallen upon herself on account of his death.

<sup>3</sup> Some editors have changed "aukward" to "adverse" in the corresponding passage in the amended play, which reads "twice" instead of "thrise." In "Cymbeline" we have the expression, "rudest wind." Malone quotes the following apposite passage from Drayton:

" And undertook to travaile dangerous waies,  
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "an hungry hiue of bees," the reading adopted by Mr Knight, though, perhaps, few readers will think it an improvement.

Run vp and downe, caring not whom they sting,  
 For good Duke Humphreys death,<sup>1</sup> whom they report  
 To be murthered by Suffolke and the Cardinall  
 here.

*King.* That he is dead good Warwick, is too true,  
 But how he died God knowes, not Henry.<sup>2</sup>

*War.* Enter his priuie chamber my Lord and view  
 the bodie.

Good father staie you with the rude multitude, till I  
 returne.

*Salb.* I will sonne.

[*Exet SALBURY.*

[*WARWICKE drawes the curtaines and showes  
 Duke HUMPHREY in his bed.*

*King.* Ah vnkle Gloster, heauen receive thy soule.  
 Farewell poore Henries ioy, now thou art gone.

*War.* Now by his soule that tooke our shape vpon  
 him,

To free vs from his fathers dreadfull curse,  
 I am resolu'd that violent hands were laid,  
 Vpon the life of this thrise famous Duke.<sup>3</sup>

*Suf.* A dreadfull oth sworn with a solemne toong,  
 What instance giues Lord Warwicke for these words?

*War.* Oft haue I seene a timely parted ghost,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The word "duke" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>2</sup> Johnson says that "Henry" is here used as a word of three syllables.

<sup>3</sup> The word "thrise" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>4</sup> The following passage in Porter's "Two Angry Women of Abingdon," 1599, appears almost a parody:

"Oft have I heard a timely married girl  
 That newly left to call her mother mam."

Timely-parted means *recently* in this instance, though some of the commentators explain it by "in proper time." The commentators give us long notes on the incorrect application of the word *ghost*; but it is again used in the same sense in this volume:

"Sweet father, to thy *murdered ghost* I swear;"

and it appears to have been used somewhat indiscriminately by our early writers.

Of ashie semblance,<sup>1</sup> pale and bloodlesse,  
 But loe the blood is settled in his face,<sup>2</sup>  
 More better coloured then when he liu'd,  
 His well proportioned beard made rough and sterne,  
 His fingers spred abroad<sup>3</sup> as one that graspt for life,  
 Yet was by strength surprisde, the least of these are  
 probable,

It cannot chuse but he was murthered.<sup>4</sup>

*Queene.* Suffolke and the Cardinall had him in  
 charge,

And they I trust sir, are no murtherers.

*War.* I, but twas well knowne<sup>5</sup> they were not his  
 friends,

And tis well seene he found some enemies.

*Car.* But haue you<sup>6</sup> no greater proofes then these ?

*War.* Who sees a hefer dead and bleeding fresh,  
 And sees hard-by a butcher with an axe,  
 But will suspect twas he that made the slaughter ?  
 Who findes the partridge in the puttocks<sup>7</sup> neast,

<sup>1</sup> So Spenser—

“Ye pallid spirits, and ye ashy ghosts !”

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “in the face.”

<sup>3</sup> That is, widely distended. So in Peacham's “Complete Gentleman,” 1627: “Herein was the Emperor Domitian so cunning, that let a boy at a good distance off hold up his hand and stretch his fingers *abroad*, he would shoot through the spaces without touching the boy's hand, or any finger.”—See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. xviii. 264.

<sup>4</sup> So in “A Midsummer Night's Dream,” Hermia says to Demetrius,

“It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him.”

The passage in the amended play (act iii. sc. 2) is very nearly the same with the line just given :

“It cannot be but he was murder'd here.”

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, “but tis well knowne.”

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads “ye.”

<sup>7</sup> A kite. See Bewick's “History of British Birds,” edit. 1797, vol. i. p. 21. In a later edition of this work, the same provincial expression is given to the buzzard.

But will imagine how the bird came there,  
 Although the kyte soare with vnbloodie beake ?<sup>1</sup>  
 Euen so suspitious is this Tragidie.

*Queene.* Are you the kyte Bewford, where's your  
 talants ?<sup>2</sup>

Is Suffolke the butcher, where's his knife ?

*Suf.* I weare no knife to slaughter sleeping men,  
 But heres a vengefull sword rusted with case,<sup>3</sup>  
 That shall be scoured in his rankorous heart,  
 That slanders me with murthers crimson badge,  
 Say if thou dare, proud Lord of Warwickshire,  
 That I am guiltie in Duke Humphreys death.

[*Exet Cardinall.*]

*War.* What dares not Warwicke, if false Suffolke  
 dare him ?

*Queene.* He dares not calme his contumelious spirit,  
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controwler,  
 Though Suffolke dare him twentie hundredth times.

*War.* Madame be still,<sup>4</sup> with reuerence may I say it,  
 That euery word you speake in his defence,  
 Is slander to your royll Maiestie.

*Suf.* Blunt witted Lord, ignoble in thy words,  
 If euer Lady wronged her Lord so much,  
 Thy mother tooke vnto her blamefull bed,  
 Some sterne vntutred churle, and noble stocke  
 Was graft with crabtree slip, whose frute thou art,  
 And neuer of the Neuels noble race.

*War.* But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,  
 And I should rob the deaths man of his fee,  
 Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,  
 And that my soueraignes presence makes me mute,  
 I would false murtherous coward on thy knees

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "with the vnbloody beake."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "where's his talents."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet here's a." The word  
 "case" is altered to "ease" in the three other editions.

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Madame, be ye still."

Make thee craue pardon for thy passed speech,  
 And say it was thy mother that thou meants,  
 That thou thy selfe was borne in bastardie,  
 And after all this fearefull homage done,  
 Giue thee thy hire and send thy soule to hell,<sup>1</sup>  
 Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men.

*Suf.* Thou shouldst be waking whilst I shead thy blood,  
 If from this presence thou dare go with me.

*War.* Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence.

[WARWICKE *puls him out.*

[Exet WARWICKE and SUFFOLKE, and then all the Commons within, cries, downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolk. And then enter againe, the Duke of SUFFOLKE and WARWICKE, with their weapons drawne.

*Kin.* Why how now Lords?

*Suf.* The Traitorous Warwicke with the men of Berry,

Set all vpon me mightie soueraigne i<sup>2</sup>

[The commons againe cries,<sup>3</sup> downe with Suffolke, downe with Suffolke. And then enter from them, the Earle of SALBURY.

*Sal.* My Lord, the Commons made you word by me, The vnlesse false Suffolke<sup>4</sup> here be done to death,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"Giue thee thy hire, and send thee downe to hell;"

which alteration implies a change of authorship, which the reader will find more fully exemplified in the introduction to the present play.

<sup>2</sup> This last isolated letter is found in the original ; but, as it is omitted in the later editions, it is most probably merely an error of the press for a full stop.

<sup>3</sup> This grammatical error is repeated several times.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 more intelligibly reads, "That vnlesse false Suffolke."

Or banished faire Englands Territories,  
 That they will erre from your highnesse person,  
 They say by him the good Duke Humphrey died,  
 They say by him they feare the ruine of the realme,  
 And therefore if you loue your subiects weale,  
 They wish you to banish him from foorth the land.

*Suf.* Indeed tis like the Commons rude vnpolish't  
 hinds

Would send such message to their soueraigne,  
 But you my Lord were glad to be employd,  
 To trie how quaint an Orator you were,<sup>1</sup>  
 But all the honour Salsbury hath got,  
 Is, that he was the Lord Embassador  
 Sent from a sort of Tinkers to the King.<sup>2</sup>

[*The Commons cries, an answere from the King,  
 my Lord of Salsbury.*]

*Kin.* Good Salsbury go backe againe to them,  
 Tell them we thanke them all for their louing care,<sup>3</sup>  
 And had I not bene<sup>4</sup> cited thus by their meanes,  
 My selfe had done it. Therefore here I sweare,  
 If Suffolke be found to breathe in any place,  
 Where I haue rule, but three daies more, he dies.

[*Exet SALISBURY.*

*Queene.* Oh Henry, reuurse the doome of gentle  
 Suffolkes banishment.

*Kin.* Vngentle Queene to call him gentle Suffolke,  
 Speake not for him, for in England he shall not rest,

<sup>1</sup> It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that "quaint" here means *skilful, dexterous*. So Prospero says, "My quaint Ariel."

<sup>2</sup> A company or body of tinkers. So in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," act iii. sc. 2,

"The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort."

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read,

"Tell them we thanke them for all their louing care;"  
 and the edition of 1619 reads "kind" instead of "louing."

<sup>4</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "And had not I beene."

If I say, I may relent, but if I sweare, it is irreuocable.  
 Come good Warwicke<sup>1</sup> and go thou in with me,  
 For I haue great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exet King and WARWICKE, Manet Queene  
 and SUFFOLKE.*]

*Queene.* Hell fire and vengeance go along with  
 you,

Theres two of you, the diuell make the third.

Fie womanish man, canst thou not curse thy enemies?

*Suf.* A plague vpon them, wherefore should I curse  
 them?

Could curses kill as do the Mandrakes groanes,<sup>2</sup>  
 I would inuent as many bitter termes  
 Deliuered strongly through my fixed teeth,  
 With twise so many signes of deadly hate,  
 As leaue fast enuy<sup>3</sup> in her loathsome caue,  
 My toong should stumble in mine earnest words,  
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,

<sup>1</sup> The word "good" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>2</sup> Bullein, speaking of Mandragora, says: "They doe affyrme that this herbe commeth of the seede of some convicted dead men; and also without the death of some lyvinge thinge it cannot be drawen out of the earth to man's use. Therefore they did tie some dogge or some other lyving beast unto the roote thereof wyth a corde, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meane tyme stopped their own eares for feare of the terrible shriek and cry of this mandrake. In which cry it doth not onely dye it selfe, but the feare thereof kylleth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."—"Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness," fol. 1579, p. 41. This quotation was first made by Reed, and has been inserted by most of the editors. The fabulous accounts, says Johnson, of the plant called a mandrake, give it an inferior degree of animal life, and relate that when it is torn from the ground it groans, and that this groan being fatal to the person who attempts the violence, the practice of those who gather them is to tie one end of a string to the plant, and the other to a dog, upon whom the fatal groan discharges its malignity.

<sup>3</sup> The three other editions read, "as leane facde enuy."

My haire be fixt on end,<sup>1</sup> as one distraught,  
 And euery ioynt should seeme to curse and ban,  
 And now me-thinks my burthened hart would breake,  
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drinke,<sup>2</sup>  
 Gall worse than gall, the daintiest thing they taste.<sup>3</sup>  
 Their sweetest shade a groue of sypris trees,  
 Their softest tuch as smart as lizards stings.  
 Their musicke frightfull, like the serpents hys.  
 And boding srike-oules make the comsort full.  
 All the foule terrors in darke seated hell.

*Queene.* Inough sweete Suffolke, thou torment thy selfe.

*Suf.* You bad me ban, and will you bid me sease?  
 Now by this ground that I am banisht from,  
 Well could I curse away a winters night,  
 And standing naked on a mountaine top,

<sup>1</sup> So the modern editors write, but the folios of the amended play read, "Mine haire be fixt an end."

<sup>2</sup> Steevens has remarked that part of this speech has been copied by Lee in his tragedy of "Cæsar Borgia, 4<sup>o</sup>. Lond. 1680." As Steevens has not given the passage to which he refers, it may be as well to insert it here :

"*Mach.* Nay, since you urge, sir, my heart will break  
 Unless I curse 'em ! Poysen be their drink.

*Borg.* Gall, gall and wormwood ! Hemlock ! hemlock ! quench 'em.

*Mach.* Their sweetest shade a dell of duskish adders.

*Borg.* Their fairest prospect, fields of basilisks ;  
 Their softest touch, as smart as viper's teeth.

*Mach.* Their musick horrid as the hiss of dragons,  
 All the foul terrors of dark-seated hell.

*Borg.* No more ; thou art one piece with me thyself :  
 And now I take a pride in my revenge."

<sup>3</sup> The amended play reads, "the daintiest *that* they taste," and Theobald wishes to read, "the dainties that," or "the daintiest meat," because there is a substantive subjoined to every epithet in the verses that follow. See Nichols' "Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century," vol. ii. p. 439, where will be found a letter from Theobald to Warburton, suggesting the above readings. But surely, if any alteration is necessary, it would be safer to return to the reading of the old edition.

Where byting cold would neuer let grasse grow,  
And thinke it but a minute spent in sport.

*Queene.* No more. Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence  
to France,

Or liue where thou wilt within this worldes globe,  
Ile haue an Irish<sup>1</sup> that shall finde thee out,  
And long thou shalt not staie, but ile haue thee  
repelde,

Or venture to be banished my selfe.

Oh let this kisse be printed in thy hand,  
That when thou seest it, thou maist think on me.  
Away, I say, that I may feele my grieve,  
For it is nothing whilst thou standest here.

*Suf.* Thus is poore Suffolke ten times banished,  
Once by the King, but three times thrise by thee.

*Enter VAWSE.*

*Queene.* How now, whither goes Vawse so fast?

[Sig. F.]

*Vawse.* To signifie vnto his Maiestie,  
That Cardinal Bewford is at point of death,  
Sometimes he raues and cries as he were madde,  
Sometimes he cals vpon Duke Humphries Ghost,  
And whispers to his pillow as to him,  
And sometime<sup>2</sup> he calles to speake vnto the King,  
And I am going to certifie vnto his grace,  
That euen now he cald louude for him.

*Queene.* Go then good Vawse and certifie the  
King.

[*Exet VAWSE.*]

Oh what is worldly pompe, all men must die,  
And woe am I for Bewfords heauie ende.  
But why mourne I for him, whilst thou art here?

<sup>1</sup> i.e. Iris. See the amended play, act. iii. sc. 2, and Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol. xvij. p. 275. The edition of 1619 corrects "shall," which occurs in the same line, to "shalt."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "sometimes."

Sweete Suffolke hie thee hence to France,  
For if the King do come, thou sure must die.

*Suf.* And if I go I cannot liue: but here to die,

What were it else but like a pleasant slumber  
In thy lap?<sup>1</sup>  
Here could I, could I,<sup>2</sup> breathe my soule into the  
aire,  
As milde and gentle as the new borne babe,  
That dies with mothers dugge between his  
lips,

Where from thy sight<sup>3</sup> I should be raging madde,  
And call for thee to close mine eyes,  
Or with thy lips to stop my dying soule,  
That I might breathe it so into thy bodie,  
And then it liu'd in sweete Elyziam,  
By thee to die, were but to die in ieast,  
From thee to die, were torment more then death,  
O let me staie, befall, what may befall.

*Queene.* Oh mightst thou staie with safetie of thy  
life,

Then shouldst thou staie, but heauens deny it,  
And therefore go, but hope ere long to be repelde.

*Suf.* I goe.

*Queene.* And take my heart with thee.

[She kisseth him.

*Suf.* A iewell lockt into the wofulst caske,  
That euer yet containde a thing of woorth,  
Thus like a splitted barke so sunder we.

This way fall I to deathe.

[Exet SUFFOLKE.

*Queene.* This way for me.

[Exet Queene.

<sup>1</sup> This line forms part of the previous one in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> This repetition does not occur in the edition of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "from my sight," which is clearly an error.

Enter King and SALSBURY,<sup>1</sup> and then the Curtaines be drawne, and the Cardinall is discouered in his bed, rauing and staring as if he were madde.

*Car.* Oh death, if thou wilt let me liue<sup>2</sup> but one whole yeare,<sup>3</sup>

Ile giue thee as much gold as will purchase such another Iland.

*Kin.* O see my Lord of Salsbury how he is troubled,

<sup>1</sup> This stage direction is as follows in the amended play: "Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the Cardinall in bed."

<sup>2</sup> This was probably suggested by the following account in Hall's "Chronicle": "During these doynges, Henry Beaufford, byshop of Wynchester, and called the ryche Cardynall, departed out of this worlde, and was buried at Wynchester. This man was sonne to Jhon of Gaunte, duke of Lancaster, descended on an honorable lignage, but borne in Baste, more noble of bloud, then notable in learnyng, haut in stomacke, and hygh in countenaunce, ryche aboue measure of all men, and to fewe liberal, disdaynfull to his kynne, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferrynge money before frendshippe, many thinges begynning, and nothing perfourmyng. His covetous insaciable, and hope of long lyfe, made hym bothe to forget God, his prynce, and hymselfe in his latter daies: for Doctor Jhon Baker, his pryvie counsailer, and hys chapellayn, wrote that he lyeng on his death bed, said these wordes: Why should I dye, having so much ryches, if the whole realme would save my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by ryches to buy it. Fye, wyll not death be hyered, nor will money do nothyng? When my nephew of Bedford died, I thought myselfe halfe up the whele, but when I sawe myne other nephew of Gloucester diseased, then I thought myselfe able to be equale with kinges, and so thought to encrease my treasure in hoope to have worn a tryple croune. But I se nowe the worlde sayleth me, and so I am deceyved, praying you all to pray for me."

<sup>3</sup> This is altered in the amended play to "and feel no pain." Theobald thinks the old edition supplies the best reading, as the Cardinal here labours more under the dreadful apprehensions in his mind of the result of approaching death than bodily pain. King Henry adds immediately afterwards, "how he is troubled," and wishes him to remember his Redeemer.

Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must saue thy soule.<sup>1</sup>

*Car.* Why died he not in his bed?  
What would you haue me to do then?  
Can I make men liue whether they will or no?<sup>2</sup>  
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison<sup>3</sup> which the  
Pothicary sent me.

Oh see where Duke Humphreys ghoast doth stand,  
And stares me in the face. Looke, looke, coame  
downe his haire,  
So now hees gone againe: Oh, oh, oh.

*Sal.* See how the panges of death doth gripe his heart.  
*Kin.* Lord Cardinall, if thou diest assured of hea-  
uenly blisse,

Hold vp thy hand and make some signe to vs.<sup>4</sup>

[*The Cardinall dies.*]

Oh see he dies, and makes no signe at all.

Oh God forgiue his soule.

*Sal.* So bad an ende did neuer none behold,  
But as his death, so was his life in all.

*Kin.* Forbeare to iudge, good Salsbury forbeare,  
For God will iudge vs all.

Go take him hence, and see his funerals be performde.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exet omnes.*]

<sup>1</sup> The two editions of 1600 read —

“ Lord Cardinall, remember Christ must haue thy soule.”

<sup>2</sup> So in “ King John,” act iv. sc. 2:—

“ We cannot hold mortality’s strong hand.”

And again:—

“ Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?  
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?  
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?”

<sup>3</sup> The word “ strong ” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> So in the old “ King John,” 1591, the legate says to the  
dying sovereign:—

“ Lift up thy hand, that we may witnesse here,  
Thou diedst the servant of our Saviour Christ:—  
Now joy betide thy soule!”

<sup>5</sup> The word “ be ” is omitted in the edition of 1619.

Alarmes<sup>1</sup> within, and the chambers be discharged, like as it were a fight at sea. And then enter the Captaine of the ship<sup>2</sup> and the Maister, and the Maisters Mate, & the Duke of SUFFOLKE disguised, and others with him, and WATER WHICKMORE.<sup>3</sup>

*Cap.* Bring forward these prisoners that scorn'd to yeeld,

Vnlade their goods with speed and sincke their ship,  
Here Maister, this prisoner I giue to you.

This other, the Maisters Mate shall haue,  
And Water Whickmore thou shalt haue this man,  
And let them paie their ransomes<sup>4</sup> ere they passe.

*Suf.* Water! [He starteth.]

*Water.* How now, what doest feare me?<sup>5</sup>

Thou shalt haue better cause anon.

*Suf.* It is thy name affrights me, not thy selfe.  
I do remember well, a cunning Wyssard told me,  
That by Water I should die:<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This word, so frequently occurring in old stage directions, and, having two distinct meanings, is frequently misinterpreted by the general reader. Perhaps the following is as good an explanation of the word as could be given. “*Classicum*, a trumpet for the warres, a sound or peale of trumpets or belles to call men together or to go to warre, alarme.”—Rider’s “Latin Dictionarie,” 4<sup>o</sup>, London, 1640.

<sup>2</sup> In the amended play we have “Lieutenant” throughout the scene. Modern editors return to the old edition.

<sup>3</sup> In the two editions of 1600 his name is spelt “Walter Whickemore.”

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, “ransome.”

<sup>5</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “what doest thou feare me.” This appears to be a necessary addition, although the edition of 1619 follows our text.

<sup>6</sup> So, in Queen Margaret’s letter to the duke, in Drayton’s “Epistles,” we have—

“I pray thee, Poole, have care how thou dost pass,  
Never the sea yet half so dangerous was,  
And one foretold by *water* thou should’st die,  
Ah! foul befall that foul tongue’s prophecy.”

See Malone’s “Shakespeare,” by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 283.

Yet let not that make thee bloudie minded.  
 Thy name being rightly sounded,  
 Is Gualter, not Water.

*Water.* Gualter or Water, als one to me,  
 I am the man must bring thee to thy death.<sup>1</sup>

*Suf.* I am a Gentleman looke on my Ring,  
 Ransome me at what thou wilt, it shal be paid.

*Water.* I lost mine eye in boordring of the ship,  
 And therefore ere I merchantlike sell blood for gold,  
 Then cast me headlong downe into the sea.

*z. Pris.* But what shall our ransomes be?

*Mai.* A hundred pounds a piece, either paie that  
 or die.

*z. Pris.* Then saue our lives, it shall be paid.

*Water.* Come sirra, thy life shall be the ransome  
 I will haue.

---

This prophecy and its accomplishment are differently stated. The note upon these lines is: "The witch of Eye receiv'd answere from her spirit, that the Duke of Suffolk should take heed of *water*." The two editions of 1600 print *Walter* instead of water, and it is probably one of those that Mr Collier refers to in his edition of "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 181.

<sup>1</sup> This scene is thus related in Hall's "Chronicle": "But fortune wold not that this flatigious person shoulde so escape; for when he shipp'd in Suffolke, entendyng to be transported into Fraunce, he was encontered with a shippe of warre apperteining to the Duke of Excester, the Constable of the Towre of London, called the Nicholas of the Towre. The capitayne of the same barke with small fight entered into the duke's shippe, and perceyving his person present, brought hym to Dover Rode, and there on the one syde of a cocke bote, caused his head to be stryken of, and left his body with the heade upon the sandes of Dover, which corse was there founde by a chapelayne of his, and conveyed to Wyngfelde College in Suffolke, and there buried. This ende had William de la Pole, first duke of Suffolke, as men iudge, by God's punyshment; for above all thinges he was noted to be the very organ, engine, and devisor of the struction of Humsrey the good duke of Gloucester, and so bloudie of the innocente man was with his dolorous death repensed and punished." See Holinshed's "Chronicle," p. 110, and Grafton's "Chronicle," p. 610.

*Suf.* Staie villaine, thy prisoner is a Prince,  
The Duke of Suffolke, William de la Poull.

*Cap.* The Duke of Suffolke folded vp in rags.

*Suf.* I sir, but these rags are no part of the Duke,  
Ioue sometime went disguisde, and why not I ?<sup>1</sup>

*Cap.* I but Ioue was neuer slaine as thou shalt be.

*Suf.* Base Iadie groome,<sup>2</sup> King Henries blood  
The honourable blood of Lancaster,<sup>3</sup>  
Cannot be shead by such a lowly swaine,  
I am sent Ambassador for the Queene to France,  
I charge thee waffe me crosse the channell safe.

*Cap.* Ile waffe thee to thy death, go Water take him  
hence,

And on our long boates side, chop off his head.

*Suf.* Thou darste not for thine owne.

*Cap.* Yes Poull.

*Suf.* Poull.<sup>4</sup>

*Cap.* I Poull, puddle, kennell, sinke and durt,  
Ile stop that yawning mouth of thine,  
Those lips of thine that so oft haue kist the  
Queene,<sup>5</sup> shall sweepe the ground, and thou that  
Smildeste at good Duke Humphreys death,  
Shalt liue no longer to infect the earth.

*Suf.* This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,  
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas,

<sup>1</sup> This line is omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, though completely necessary to the sense of what follows.

<sup>2</sup> A groom who attends upon inferior horses. Here, a term of reproach. See "Henry VIII," act. iii. sc. 2.

<sup>3</sup> Blakeway says that this is a mistake, and that Suffolk's great grandfather was a merchant at Hull. But we learn from Hall that Suffolk assumed a good ancestry, and therefore this line was a natural ebullition of his vanity.

This and the next line are omitted in the folio editions of the amended play, but are introduced by modern editors as necessary to the sense.

This word is placed at the end of the preceding line in the editions of 1600.

The great Masadonian Pyrate,<sup>1</sup>

Thy words addes<sup>2</sup> fury and not remorse in me.

*Cap.* I but my deeds shall staie thy fury soone.

*Suf.* Has not thou waited at my Trencher,  
When we haue feasted with Queene Margaret?  
Hast not thou kist thy hand<sup>3</sup> and held my stirrope?  
And barehead plodded by my footecloth Mule,  
And thought thee happy when I smilde on thee?  
This hand hath writ in thy defence,  
Then shall I charme thee, hold thy lauish toong.

*Cap.* Away with him, Water, I say, and off with his  
hed.

*i. Pris.* Good my Lord, intreat him mildly for your  
life.

*Suf.* First let this necke stoupe to the axes edge,  
Before this knee do bow to any,  
Saue to the God of heauen and to my King:  
Suffolkes imperiall toong cannot please  
To such a Iadie groome.

*Water.* Come, come, why do we let him speake,  
I long to haue his head for raunsome of mine eye.

*Suf.* A Swordar and bandeto slause,  
Murthered sweete Tully.

<sup>1</sup> In the amended play we have—

“ Small things make base men proud ; this villain here,  
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more  
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.”

Bargulus, or Βαρδυλλις, as Plutarch writes it in the life of Pyrrhus, is mentioned by Cicero, *Bargulus Illyrius latro*. The change was perhaps made for the sake of the metre, “ Macedonian ” not well suiting the new construction of Suffolk’s speech. Greene, in “ Penelope’s Web ” [1588], mentions “ Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat,” who “ thought euery one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean.” See Malone’s “ Shakspere,” by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 289. The second folio reads “ threats ” instead of “ threatens.”

<sup>2</sup> Probably “ adde.”

<sup>3</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, “ Hast not thou kist  
hand.”

Brutus bastard-hand stabde Iulius Cæsar,  
And Suffolke dies by Pyrates on the seas.

[Exet SUFFOLKE, and WATER.

*Cap.* Off with his head, and send it to the Queene,  
And ransomelesse this prisoner shall go free,  
To see it sauе deliuered vnto her.  
Come lets goe.

[Exet omnes.

*Enter two of the Rebels with long staves.*

*George.* Come away Nick, and put a long staffe in  
thy pike, and prouide thy selfe, for I Can tell thee,  
they haue bene vp this two daies.

*Nicke.* Then they had more need to go to bed now.  
But sirra George whats the matter?

*George.* Why sirra, Iack Cake the Diar of Ashford  
here,  
He meanes to turne this land, and set a new nap  
on it.

*Nicke.* I marry he had need so, for tis growne threed-  
bare,  
Twas neuer merry world with vs,<sup>1</sup> since these gentle-  
men came vp.<sup>2</sup>

*George.* I warrant thee, thou shalt neuer see a Lord  
weare a leather aperne now a-daiies.

*Nicke.* But sirra, who comes more<sup>3</sup> beside Iacke  
Cade?

*George.* Why theres Dicke the Butcher, and Robin  
the Sadler, and Will that came a wooing to our Nan

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial expression. "Then stept forth the Duke of Suffolke from the King, and spake with a hault countenance these words: It was never merry in England, quoth hee, while we had any Cardinals among us." Stowe's "Chronicles," by Howes, fol. 1631, p. 546. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 294. The reading of the amended play makes this quotation still more apposite.

<sup>2</sup> The word "these" is judiciously omitted in the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "else."

last Sunday, and Harry and Tom, and Gregory that should haue your Parnill, and a great sort more is come from Rochester, and from Maydstone, and Canterbury, and all the Townes here abouts, and we must all be<sup>1</sup> Lords or squires, assoone as Iacke Cade is King.

*Nicke.* Harke, harke, I here the Drum, they be comming.

*Enter IACKE CADE, DICKE Butcher, ROBIN, WILL, TOM, HARRY, and the rest, with long staves.*

*Cade.* Proclaime silence.

*All.* Silence.

*Cade.* I Iohn Cade so named for my valiancie.<sup>2</sup>

*Dicke.* Or rather for stealing of a Cade of Sprats.<sup>3</sup>

*Cade.* My father was a Mortemer.

*Nicke.* He was an honest man<sup>4</sup> and a good Brick-laier.

*Cade.* My mother came of the Brases.<sup>5</sup>

*Will.* She was a Pedlers daughter<sup>6</sup> indeed, and sold many lases.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "be al."

<sup>2</sup> This passage is very obscure, unless he derives his name from the Latin *cado*, which is partially confirmed by the amended play, where he says, "our enemies shall fall before us." It would appear that something is omitted.

<sup>3</sup> A measure less than a barrel. The quantity a cade should contain is ascertained by Malone by the following extract from the accounts of the celeress of the abbey of Berking: "Memorandum that a barrel of herryng shold contene a thousand herryngs, and a cade of herryng six hundreth, six score to the hundreth." Nash, in his "Lenten Stiffe," 1599, says, "the rebel Jacke Cade was the first that devised to put redde herrings in cades, and from him they have their name." Nash's account was, perhaps, borrowed from this play.

<sup>4</sup> In the edition of 1619 and the amended play, this speech is given to Dick Butcher.

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"My mother was come of the Lacies."

<sup>6</sup> In the edition of 1619 this speech is given by Nicke.

*Robin.* And now being not able to occupie her furd  
packe,<sup>1</sup>

She washeth buckes vp and downe the country.

*Cade.* Therefore I am honourably borne.<sup>2</sup>

*Harry.* I for<sup>3</sup> the field is honourable, for he was  
borne

Vnder a hedge, for his father<sup>4</sup> had no house but the  
Cage.

*Cade.* I am able to endure much.

*George.* Thats true, I know he can endure anything,  
For I haue seen him whipt two market daies toghether.

*Cade.* I feare neither sword nor fire.

*Will.* He need not feare the sword, for his coate is  
of proofe.<sup>5</sup>

*Dicke.* But mee thinkes he should feare the fire, be-  
ing so often burnt in the hand, for stealing of sheepe.

*Cade.* Therefore be braue, for your Captain is braue,  
and vowes reformation : you shall haue seuen half-  
penny loaues for a penny, and the three hoopt pot,  
shall haue ten hoopes,<sup>6</sup> and it shall be felony to

<sup>1</sup> A wallet or knapsack of skin with the hair outward. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 296.

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "Therefore I am honourable borne." Thus in the "Third Part of Henry VI.," edit. 1623, p. 160, we have,

"Widow, goe you along : Lords, vse her honourable."

This word "honourable" is altered to "honourably" in the second edition of that play.

<sup>3</sup> The word "for" is omitted in the edition of 1619 and in the amended play.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "because his father."

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps an exit ought to be marked here, as Will so soon afterwards enters "with the Clarke of Chattam."

<sup>6</sup> The old drinking-pots, being of wood, were bound together, barrels are, with *hoops*; and in "The Gyl's Horn-Booke," 1599, they are mentioned among other drinking-measures. See Nash's "Pierce Penilesse," 1592, ed. Collier, p. 103. Cade, s Douce, promises that every can which now had three hoops ll be increased in size so as to require ten.

drinke small beere, and if I be king,<sup>1</sup> as king I will be.

*All.* God sauе your maiestie.

*Cade.* I thanke you good people, you shall all eate and drinke of my score, and go all in my liuerie, and weeble haue no writing, but the score & the Tally, and there shalbe no lawes but such as comes<sup>2</sup> from my mouth.

*Dicke.* We shall haue sore lawes then,<sup>3</sup> for he was thrust into the mouth the other day.

*George.* I and stinking law too, for his breath stinks so, that one cannot abide it.

*Enter WILL with the Clarke of Chattam.<sup>4</sup>*

*Will.* Oh Captaine a prye.

*Cade.* Whose that Will?

*Will.* The Clarke of Chattam, he can write and reade and cast account, I tooke him setting of boyes coppies, and hee has a booke in his pocket with red letters.

*Cade.* Sonnes,<sup>5</sup> hees a coniurer bring him hither. Now, sir, what your name?

*Clarke.* Emanuell sir, and it shall please you.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 leaves out the word "and," and the two editions of 1600 read, "And if be the king."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "But such as come."

<sup>3</sup> Stephano makes a similar pun in the "Tempest," act. v. sc. i.

<sup>4</sup> Ritson supposes him to have been Thomas Bayly, a necromancer at Whitechapel, and formerly a bosom friend of Cade. See W. Wyrcestre, p. 471. But Douce considers the character to have been invented by the writer of the play, and the certainly does not appear to be any evidence in favour of Ritson's conjecture.

<sup>5</sup> A misprint for "sounes." It is corrected in the later pressions.

*Dicke.* It will go hard with you, I can tell you,<sup>1</sup>  
For they vse to write that oth top of letters.<sup>2</sup>

*Cade.* And what do you vse<sup>3</sup> to write your name?  
Or do you as auncient forefathers haue done,  
Vse the score and the Tally?

*Clarke.* Nay, true sir,<sup>4</sup> I praise God I haue bene so  
well brought vp, that I can write mine owne name.

*Cade.* Oh hes confest,<sup>5</sup> go hang him with his penny-  
inckhorne about his necke.

[*Exit one with the Clarke.*

*Enter Tom.*

*Tom.* Captaine. Newes, newes, sir Humphrey  
Stafford and his brother are comming with the kings  
power, and mean to kil vs all.

*Cade.* Let them come, hees but a knight is he?

*Tom.* No, no, hees but a knight.

*Cade.* Why then to equall him, ile make my selfe  
knight.

Kneele downe Iohn Mortemer,

Rise vp sir Iohn Mortemer.

Is there any more of them that be Knights?

*Tom.* I his brother. [*He Knights DICKE Butcher.*<sup>6</sup>

*Cade.* Then kneele downe Dicke Butcher,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I tell ye."

<sup>2</sup> Of letters missive, and public acts. In the "Famous Victories of Henry V.," 1598, the Archbishop of Bruges says to King Henry:

"I beseech your grace to deliver mee your safe  
Conduct, under your broad seale *Emmanuel.*"

The edition of 1619 reads, "ore the top of letters," and, in the previous line, "I tell ye," instead of "I can tell you."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "What do ye vse."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Nay, truly sir."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 has this speech as follows: "Oh he has confest, go and hang him with his pen and inkehorne about his cke."

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "He knights him," and places this direction at the end of the next line.

Rise vp sir Dicke Butcher.

[Now sound vp the Drumme.<sup>1</sup>

Enter sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD and his brother, with  
Drumme and souldiers.

*Cade.* As for these silken coated slaves I passe not a  
pinne,<sup>2</sup>

Tis to you good people that I speake.

*Staf.* Why country-men, what meane you thus in  
troopes,

To follow this rebellious Traitor Cade?

Why his father was but a Brick-laier.<sup>3</sup>

*Cade.* Well, and Adam was a Gardner,<sup>4</sup> what then?  
But I come of the Mortemers.

*Staf.* I the Duke of Yorke hath taught you that.

*Cade.* The Duke of York, nay, I learnt it my selfe,  
For looke you, Roger Mortemer the Earle of March,  
Married the Duke of Clarence daughter.

*Staf.* Well, that's true: But what then?

*Cade.* And by her he had two children at a birth.

*Staf.* Thats false.

*Cade.* I, but I say, tis true.

*All.* Why then tis true.

*Cade.* And one of them was stolne away by a  
begger-woman,

And that was my father,<sup>5</sup> and I am his sonne,  
Deny it and you can.

*Nicke.* Nay looke you, I know twas true,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This forms part of Cade's speech in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> An idiomatic phrase of the time for I care not, or, I pay  
them no regard. "I care not a pin for you," is a common ex-  
pression at the present day.

<sup>3</sup> The word "but" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> The word "and" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>5</sup> The word "that" is omitted in the two editions of 1600.

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I know was true," which M.  
Knight has corrected to "I know 'tis true."

\*For his father built a chimney in my fathers house,  
And the brickes are aliuē at this day to testifie.<sup>1</sup>

*Cade.* But doest thou heare Stafford, tell the King, that for his fathers sake, in whose time boyes plaide at spanne-counter with Frenche Crownes,<sup>2</sup> I am content that he shall be King as long as he liues. Marry alwaies prouded, ile be Protector ouer him.

*Staf.* O monstrous simplicite.

*Cade.* And tell him, weeble have the Lord Sayes head, and the Duke of Somersets, for deliuering vp the Dukedomes of Anioy and Mayne, and selling the Townes in France, by which meanes England

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "to testifie it."

<sup>2</sup> The amended play reads, "in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns." The earlier commentators do not give any note on the game of span-counter, which Strutt and Nares suppose to have been thus played: one throws a counter, or piece of money, which the other wins if he can throw another so as to hit it, or lie within a span of it. It is alluded to by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And what I now pull shall no more afflict me,  
Than if I play'd at span-counter."

Dr Simon Forman, and his companion and "bedfellowe," Henry Gird, used to play at this game about 1570, as we learn from his diary in MS. Ashm. 208; but this curious document does not give us any information relative to the manner in which the game was played. A few leaves onwards, in the same volume, Forman gives us the following account, which is so good an illustration of the fact of deer-stealing being a fashionable amusement in the time of Shakespeare, that I cannot resist the temptation of inserting it here, especially, too, as it also affords an example of the ancient method of styling members of the university by the title of "sir," already alluded to. Forman is speaking of his college life when he tells us: "Nowe ther were too Bachelors of Arte that were too of his shife benefactors: the one of them was Sir Thornbury, that after was bishope of Limerike, and he was of Magdalen College; the other was Sir Pinckney, is cossine of St Mary Halle. Thes too lovyd hym [Forman] ring welle, and many tymes wold make Simon to goo forth to Loes the keper of Shattofer for his houndes to go on huntinge in morninge to nighte, and they never studied nor gave them-

hath bene maimde<sup>1</sup> euer since, and gone as it were with a crouch, but that my puissance<sup>2</sup> held it vp. And besides, they can speake French, and therefore they are traitors.

*Staf.* As how I prethie?

*Cade.* Why the French men are our enemies be they not? And then can hee that speakes with the tongue of an enemy be a good subiect?

Answer me to that.

*Staf.* Well sirra, wilt thou yeeld thy selfe vnto the Kings mercy, and he will pardon thee and these, their outrages and rebellious deeds?

*Cade.* Nay, bid the King come to me and he will, and then ile pardon him, or otherwaies ile haue his Crowne tell him, ere it be long.

*Staf.* Go Herald proclaime in all the Kings Townes. That those that will forsake the Rebell Cade, Shall haue free pardon from his Maiestie.

[*Exet STAFFORD and his men.*]

*Cade.* Come sirs, saint George for vs and Kent.

[*Exet omnes.*]

---

selves to their bockes, but to goe to scolles of defence, to the dauncing scolles, *to steall deer and conyes*, and to hunte the hare and to woinge of wenches; to goe to Doctor Lawrence of Cowly, for he had too fair daughters, Besse and Martha. Sir Thornbury he woed Besse; and Sir Pinckney he woed Martha, and in the end he married her; but Thornbury he deceyved Besse as the mayor's daughter of Bracy, of which Ephues writes, deceyved him. But ther was their ordinary haunt alwaies, and thethere muste Symon rone with the bottell and the bage erly and late." Thus if a bishop could steal deer when he was at college, surely Shakespeare could do so in his early career without his respectability being impeached by his editors, a sport then attended with as little loss of reputation as stealing knockers would be at the present day.

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads, "main'd," so that this may be pun on the word "Mayne," in the previous line. Daniel has similar conceit in his "Civil Wars," 1595:

"Anjou and Maine, the *main* that foul appears."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "but that the puissance.

*Alarums to the battaile, and sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD<sup>1</sup>  
and his brother is slaine. Then enter IACKE CADE  
againe and the rest.*

*Cade.* Sir Dicke Butcher, thou hast fought to day  
most valianly, And knockt them down as if thou  
hadst bin in thy slaughter house. And thus I will  
reward thee. The Lent shall be as long againe as it  
was. Thou<sup>2</sup> shalt haue licence to kill for foure score  
& one a week. Drumme strike vp, for now weeble  
march to London, for to morrow<sup>3</sup> I meane to sit in  
the Kings seate at Westminster. [Exet omnes.]

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, and the Queene,  
with the Duke of SUFFOLKES head, and the Lord  
SAY, with others.*

*Kin.* Sir Humphrey Stamford and his brother is [Sig. G.]  
slaine,

And the Rebels march amaine to London,  
Go back to them, and tell them thus from me,  
Ile come and parley with their generall.

*Reade.<sup>4</sup>* Yet staie, ile reade the Letter one<sup>5</sup> againe.  
Lord Say, Iacke Cade hath solemnly vowde to haue  
thy head.

<sup>1</sup> "A detachment was made against Jack Cade under the command of Sir Humphry and Sir William Stafford, to oppose those of Cade's men that remained in a body, imagining that most of them were retired to their several dwellings: but Cade having placed his troops in ambuscade in the woods about Sevenoke, the forces commanded by the Staffords were surrounded, and most of them either killed or taken prisoners, the two brothers who commanded them being killed on the spot."—Holinshed's "Chronicle, Henry IV.", p. 364. The edition of 1619 reads, "where Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother are both slaine."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and thou."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and to morrow."

<sup>4</sup> This stage direction is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>5</sup> Perhaps "once."

*Say.* I but I hope your highnesse shall haue his.

*Kin.* How now Madam, still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death, I feare my loue,<sup>1</sup> if I had bene dead, thou wouldest not haue mournde<sup>2</sup> so much for me.

*Queene.* No my loue, I should not mourne, but die for thee.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Oh flie my Lord, the Rebels are entered Southwarke, and haue almost wonne the Bridge, Calling your grace an vsurper, And that monstrous Rebell Cade, hath sworne To Crowne himselfe King in Westminster, Therefore flie my Lord, and poste to Killingworth.<sup>3</sup>

*Kin.* Go bid Buckingham and Clifford, gather An Army vp, and meete with the Rebels. Come Madame, let vs haste to Killingworth. Come on Lord Say, go thou along with vs, For feare the Rebell Cade do find thee out.

*Say.* My innocence my Lord shall pleade for me. And therefore with your highnesse leauue, ile staie behinde.

*Kin.* Euen as thou wilt my Lord Say. Come Madame, let vs go.

[*Exet omnes.*]

<sup>1</sup> Malone prefers this reading to the "I fear me, love" of the folio editions of the amended play. The difference is one which might easily occur in printing.

<sup>2</sup> The second folio reads, "Thou wouldest not half have mourn'd."

<sup>3</sup> "The king and court were so terrified at the approach of these rebels to Blackheath, that they retired to Kenelworth Castle in Warwickshire."—Holinshed's "Chronicle," p. 366. Killingworth is the old name for Kenilworth, and Sir Willian Blackstone says it was the common pronunciation in his time. In Lancham's letter, we find "the castle hath name of Kyllelingworth; but of truth, grounded upon faythfull story, Kenelwoorth."

*Enter the Lord SKAYLES vpon the Tower Walles walking.  
Enter three or foure Citizens below.<sup>1</sup>*

*Lord Scayles.* How now, is Iacke Cade slaine?

*1. Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be slaine,  
For they haue wonne the bridge,  
Killing all those that withstand them.  
The Lord Mayor craueth ayde of your honour from  
the Tower,  
To defend the Citie from the Rebels.

*Lord Scayles.* Such aide as I can spare, you shall  
command,  
But I am troubled here with them my selfe,  
The Rebels haue attempted to win the Tower,  
But get you to Smythfield<sup>2</sup> and gather head,  
And thither I will<sup>3</sup> send you Mathew Goffe,  
Fight for your King, your Country, and your liues.  
And so farewell, for I must hence againe.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter IACK CADE and the rest, and strikes his sword  
upon London Stone.*

*Cade.* Now is Mortemer Lord of this Citie,  
And now sitting vpon London stone, We command,  
That the first year of our raigne,  
The pissing Cundit run nothing but red wine.  
And now hence forward,<sup>4</sup> it shall be treason  
For any that calles me any otherwise then  
Lord Mortemer.

<sup>1</sup> This necessary stage direction is entirely omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>2</sup> The second folio reads, "But get you into Smithfield."

<sup>3</sup> These words are transposed in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> This and the next line are thus given in the two editions of 1600:—

"And now henceforth, it shall be treason  
For any that calls me otherwise then."

The amended play agrees with our text.

*Enter a souldier.*

*Sould.* Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

*Cade.* Sounes, knocke him downe. [They kill him.

*Dicke.* My Lords,<sup>1</sup> theirs an Army gathered together

Into Smythfield.

*Cade.* Come then, lets go fight with them,  
But first go on and set London Bridge a fire,<sup>2</sup>  
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.

Come lets away.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes, and then MATHEW GOFFE is slaine,<sup>3</sup> and all  
the rest with him. Then enter IACK CADE again,  
and his company.*

*Cade.* So sirs, now go some and pull down the  
Sauoy,<sup>4</sup>

Others to the Innes of the Court,<sup>5</sup> downe with them all.

*Dicke.* I haue a sute vnto your Lordship.

*Cade.* Be it a Lordship Dicke, and thou shalt haue it  
For that word.

*Dicke.* That we burne all the Records,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "My lord."

<sup>2</sup> The two editions of 1600 read, "set London Bridge on fire." At that time the bridge was made of wood.

<sup>3</sup> This of course means in the course of the scene, and not necessarily before the arrival of Cade and his followers. He is described by Holinshed, p. 635, as "a man of great wit and much experience in feats of chivalrie, the which in continuall warres had spent his time in serving of the king and his father."

<sup>4</sup> The word "some" is omitted in the edition of 1619. According to Ritson, this trouble had been saved Cade's reformers by his predecessor, Wat Tyler, and was not rebuilt till the time of Henry VII.

<sup>5</sup> The word "the" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>6</sup> Reed says that a similar proposal was actually made in parliament in the time of the Commonwealth. But the objects were different. In that instance it was to settle the nation on a new foundation, whereas all Dicke appears to desire is the destruction of every thing connected with education and learning.

And that all writing may be put downe,  
And nothing vsde but the score and the Tally.

*Cade.* Dicke it shall be so, and henceforward all things<sup>1</sup> shall be in common, and in Cheapeside shall my palphrey go to grasse.

Why ist not a miserable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should parchment<sup>2</sup> be made, & then with a little blotting ouer with inke, a man should vndo himselfe.

Some saies tis the bees that sting, but I say, tis their waxe, for I am sure I neuer seald to anything but once, and I was neuer mine owne man since.<sup>3</sup>

*Nicke.* But when shall we take vp those commodities Which you told vs of.

*Cade.* Marry he that will<sup>4</sup> lustily stand to it.  
Shall go with me, and<sup>5</sup> take vp these commodities following :

Item, a gowne, a kirtle, a petticoate, and a smocke.

### Enter GEORGE.

*George.* My Lord, a prize, a prize, heres the Lord Say,  
Which sold the Towhes in France.

*Cade.* Come hither thou Say, thou George, thou buckrum lord,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "al thing."

<sup>2</sup> These words are transposed in the edition of 1619. This speech occurs in act iv. sc. 2, of the amended play. Here it is act iv. sc. 7.

<sup>3</sup> The second folio reads, "my" for mine."

<sup>4</sup> This speech is printed as prose in the edition of 1619.

<sup>5</sup> These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>6</sup> Cade here makes a pun on the word "say," which is explained by Minsheu to be a kind of woollen stuff. Spenser uses the word—

"All in a kirtle of discolour'd say  
He clothed was."

There seems also to be a play on the word *George* and *serge*, as it is spelt in the amended drama.

What answere canst thou make vnto my mightinesse,  
For deliuering vp the townes in France to Mounsier  
bus mine cue, the Dolphin of France?

And more then so, thou hast most traitorously erected  
a grammer schoole, to infect the youth of the realme,  
and against the Kings Crowne and dignitie,<sup>1</sup> thou hast  
built vp a paper-mill, nay it wil be saide to thy face,  
that thou kepst men in thy house that daily reades<sup>2</sup> of  
bookees with red letters, and talkes<sup>3</sup> of a Nowne and  
a Verbe, and such abhominable words as no Christian  
eare is able to endure it. And besides all that,<sup>4</sup> thou  
hast appointed certaine Iustises<sup>5</sup> of peace in euery  
shire to hang honest men that steale for their liuing,  
and because they could not reade, thou hast hung them  
vp: Onely for which cause they were most worthy to  
liue. Thou ridest on a footcloth doest thou not?<sup>6</sup>

*Say.* Yes, what of that?

*Cade.* Marry I say, thou oughtest not to let thy  
horse weare a cloake, when an honeste man then thy  
selfe, goes in his hose and doublet.

*Say.* You men of Kent.

*All.* Kent, what of Kent?

<sup>1</sup> "Against the peace of the said lord the king, his crown, and  
dignity," was the regular language of indictments.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps "reade."

<sup>3</sup> Probably "talke."

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "And besides all this."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Iustices of the peace."

<sup>6</sup> This passage, though completely necessary for the sense, is  
entirely omitted in the edition of 1619 and by Mr Knight. This  
shows the value of the old copies. The first folio reads, "in a  
footcloth," but the edition of 1632 restores the old reading. A  
footcloth was a kind of housing which covered the body of the  
horse, and almost reached the ground. It was sometimes made  
of velvet, and bordered with gold lace. Bulleyne, in his "Dia-  
logue," 1564, says: "He gave me my mule also with a velvet  
footcloth." See "Richard III.," act iii. sc. 4; and "2 Henry  
VI.," act iv. sc. 1.

*Say.* Nothing but *bona, terra*.<sup>1</sup>

*Cade.* Bonum terum, sounds what's that?

*Dicke.* He speakes French.

*Mill.* No tis Dutch.

*Nicke.* No tis outtalian, I know it well inough.

*Say.* Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar wrote,  
Termde it the ciuel'st place of all this land,<sup>2</sup>  
Then Noble country-men, heare me but speake,  
I sold not France, I lost not<sup>3</sup> Normandie.

*Cade.* But wherefore doest thou shake thy head  
so?

*Say.* It is the palsie and not feare that makes me.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads, "Nothing but *terra bona*."

<sup>2</sup> So all the editions. The amended play reads—

"Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,  
Is term'd the civell'st place of all this isle;  
Sweet is the country, because full of riches,  
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,  
Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity."

The first folio reads, "you are." I have printed from the second edition of 1632. The passage, as given in our text, cannot be correct; but Mr Knight reads,

"Term'd is the civellest place of all this land."

I would rather read, "is term'd," the line running so much better, and transpositions frequently occur in these old copies. The passage in Cæsar which is referred to is as follows:—"Ex his omnibus longe sunt humanissimi qui Cantium incolunt."—"Comment de bello Gallico," v. 14. The passage is thus translated by Arthur Golding, 1565: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle, the *civilest* are the Kentisfolke," a sentence which occurs nearly word for word in Lyly's "Euphues and his England," 1580: "Of all the inhabitants of this isle the Kentish-men are the *civilest*." Shakespeare, or rather the author of the "Contention," had probably seen this last-mentioned book, the passage I have given being quoted by Malone. It may be mentioned that there was an edition of Golding's translation published in 1590, as Mr Collier does not seem to be aware of this. See his "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 198.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "nor lost I."

<sup>4</sup> Peck thinks that this speech originates in a charm for an ague, which, however, I suspect he has altered to bring it

*Cade.* Nay thou nodst thy head, as who say,<sup>1</sup> thou wilt be euen with me, if thou getst away, but ile make the sure inough, now I haue thee. Go take him to the standerd in Cheapeside and chop of his head, and then gó to milende-greene, to sir Iames Cromer his sonne in law, and cut off his head too,<sup>2</sup> and bring them to me vpon two poles presently. Away with him.

[*Exet one or two with the Lord Say.*  
 There shall not a noble man weare a head on his shoulders,  
 But he shall paie me tribute for it.  
 Nor there shal not a mayd be married, but he shal  
 see<sup>3</sup> to me for her.  
 Maydenhead or else, ile haue it my selfe,

nearer the present passage. Blagrave, in his "Astrological Practise of Physick," p. 135, prescribes a cure of agues by a certain writing which the patient weareth, as follows: "When Jesus went up to the cross to be crucified, the Jews asked him, saying, 'Art thou afraid? or hast thou the ague?' Jesus answered, and said, 'I am not afraid, neither have I the ague. All those which bear the name of Jesus about them shall not be afraid, nor yet have the ague.' Amen, sweet Jesus, amen, sweet Jehovah, amen."—See Brand's "Popular Antiquities," by Hazlitt, iii. 236.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads,

"Nay, thou noddst thy head at vs, as who wouldest say."

<sup>2</sup> "Cade ordered the Lord Mayor and Aldermen to assemble in Guildhall, in order to sit in judgement upon Lord Say; but, his lordship insisting to be tried by his peers, Cade hurried him from the bar, and struck off his head at the Standard in Cheapside. And afterwards meeting with Sir J. Cromer, who had married Lord Say's daughter, he cut off his head, ordering that and Lord Say's to be carried before him on spears."—Holinshed, p. 364. See also Grey's "Notes upon Shakespeare," vol. ii. p. 28. According to the contemporary chronicles, it was William Cromer whom Cade put to death. Lord Say and he had been previously sent to the Tower, and both, or at least the former, convicted of treason at Cade's mock commission at Guildhall.

<sup>3</sup> Read "fee."

Marry I will that married men shall hold of me in  
capitie,<sup>1</sup>  
And that their wiues shalbe as free as hart can thinke,  
or toong can tell.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Robin.*

*Robin.* O Captaine, London bridge is a fire.

*Cade.* Runne to Billingsgate, and feche pitch and  
flaxe and squench<sup>3</sup> it.

*Enter DICKE and a Sargiant.*

*Sar.* Iustice, Iustice, I pray you sir, let me haue  
iustice of this fellow here.

*Cade.* Why what has he done?

*Sar.* Alasse sir he has rauisht my wife.

*Dicke.* Why my Lord he would haue rested me,  
And I went and entred my Action in his wiues paper  
house.

*Cade.* Dicke follow thy sute in her common place,  
You horson villaine, you are a Sargiant youle,

<sup>1</sup> A tenure *in capite*. This is an equivoque on the preceding line.

<sup>2</sup> There are several ancient grants from our early kings to their subjects, written in rude verse, and empowering them to enjoy their lands as "free as heart can wish or tongue can tell." Nearly the precise words occur in the Year Book of Henry VII. See Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 321. The disgusting custom of the *Mercheta Mulierum*, alluded to by Cade, is thus described by Skene, and affords us a very apposite illustration of the whole of this speech: "Marchequum significat prisca Scotorum lingua: hinc deducta metaphora ab equitando, Marcheta mulieris, dicitur virginalis pudicitæ prima violatio et delibatio, quæ, ab Eveno rege, dominis capitalibus fuit impie permissa de omnibus novis nuptiis prima nuptiarum nocte; sed et pie a Malcomo tertio sublata fuit, et in hoc capite certo vacuarum numero et quasi pretio redimitur." Dalrymple, however, denies the existence of such a custom, and Blackstone is of opinion that it never prevailed in England.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "quench." The other is still a provincial expression, and the older form of the word.

Take any man by the throate for twelue pence,  
 And rest a man when hees<sup>1</sup> at dinner,  
 And haue him to prison ere the meate be out of his<sup>2</sup>  
 mouth.

Go Dicke take him hence, cut out<sup>3</sup> his toong for cog-  
 ging.

Hough him for running, and to conclude,  
 Brane<sup>4</sup> him with his own mace.

[*Exet with the Sargiant.*

*Enter two with the Lord SAVES head, and sir IAMES  
 CROMERS, upon two poles.*

So, come carry them before me, and at euery lanes  
 ende, let them kisse togither.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord CLIFFORD  
 the Earle of COMBERLAND.*

*Clif.* Why country-men and warlike friends of  
 Kent,

What meanes this mutinous rebellions,<sup>6</sup>  
 That you in troopes do muster thus your selues,  
 Vnder the conduct of this Traitor Cade?  
 To rise against your soueraigne Lord and King,  
 Who mildly hath his pardon sent to you,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "he is."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "on's."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and cut out."

<sup>4</sup> That is, "brain." The edition of 1619 reads "braue."

<sup>5</sup> "And as it were in a spite caused them in every street to  
 kisse together."—Holinshed, p. 634. See also Hall's "Chron-  
 icles," sig. a. Farmer gives another parallel passage from the  
 "Mirroure of Magistrates." Hall says, "to the great detesta-  
 tion of all the beholders." See Malone's "Shakespeare," by  
 Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 322.

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads,  
 "What meanes this mutinous rebellion?"

while the edition of 1619 reads,

"What meanes these mutinous rebellions?"

If you forsake this monstrous Rebell here?  
 If honour be the marke whereat you aime,  
 Then hast to France that your forefathers wonne,  
 And winne againe that thing which now is lost,  
 And leaue to seeke your Countries ouerthrow.

*All. A Clifford, a Clifford.* [They forsake Cade.

*Cade.* Why, how now, will you forsake your gene-  
 rall,  
 And ancient freedome which you haue possest?  
 To bend your neckes vnder<sup>1</sup> their seruile yokes,  
 Who if you stir, will straightwais<sup>2</sup> hang you vp,  
 But follow me, and you shall pull them downe,  
 And make them yeeld their liuings to your hands.

*All. A Cade, a Cade.*

[They runne to Cade againe.

*Clif.* Braue warlike friends heare me but speak a  
 word,<sup>3</sup>  
 Refuse not good whilst it is offered you,  
 The King is mercifull, then yeeld to him,  
 And I myself will go along with you,  
 To Winsore Castle whereas the King abides,  
 And on mine honour you shall haue no hurt.

*All. A Clifford, a Clifford, God sauе the King.*

*Cade.* How like a feather is this rascall company  
 Blowne euery way,  
 But that they may see there want no valiancy<sup>4</sup> in  
 me,  
 My staffe shall make way through the midst of you,  
 And so a poxe take you all.

[He runs through them with his staffe, and flies away.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1600, printed by W. W., reads "vnto" instead of "vnder."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads "straight way."

<sup>3</sup> These words are omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600, and that of 1619, read "there wants no valiancy."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and then flies away."

Buc. Go some and make after him, and proclaime,  
 That those that bring the head of Cade,  
 Shall haue a thousand Crownes for his labour.  
 Come march away. [Exet omnes.]

*Enter King HENRY and the QUEENE, and SOMERSET.*

*Kin.* Lord Somerset, what newes here you of the  
 Rebell Cade?

*Som.* This, my gratiouse Lord, that the Lord Say is  
 don to death,  
 And the Citie is almost sackt.

*Kin.* Gods will be done, for as he hath decreede,  
 so must it be:<sup>1</sup>

And be it as he please,<sup>2</sup> to stop the pride of those  
 rebellious men.

*Queene.* Had the noble Duke of Suffolke bene  
 aliue,  
 The Rebell Cade had bene supprest ere this,  
 And all the rest that do take part with him.

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD, with  
 the Rebels, with halters about their necks.*

*Clif.* Long liue King Henry, Englands lawfull  
 King,  
 Loe here my Lord, these Rebels are subdude,  
 And offer their liues before your highnesse feete.

*Kin.* But tell me Clifford, is their Captaine here.

*Clif.* No, my gratiouse Lord, he is fled away, but  
 proclamations are sent forth, that he that can but  
 bring his head, shall haue a thousand crownes. But

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "so it must be."

<sup>2</sup> The word "it" is omitted in the edition of 1619, and by Mr Knight, though it seems necessary in the construction of the sentence.

may it please your Maiestie, to pardon these their faults, that by that traitors meanes<sup>1</sup> were thus misled.

*Kin.* Stand vp you simple men, and giue God praise,

For you did take in hand you know not what,  
And go in peace obedient to your King,  
And liue as subiects, and you shall not want,  
Whilst Henry liues, and weares the English Crowne.

*All.* God sauе the King, God sauе the King.

*Kin.* Come let vs haste to London now with speed,

That solemne prosessions may be sung,  
In laud and honour of the God of heauen,  
And triumphs of this happie victorie.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Enter IACKE CADE at one doore, and at the other maister ALEXANDER EYDEN and his men, and IACKE CADE lies downe picking of hearbes and eating them.*

*Eyden.* Good Lord how pleasant is this country life,

This litle land my father left me here,  
With my contented minde serues me as well,  
As all the pleasures in the Court can yeeld,  
Nor would I change this pleasure for the Court.

*Cade.* Sounes, heres the Lord of the soyle, Stand villaine, thou wilt betraie mee to the King, and get a thousand crownes for my head, but ere thou goest, ile make thee eate yron like an Astridge,<sup>2</sup> and swallow my sword like a great pinne.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "by these traitors meanes."

<sup>2</sup> It may be worth while to observe that the edition of 1610 reads "estridge," alluding of course to the old myth of ostriches eating and digesting iron, concerning the truth of which Sir

*Eyden.* Why sawcy companion, why should I betray thee?

Ist not inough that thou hast broke my hedges,  
And enterd into my ground<sup>1</sup> without the leue of me  
the owner,  
But thou wilt braue me too.

*Cade.* Braue thee and beard thee too, by the best  
blood of the Realme, looke on me well, I haue eate  
no meate this fие dayes, yet and I do not<sup>2</sup> leauue thee  
and thy fие men as dead as a doore nayle,<sup>3</sup> I pray  
God I may neuer eate grasse more.

*Eyden.* Nay, it neuer shall<sup>4</sup> be saide whilst the  
world doth stand,<sup>5</sup> that Alexander Eyden an Esquire  
of Kent, tooke oddes to combat with a famisht man,  
looke on me, my limmes are equall vnto thine, and  
euery way as big, then hand to hand, ile combat thee.<sup>6</sup>  
Sirrah fetch me weapons, and stand you all aside.

*Cade.* Now sword, if thou doest not hew<sup>7</sup> this burly-  
bond churle into chines of beefe, I beseech God thou

---

Thomas Browne and Alexander Ross fought a [paper] battle some two centuries ago. The word "estridge" occurs twice in Shakespeare, "I Henry IV," act iv. sc. 1, and "Antony and Cleopatra," act iii. sc. 2, meaning a kind of hawk; while the early editions of the amended play read "ostridge" in the corresponding passage to this. This affords an argument in favour of the early composition of the old play, if difference of orthography is ever any argument in works of Shakespeare's time.

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "into the ground."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Yet if I do not."

<sup>3</sup> This proverb is used by Pistol in "2 Henry VI," act v. sc. 3. The *door nail* was the nail, on which, in ancient doors, the knocker strikes. See Malone's "Shakespeare" by Boswell, vol. xvii. p. 225.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "it shall never."

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "whilst the world stands."

<sup>6</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Ile combat with thee."

<sup>7</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "if thou hewst not."

maist fal<sup>1</sup> into some smiths hand,<sup>2</sup> and be turned to hob-nailes.

*Eyden.* Come on thy way.

[*They fight, and Cade fals downe.*

*Cade.* Oh villaine, thou hast slaine the floure of Kent for chiualrie, but it is famine & not thee that has done it, for come ten thousand diuels, and giue me but the ten meales that I wanted this fие daies, and ile fight with you all, and so a poxe rot thee, for Iack Cade must die. [He dies.

*Eyden.* Iack Cade, & was it that monstrous Rebell<sup>3</sup> which I haue slaine. Oh sword ile honour thee for this,<sup>4</sup> and in my chamber shalt thou hang as a monumēnt to after age, for this great seruice thou hast done to me. Ile drag him hence, and with my sword cut off his head, and beare it<sup>5</sup> . . . . [Exet.

*Enter the Duke of YORKE with Drum and souldiers.*

*Yorke.* In Armes from Ireland comes Yorke amaine, Ring belles aloud, bonfires perfume the ayre,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "I would thou mightst fall," while the amended play has, "I beseech Jove." The difference between the editions of 1619 and 1594 was, perhaps, occasioned by the statute of 3 James I. ; but the alteration in the folio may have been intentional, and is judiciously restored by Mr Collier.

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "into some smiths hands."

<sup>3</sup> Hall gives the following account of Cade's death : " After a proclamation made that whosoever could apprehende the saied Jac Cade should have for his pain a m. markes, many sought for hym, but few espied hym, til one Alexander Iden, esquire of Kent, found hym in a garden, and there in his defence manfully slew the caitife Cade, and brought his ded body to London, whose hed was set on London bridge." The edition of 1619 reads, "was this that monstrous rebel."

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "O sword I honor thee for this." The edition of 1619 prints this speech as verse.

<sup>5</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and beare it to the king," these three words having dropped out in the Bodleian copy of our edition.

To entertaine faire Englands royall King.  
Ah *Sancta Maiesta*,<sup>1</sup> who would not buy thee deare?

*Enter the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.*

But soft, who comes here Buckingham, what newes with him?

*Buc.* Yorke, if thou meane well, I greete thee so.

*Yorke.* Humphrey of Buckingham, welcome I sweare: What comes thou in loue or as a Messenger?

*Buc.* I come as a Messenger from our dread Lord and soueraign,

Henry. To know the reason of these Armes in peace? Or that thou being a subject as I am, Shouldst thus approach so neare with colours spred, Whereas the person of the King doth keepe?

*Yorke.* A subject as he is.

Oh how I hate these spitefull abiect termes, But Yorke dissemble, till thou meete thy sonnes, Who now in Armes expect their fathers sight, And not farre hence I know they cannot be.<sup>2</sup> Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, pardon me, That I answearde not at first, my mind was troubled, I came to remoue that monstrous Rebell Cade, And heauie proud Somerset<sup>3</sup> from out the Court, That basely yeeldeed vp the Townes in France.

*Buc.* Why that was presumption on thy behalfe, But if it be no otherwise but so,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For "majestas."

<sup>2</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 omits the word "not;" and it will be at once seen that this omission is necessary for the sense of the passage, although again inserted in the edition of 1619 and in Mr Knight's. This part of York's speech is of course spoken aside.

<sup>3</sup> The same expression is used by Buckingham soon afterwards. In the amended play this line is altered, the other remaining as it was.

<sup>4</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "no otherwise then so."

The King doth pardon thee, and granst<sup>1</sup> to thy request,

And Somerset is sent vnto the Tower.

*Yorke.* Vpon thine honour is it so?

*Buc.* Yorke, he is vpon mine honour.

*York.* Then before thy face, I here dismisse my troopes,

Sirs, meete me to-morrow in saint Georges fields,

And there you shall receiue your paie of me.

[*Exet souldiers.*]

*Buc.* Come York, thou shalt go speake<sup>2</sup> vnto the King,

But see, his grace is comming to meeete with vs.

*Enter King HENRY.*

[Sig. H.]

*Kin.* How now Buckingham, is Yorke friends with us,

That thus thou bringst him hand in hand with thee?

*Buc.* He is my Lord, and hath dischargde his troopes

Which came with him, but as your grace did say,

To heave the Duke of Somerset from hence,

And to subdue the Rebels that were vp.

*Kin.* Then welcome cousin Yorke, giue me thy hand,

And thankes for thy great seruice done to vs,

Against those traitorous Irish that rebeld.

*Enter maister EYDEN with LACKE CADES head.*

*Eyden.* Long liue Henry<sup>3</sup> in triumphant peace,  
Lo here my Lord vpon my bended knees,

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps, "grants."

<sup>2</sup> Malone thinks that the omission of this line in the amended play is an error, but the entrance of King Henry is an accidental incident, and the scene does not require Buckingham's assumption of authority.

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, " Long liue King Henry."

I here present the traitorous head of Cade,  
That hand to hand in single fight I slue.

*Kin.* First thanks to heauen, & next to thee my friend,

That hast subdude that wicked traitor thus.

Oh let me see that head that in his life,

Did worke me and my land such cruell spight,

A visage sterne, cole blacke his curled locks,

Deepe trenched furrowes in his frōwning brow,

Presageth warlike humors in his life.

Here take it hence and thou for thy reward,

Shalt be immediately created Knight.

Kneele downe my friend, and tell me whats thy name ?

*Eyden.* Alexander Eyden, if it please your grace,  
A poore Esquire of Kent.

*Kin.* Then rise vp sir Alexander Eyden knight,  
And for thy maintenance, I freely giue  
A thousand markes a yeare to maintaine thee,<sup>1</sup>  
Beside the firme reward that was proclaimde,  
For those that could performe this worthie act,  
And thou shalt waight vpon the person of the king.

*Eyden.* I humbly thank your grace,<sup>2</sup> and I no  
longer liue,  
Then I proue iust and loyall to the King.<sup>3</sup> [Exet.

*Enter the Queene with the Duke of SOMERSET.*<sup>4</sup>

*Kin.* O Buckingham see where Somerset comes,  
Bid him go hide himselfe till Yorke be gone.

<sup>1</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads :—

“A thousand markes a yeere for to maintaine thee.”

<sup>2</sup> This speech is rather ambiguously worded, but seems to imply Iden's ready acceptance of Henry's bounty. The author, if this be the case, must have forgotten Iden's previous commendation of a country life, and his low idea of the value of court advantages.

<sup>3</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads :—

“Then I proove iust and loyall vnto my king.”

<sup>4</sup> This direction is found in the same place in the folio

*Queene.* He shall not hide himselfe for feare of Yorke,  
But beard and braue him proudly to his face.

*Yorke.* Whose that, proud Somerset at libertie ?  
Base fearefull Henry that thou dishonor'st me,  
By heauen, thou shalt not gourne ouer me :  
I cannot brooke that Traitors presence here,  
Nor will I subiect be to such a King,  
That knowes not how to gourne nor to rule,  
Resigne thy Crowne proud Lancaster to me,  
'That thou vsurped hast so long by force,  
For now is Yorke resolu'd to claime his owne,  
And rise aloft into faire Englands Throane.

*Somer.* Proud Traitor, I arrest thee on high treason,  
Against thy soueraigne Lord, yeeld thee false Yorke,  
For here I sweare, thou shalt vnto the Tower,  
For these proud words which thou hast giuen the king.

*Yorke.* Thou art deceiued, my sonnes shalbe my  
baile,<sup>1</sup>  
And send thee there in dispight of him.  
Hoe, where are you boyes ?

*Queene.* Call Clifford hither presently.

*Enter the Duke of YORKES sonnes, EDWARD the Earle  
of MARCH, and crook-backe RICHARD, at the one  
doore, with Drumme and soldiers, and at the other  
doore, enter CLIFFORD and his sonne, with Drumme  
and souldiers, and CLIFFORD kneeles to HENRY,  
and speakes.*

*Clif.* Long liue my noble Lord, and soueraigne King.

editions of the amended play. Modern editors place it three lines lower. The original position does not involve any absurdity, for Somerset must at all events be within sight of the king, and we have only to suppose him just entering a large room.

<sup>1</sup> The second folio reads the corresponding passage as follows :

" Sirrah, call in my sonnes to be my baile :  
I know ers they will let me goe to Ward,  
They'l pawne their Swords for my infranchisement ; "

*Yorke.* We thank thee Clifford.  
 Nay, do not affright vs<sup>1</sup> with thy lookes,  
 If thou didst mistake, we pardon thee, kneele  
 againe.

*Clif.* Why, I did no way mistake, this is my  
 King.

What is he mad? to Bedlam with him.<sup>2</sup>

*Kin.* I, a bedlam frantike humor drijes him thus  
 To leauy Armes against his lawfull King.

*Clif.* Why doth not<sup>3</sup> your grace send him to the  
 Tower?

*Queene.* He is arrested, but will not obey,  
 His sonnes he saith, shall be his baile.<sup>4</sup>

*Yorke.* How say you boyes, will you not?

*Ed.* Yes noble father, if our words will serue.

*Rich.* And if our words will not, our swords shall.

*Yorke.* Call hither to the stake, my two rough  
 beares.

*Kin.* Call Buckingham, and bid him Arme him-  
 selfe.

*Yorke.* Call Buckingham and all the friends thou  
 hast,

Both thou and they, shall curse this fatall houre.

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which contains *three* variations from the first, and all improvements, though modern editors have only adopted two of them. In the edition of 1619 this speech is erroneously given to the king.

<sup>1</sup> The second folio reads, "do not affright me," but York is now speaking as a sovereign.

<sup>2</sup> This is generally considered an anachronism, but Ritson quotes Stowe to prove that there was "an hospitall for distracted people" called St. Mary's of Bethlehem, as early as the thirteenth century. See "Survey of London," 1598, p. 127, and Malone's "Shakespeare," by Boswell, vol. xviii. p. 344.

<sup>3</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "Why do not."

<sup>4</sup> The edition printed by W. W. in 1600 reads, "shall be his suretie," an alteration which is partially adopted in the amended play.

Enter at one doore, the Earles of SALSBURY and WARWICKE, with Drumme and souldiers. And at the other,<sup>1</sup> the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, with Drumme and souldiers.

*Clif.* Are these thy beares? weel bayte them soone,  
Dispight of thee, and all the friends thou hast.

*War.* You had best go dreame againe,  
To keepe you from the tempest of the field.

*Clif.* I am resolu'd to beare a greater storme,  
Then any thou canst coniure vp to day,  
And that ile write vpon thy Burgonet,<sup>2</sup>  
Might I but know thee by thy household badge.<sup>3</sup>

*War.* Now by my fathers age,<sup>4</sup> old Neuels crest,  
The Rampant Beare chained to the ragged staffe,  
This day ile weare aloft my burgonet,  
As on a mountaine top the Cædar shewes,  
That keepes his leaues in spight of any storme,  
Euen to affright the with the view thereof.

*Clif.* And from thy burgonet will I rend the beare,  
And tread him vnderfoote with all contempt,  
Dispight the Beare-ward that protects him so.

*Yoong Clif.* And so renowmed soueraigne to Armes,<sup>5</sup>  
To quell these Traitors and their compleases.

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "and at the other doore."

<sup>2</sup> A helmet. See "Antony and Cleopatra," act i. sc. 5.

<sup>3</sup> The first folio reads "housed" and the second "house's" instead of "household." The reading in our text is the correct one. The speech is exactly the same in the amended play with this exception. See Collier's "Shakespeare," vol. v. p. 216.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps "badge," though the alteration does not seem to be absolutely necessary.

<sup>5</sup> The first folio reads:—

"And so to armes victorious Father;"

while the second folio has:—

"And so to Armes victorious noble Father."

This difference is not noticed by any of the earlier editors of Shakespeare, although of some importance.

*Rich.* Fie, Charitie for shame, speake it not in spight,

For you shall sup with Iesus Christ to-night.

*Yoong Clif.* Foule Stigmaticke thou canst not tell.

*Rich.* No, for if not in heauen, youle surely sup in hell.

[*Exet omnes.*]

*Alarmes to the battaile, and then enter the Duke of SOMERSET and RICHARD fighting, and RICHARD kils him under the signe of the Castle in Saint Albones.*

*Rich.* So Lie thou there, and breathe thy last.<sup>1</sup>

Whats here, the signe of the Castle?

Then the prophesie is come to passe,<sup>2</sup>

For Somerset was forewarned of Castles,

The which he alwaies did obserue.

And now, behold, vnder a paltry Ale-house signe,

The Castle in saint Albones,

Somerset hath made the Wissard famous by his death.

[*Exet.*]

*Alarme again, and enter the Earle of WARWICKE alone.*

*War.* Clifford of Cumberland, tis Warwicke calles,  
And if thou doest not hide thee from the Beare.

Now whilst the angry Trompets sound Alarmes,

And dead mens cries do fill the emptie aire :

Clifford I say, come forth and fight with me,

Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,

Warwicke is hoarse with calling thee to Armes.

*Clif. speaks within.* Warwicke stand still, and view the way that Clifford hewes with his murthering Curtel-

<sup>1</sup> This is omitted in the amended play. The edition of 1619 inelegantly reads:—

“So, lie thou there, and tumble in thy blood.”

<sup>2</sup> “There died under the sygne of the Castle, Edmond duke of Somerset, who long before was warned to eschew all castles, and besyde hym lay Henry the Second erle of Northumberland, Humfrey erle of Stafford,” &c.—Hall’s “Chronicle.”

axe, through the fainting troopes to finde thee out.  
Warwicke stand still, and stir not till I come.

*Enter YORKE.*

*War.* How now my Lord, what a foote?  
Who kild your horse?

*Yorke.* The deadly hand of Clifford. Noble Lord,  
Fiue horse this day slaine vnder me,  
And yet braue Warwicke I remaine aliue,  
But I did kill his horse he lou'd so well,  
The bonniest gray that ere was bred in North.

*Enter CLIFFORD, and WARWICKE offers to fight  
with him.*

Hold Warwicke, and seeke thee out some other chase,  
My selfe will hunt this deare to death.

*War.* Braue Lord, tis for a Crowne thou fights,  
Clifford farewell, as I entend to prosper well to-day,  
It grieues my soule to leaue thee vnassaid.

[*Exet WARWICKE.*

*Yorke.* Now Clifford, since we are singled here  
alone,  
Be this the day of doome to one of vs,  
For now my heart hath sworne immortall hate  
To thee, and all the house of Lancaster.

*Clif.* And here I stand, and pitch my foot to thine,  
Vowing neuer to stir, till thou or I be slaine.  
For neuer shall my heart be safe at rest,  
Till I haue spoyl'd the hatefull house of Yorke.

[*Alarmes, and they fight, and YORKE kills  
CLIFFORD.*<sup>1</sup>

*Yorke.* Now Lancaster sit sure, thy sinowes shrinke,

<sup>1</sup> This is a departure from the truth of history; but it is very remarkable that a different account should be given by the author of "The True Tragedie," if both these plays were, as is generally supposed, written by the same hand.

Come fearefull Henry grouelling on thy face,  
Yeld vp thy Crowne vnto the Prince of York.

[Exet YORKE.

[Alarmes, then enter yoong CLIFFORD alone.

Yoong Clifford. Father of Cumberland,  
Where may I<sup>1</sup> seeke my aged father forth?  
O ! dismall sight, see where he breathlesse lies,  
All smeard and weltred in his luke-warme blood,  
Ah, aged pillar of all Comberlands true house,  
Sweete father, to thy murthred ghoast I sweare,  
Immortall hate vnto the house of Yorke,  
Nor neuer shall I sleepe secure one night,  
Till I haue furiously reuengde thy death,  
And left not one of them to breath on earth.

[He takes him vp on his backe.

And thus as old Ankyses sonne did bear  
His aged father on his manly backe,  
And fought with him against the bloodie Greeks,  
Euen so will I. But staie, heres one of them,  
To whom my soule hath sworne immortall hate.

Enter RICHARD, and then CLIFFORD laies downe his  
father, fights with him,<sup>2</sup> and RICHARD flies away  
againe.

Out crooktbacke villaine, get thee from my sight,  
But I will after thee, and once againe  
When I haue borne my father to his Tent,  
Ile trie my fortune better with thee yet.<sup>3</sup>

[Exet yoong CLIFFORD with his father.

Alarmes againe, and then enter three or foure, bearing  
the Duke of BUCKINGHAM wounded to his Tent.

Alarmes still, and then enter the King and Queene.

Queene. Away my Lord; and flie to London straight,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "Where I may."

<sup>2</sup> The word "with" is omitted in the edition of 1619.

<sup>3</sup> The word "yet" is omitted in the edition printed by W. W. in 1600, but it is found in the edition of 1619.

Make hast, for vengeance comes along with them,  
Come stand not to expostulate, lets go.

*Kin.* Come then faire Queene, to London let vs  
hast,  
And sommon a Parlament<sup>1</sup> with speede,  
To stop the fury of these dyre euent.

[*Exet King and Queene.*

*Alarmes, and then a flourish, and enter the Duke  
of YORKE<sup>2</sup> and RICHARD.*

*Yorke.* How now boyes, fortunate this fight hath  
bene,  
I hope to vs and ours, for Englands good,  
And our great honour, that so long we lost,  
Whilst faint-heart Henry did vsurpe our rights:  
But did you see old Salsbury, since we  
With bloodie mindes did buckle with the foe,  
I would not for the losse of this right hand,  
That ought but well betide that good old man.

*Rich.* My Lord, I saw him in the thickest throng,  
Charging his Lance with his old weary armes,  
And thrise I saw him beaten from his horse,  
And thrise this hand did set him vp againe,  
And still he fought with courage against his foes,  
The boldest sprited<sup>3</sup> man that ere mine eyes beheld.

*Enter SALSBURY and WARWICKE.*

*Ed.* See noble father, where they both do come,  
The onely props vnto the house of Yorke.

*Sal.* Well hast thou fought this day, thou valiant  
Duke,

<sup>1</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "And summon vp a parliament."

<sup>2</sup> The edition of 1619 adds "Edward."

<sup>3</sup> The edition of 1619 reads, "spirited."

And thou braue bud of Yorke's encreasing house,  
 The small remainder of my weary life,  
 I hold for thee, for with thy warlike arme,  
 Three times this day thou hast preseru'd my life.

*Yorke.* What say you Lords, the King is fled to  
 London?

There as I here to hold a Parlament.

What saies Lord Warwicke, shall we after them?

*War.* After them, nay before them if we can.  
 Now by my faith<sup>1</sup> Lords, twas a glorious day,  
 Saint Albones battaile wonne by famous Yorke,  
 Shall be eternest<sup>2</sup> in all age to come.

Sound Drummes and Trumpets,<sup>3</sup> and to London all,  
 And more such daies as these to vs befall.

[*Exet omnes.*

<sup>1</sup> The amended play reads, "by my hand."

<sup>2</sup> This reading is peculiar to the present edition. The other reads, "eterniz'd," which is also found in the amended play.

<sup>3</sup> The first folio of the amended play reads, "Sound Drumme and Trumpets."